

# Caught In A Hustle

## Immortal Technique

They say the odds against me are crooked and impossible  
Like I was born with a hole in my heart is an obstacle  
I was left to die by the doctors in the Children's Hospital  
But I never lose hope, success is psychological  
The world is volatile and the street is my education  
Shaping the nation like the blueprint of a mason  
While Shawshank record deals get you raped on occasion  
So I'm focused on my economic situation  
I'm like the little kids on TV that dig through the trash  
I hustle regardless of the way you talk shit and laugh  
A lot of niggaz drop science but they don't know the math  
Because their mind is narrower than the righteous path  
It's funny how on the block niggaz will kill you for cash  
But never raise the gun and cry out, "Freedom at last"  
The cold war is over but the world is still gettin' colder  
Atlas walking through the projects with the hood on my shoulders  
I would like to raise my children to grow to be soldiers  
But then the general would decide when their life would be over  
So I work hard until my personality split  
Like the Black Panthers, into the Bloods and the Crips  
They said I would never be shit but now I sit and reminisce  
Like Yeshua Ben Yusef flippin' through Genesis  
Ignorance is venomous and it murders the soul  
Spreading like a virus running rampant but out of control  
So if I should ever fall and get caught in a hustle  
Let them know that I died while I fought in a struggle  
From the hood rats to the rich kids lost in a bubble  
Spray painting on the streets and at the subway tunnels  
Write it down and remember that we never gave in  
The mind of a child is where the revolution begins  
So if the solution has never been to look in yourself  
How is it that you expect to find it anywhere else?  
Immortal Technique in the streets, back on the hustle  
'Cause three strikes will get you life for stuffin' cracks in a duffel  
Upstate behind steel gates, intact in the scuffle  
Razor blades stuck on the side of pencils, hacked to your muscle  
But the emptiness is what bleeds you to death when it cuts you  
And it's the lawyers, not the inmates scheming to fuck you  
Trying to fight the system from inside eventually corrupts you

But that's what you get when you put a corporation above you  
And it's the people that love you that seem to hurt you the most  
Sometimes when they die, you find yourself cursing their ghost  
    But you make success, nobody delivers your fate  
        Sometimes you give and you take  
    Since prehistoric vertebrates crawled out of the lakes  
        And that's the truth about life  
    Or to do it to ghetto and your car, rims and your ice  
Because even though we survived through the struggle that made us  
We still look at ourselves through the eyes of people that hate us  
But I'm going to make it regardless of the trumped up charges  
    And semi-automatic barrages that empty the cartridge  
        Post-traumatically scar kids that try to be brave  
Because niggaz back stab each other, just to try to get paid  
    Turn cannibal like knights during the Crusades  
        Afraid of responsibility, addicted to greed  
    Beating their girls purposefully, losing a seed  
As if we were bound to the destiny we used to receive  
    So if I should ever fall and get caught in a hustle  
Let them know that I died while I fought in a struggle  
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Spray painting on the streets and at the subway tunnels  
    Write it down and remember that we never gave in  
    The mind of a child is where the revolution begins  
    So if the solution has never been to look in yourself  
    How is it that you expect to find it anywhere else?  
I used to wonder about people who don't believe in themselves  
    (I used to wonder)  
But then I saw the way that they portrayed us to everyone else  
    That cursed us, then only see the worst in ourselves  
    Blind to the fact the whole time we were hurting ourselves  
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But then I saw the way that they portrayed us to everyone else  
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