

Inner City Blues (Make Me Wanna Holler)

Gil Scott-Heron

Rockets, moon shots
Spend it on the have nots
Money, we make it
'Fore we see it you take it

Oh, make me wanna holler
The way they do my life, yeah
Make me wanna holler
The way they do my life

This ain't livin', this ain't livin'
No, no baby, this ain't livin'
No, no, no

Inflation no chance
To increase finance
Bills pile up sky high
Send that boy off to die

Oh, make me wanna holler
Way they do my life
Make me wanna holler
Way they do my life, oh yeah

Hang ups, let downs
Bad breaks, set backs
Natural fact is
Oh honey that I can't pay my taxes

Oh, make me wanna holler
Throw up both my hands
Yeah, make me wanna holler
Throw up both my hands

Crime is increasing
Trigger happy policing
Panic is spreading
God knows where we're heading

Oh, make me wanna holler

They don't understand
Yeah, make me wanna holler
They don't understand, oh

Mother, mother, mother, yeah
Everybody thinks we're wrong
Oh, but who are they to judge us? Mother
Simply 'cause we wear our hair long

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