

# Concrete Jungle

Jim Jones

Yo, it definitely is a concrete jungle  
And yet there's more to life than misery  
We have to have unity in our community  
We have to work together brothers and sisters  
(I'm from the ghetto) Yeah, this is Dr. Ben, I'm with Jim Jones  
(Lord knows, I was on the run confused)  
DipSet forever  
(Shit)  
We're talking about a concrete jungle  
(Yeah, it sure is a jungle)  
Life or death, you have to choose life  
(I done seen it all, at least I think I seen it all) I'm with my concrete jungle, no Tarzans and Janes  
Diesel by the bundles and the hard grams of Caine  
D's when they come through, it's hard to get some change  
Smoking weed getting drunk, in the car for a flame Yeah, I see the traffic but we dipping on the shoulder  
Winter start to set in, it's only getting colder  
And I miss you all my political soldiers  
Most are doing life for moving bricks or doing hold-ups Damn, I know we caught up in the fast life  
Some like a fiend when they caught up on the glass pipe  
Me, I'm still caught up from last night  
Same clothes from the club on the block getting cash right Damn, you know this world full of misery  
Some get tore up 'til they hurl off the liquor B  
Somebody told me that the girls need the chivalry  
That's why I cop ice 'til they ass get the shivers B Ain't nothing sweet living in this ghetto  
(Ain't nothing sweet about it)  
Been there, done that, running in the streets  
(Running wild)  
Now put your lighters to your head, nigga ride Trying to make the most of my hustle  
(I gotta hustle)  
Been there, done that, so I can live out all my dreams  
(Live out my dreams)  
Now put your lighters to your head, nigga ride For the coke I would sleep hard  
But the game drove me nuts, in the streets, I'm a full-fledged retard  
Was the city block overseer  
Man your life is Chuck E. Cheese, mine is a pizzeria How many pies I done flipped? I lost count  
How many guys I done gave shit? I lost count  
Holding but I can't ignore cheating  
Any day your life could be the hot topic at that board meeting They discussing who'll stretch you for your trees  
For your thievery, you living, you breathing for no fucking reason

That's how it is when you make a man  
That's why your man's gotta learn to make himself then you shake his hand  
Man, I'm into catching heavy clams  
And when Dezzy can us when it comes to dumping I got heavy hands  
Ain't gonna be right for your picking jet  
This is ours, the square is where we eat, this our kitchenette  
Ain't nothing sweet living in this ghetto  
(Ain't nothing sweet about it)  
Been there, done that, running in the streets  
(Running wild)  
Now put your lighters to your head, nigga ride  
Trying to make the most of my hustle  
(I gotta hustle)  
Been there, done that, so I can live out all my dreams  
(Live out my dreams)  
Now put your lighters to your head, nigga ride  
I let my temper hit the floor  
I be staring through the mirror as I serenade my halls  
I'm fond of the juices that marinate they drawers  
My shorty, she bank a carrot with the four 'cause  
If you take us out, the streets will evolve  
Some niggaz they live to eat, some niggaz eat to survive  
And my conscience keep disturbing me, fucking with my energy  
Niggaz that I thought was friends, really the enemy  
Dear Lord, please grant me the serenity  
To accept the things that I cannot change  
Locked up for eight years and ain't join no gangs  
Been converted to true nigga, I'm as real as they come  
And any moment I have you staring the barrel of my gun  
Put my dick up in the streets but I'm married to the slums  
Put the chips up in the ante and tally up the sum  
I'm having fun, hitting the fiends in the allies with some jums  
Ain't nothing sweet living in this ghetto  
(Ain't nothing sweet about it)  
Been there, done that, running in the streets  
(I'm running young, wild and free)  
Now put your lighters to your head, nigga ride  
Trying to make the most of my hustle  
(I'm trying to make the most of my hustle)  
Been there, done that, so I can live out all my dreams  
(Live out my dreams, live out my dreams)  
Now put your lighters to your head, nigga ride  
Alright, yeah but in choosing life, you got choices  
(Oh yeah)  
The jungle is full of everything  
It's the mother and the father of creation  
(Ain't nothing sweet about it)  
But listen up, you have to choose something for yourself  
Do something for yourself, make something of yourself  
That's what time it is  
(Don't let go)  
Go strong, be strong, stand for something in life  
(All my young soldiers)  
Yeah, concrete jungle, I can feel it, I can smell it  
(Sometimes it gets hard)  
Jim Jones is spitting truth, the power

(Don't let 'em pull your car over)  
Now and forever more  
Making life the way it should beAin't nothing sweet about it  
Make me want to scream and shout it  
But I know I got to hold on and just roll on

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