

# Fight! Smash! Win!

## Street Sweeper Social Club

And the wealth don't trickle down  
People pinchin' every nickel now  
Even if we don't fight  
Bodies hit the ground I spit the sound  
Of a million fists finna pound  
I'm in the crowd  
'Til this whole thing switch  
Around Our brains are on temporary disconnect  
I shoot my mouth off  
I can't find my pistol yet  
You can call this music disrespect 'Cause I'll slap you in your face  
At your local disco tech Mr. Green with your missiles and rockets  
My paycheck burns a hole in your pocket  
You told the judge put my name on the docket  
Meetin' in the break room  
Here's what we plotted Let's fight, let's smash, let's win  
We gon' fight, we gon' smash  
Let us in, let's fight, let's smash, let's win  
Just like getting up in the club with a fake ID  
If it don't work, we gon' do it again Your honor may it please the court  
Swear me in on a book full of Tupac quotes  
After what I say  
You might noose my throat  
Reporters please scribble down a few hot notes Allow me to be the first  
To throw dirt on their graves, excuse me  
I never learned to behave  
My great, great granny was a Carolina slave She whispers in my ear  
Sayin', "Spark the blaze"  
Somewhere on the easts ide of steal and rob  
A whole generation got a McJob And the light bill still ain't resolved  
See the hungry mob pulse and throb  
If you got a blacklist I wanna be on it\*  
If we gon' attack this then we need to run it If you see my hood man  
You might call it ghetto  
Politicians are puppets y'all  
Let's get Gepetto Let's fight, let's smash, let's win  
We gon' fight, we gon' smash  
Let us in, let's fight, let's smash  
Let's win

Just like getting up in the club with a fake ID  
If it don't work, we gon' do it again Well, it's a matter of fact that I'm gonna  
Die one day but muthafucka right now I breath  
And I may not be able to predict my demise  
But you can bet it won't be on my knees I'm rappin' at the speed of the falling dollar  
They got greed to make you crawl and holla  
It's old school like Easy-E's impala  
Ay, ay, you gon' lead or smoke trees and follow? Let's fight, let's smash, let's win  
We gon' fight, we gon' smash, let us in  
Let's fight, let's smash, let's win Just like getting up in the club with a fake ID  
If it don't work, we gon' do it again

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