

Damn Right (feat. Joell Ortiz & Brother Ali)

Statik Selektah

As I grew I would see them my comrades
In corridors, grouped in 2's and 3's and 4's
Sharing a blunt, talking, cursing, fighting
Sometimes weeping, lost
And it seemed to be no way what'soever
To remove this cloud that stood between them and the sun
Between them and love We all took losses, workers, the hood bosses
9 to 5'ers, drug dealers, the hood worship
... that could have went to the league
But they whole game went to the weed
Little girl trapped in the crib off this...
Some older nigger had her pinned in a...
She was used to them rebox
But he got them winds that keep spinning when the v stop
So when the v stop, she stop
He got right... her little daughter needs socks
And the grandmother need rock
Cause she a victim of these street blocks
The hood is a wall and it's not made of sheet rocks
It's made of project bricks, elevators is full of project piss
Incinerators is the project snitch
That's where you find all... checks
... cause this malcolm ain't paid the rent checks Damn right I like the life I live
Well the going it's kinda rough hey
Cause I went from negative to positive x 2
And it's all what?
And it's all good The first and the third like christmas in the projects
That we use food stamps to buy edible objects
Man the hood is a trap
While my man can't read but he good with a mac,
You figure it out
Why my aunt and my cousin had to live on a couch
... came back from the storm, couldn't get in his house
... my little homie buying cocaine 20 a pot
Not to sell in, inhale...
We got him... lifting the heaviest box
All the ladies in that lotto playing numbers, they was dreaming
They playing them so long, when they hit them they break even
Too many of us out in this world that ain't eating

The problems we trying to make excuse is a great reason Damn right I like the life I live

Well the going it's kinda rough hey

Cause I went from negative to positive x 2

And it's all what?

And it's all good The going get mighty rough, doors keep falling shut

Bills you can't ignore them but you know the piling up

Police round us up, authorities hard to trust

And they ain't slowing up until you're inside the cuffs

Act us if the human rights don't apply to us

Throw us in front of the judge, load us on a bus

We escape the maze and the poetry that we buss

The rap industry, fucked, ain't nobody signing us

A lot of daddies ain't here to show us how to love

We learn it from the radio, of course it's not enough

And listen to the soundtrack our homies growing up

Boys in love with strippers and shawty want a thug

When you know you stuck, running short on love

Oven door open to warm the apartment up

The baby start to fuss, you know when times are rough

The only thing for certain, is you cannot give up

When... gone that kinda rough, I was moving all kind of stuff

Grinding to find a buck, fiends never goodbye enough

Them bills kept piling up, the haters would try their luck

So at night I'd have to fire while running and try to duck

Them... inside the truck with my name inside them cuffs

... my team was fly as fuck, on roof I would try to pluck

I ain't give a flying fuck man I'm gutter

My daddy left my mother, no sisters no brothers

No inspiration, just calculating... hoping I'd slip up, on a pick up

... serving his moms

... I feel better in this studio just murdering tracks for real Damn right I like the life I live

Times I gotta smile just to hide my tears

Struggle made me wise, be on my heels

I hussle to survive just for my kids x 2 Well the going it's kinda rough hey.

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