

# Inner City Blues

## Angela Winbush

Rockets, moon shots  
Spend it on the have-nots  
Money, we make it  
'Fore we see it, you'll take it Oh, make you wanna holler  
The way they do my life  
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, no Inflation, no chance  
To increase finance  
Bills pile up, sky high  
Send that boy off to die Oh, make me wanna holler  
The way they do my life  
Make me wanna holler  
The way they do my life, oh baby Hang ups, let downs  
Bad breaks, set backs  
Natural fact is  
Honey, that I can't pay my taxes Oh, make me wanna holler  
And throw up both my hands  
Yea, it makes me wanna holler  
And throw up both my hands Crime is increasing  
Trigger happy policing  
Panic is spreading  
God knows where, where we're heading Oh, they don't understand  
Make me wanna holler  
They don't understand God bless you  
And Lord keep you  
And may you live, live, live a good life God bless you  
Lord keep you  
And may you live, live, live a long long sweet life  
Don't let the things get you down  
Hold your hands, baby, walk around Say God bless you  
And I'll keep you  
I'm praying a prayer for each and everyone of you  
Heaven bless you  
Heaven keep you

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