Hell Yeah (Pimp The System)

dead prez

Holton Street
Dean Street, click clack
President, uh huh
Nostril out, DP's
Orange Al, RPG's
T-Town, who wanna ride?
Brooklyn, come on, come onSittin' in' the livin' room on the floor
All the pain got me on some migraine shit
But I'm gonna maintain
Nigga got 2 or 3 dollars to my name
And my homies in the same boat goin' through the same thingReady for a cake, better plot for the paper
We been livin' in' the dark since April
On the candle, gotta get a handle
My homie got a 25 automatic added to the caperNigga get the phonebook look up in the yellow page
Lemme tell you how we fin' to get paid
We gonna order take out and when we see the driver
We gonna stick the 25 up in his faceLet's ride, steppin' outside like warriors
Head to the notorious Southside
One weapon to the four of us
Hidin' in the corridor until we see the beam from car headlightsWhite boy in' the wrong place at the right time
Soon as the car door open up he mine
We roll up quick and put the pistol to his nose
By the look on his face he probably shitted in his clothesYou know what this is, it's a stick up
Gimme the do' from your pickups
You ran into the wrong niggaz
We runnin' down the block hot with these stacks of boxes
So we split up and met back at the apartmentHell yeah, yo ain't you hungry my nigga?
Hell yeah, you wanna get paid my nigga?
Hell yeah, ain't you tired of starvin' my nigga?
Hell yeah, well let's ride then
Hell yeah, hell yeahI know a way we can get paid you can get down
But you can't be afraid
Let's go to the DMV and get a ID
The name says you but the face is meNow it's your turn take my paper work
Like 1, 2, 3 let's make it work
Then, fill out the credit card application
And it's gonna be 'bout 3 weeks a waitin'For American Express, Discover Card
Platinum Visa, Master Card
'Cause when we was spooked as shit then we was targets

Now we just walk right up and say, "Charge it!"To the game we rockin' brand names
Well known at department store chains
Even got the boys in the crew a few things
Po po never know who to true blameSto' after sto' you know we kept rollin'
Wait two weeks, report the car stolen
Repeat the cycle like a like a laundry mat
Like a glitch in the system it's hard to catchComin' out the mall with the shoppin' bags
We can take it right back then get the cash
Yeah, get a friend and then do it again
Damn right, that's how we paid the rentHell yeah
Time to get this paper
I'm down for the caper
Please steady onIt's a deadly struggle
We all gotta hustle
This is the way we surviveTime to get this paper
I'm down for the caper
Please steady onIt's a deadly struggle
We all gotta hustle
This is the way we surviveI know a caper
We can get some government paper
You know food stamps, can we really do that?
Hell yeah, right there for the takin'
Fuck welfare, we say reparationsAnd, uh, you know the grind
Get up early get in the line and just wait
Everybody on break that's part of the game
And when they call your name
Ms. Case Worker let my state my claimI'm homeless, jobless, times is hard, I'm 'bout hopeless
But I gotta eat regardless
No family to run to I'm 22
Now tell me what the fuck am I supposed to doMy sad story made her feel close to me
I made her feel like it was an emergency
When I came to the crib niggaz couldn't believe
I came back with a big bag of groceries, hell yeahEvery job I ever had I had to get on the first day
I find out how to pimp on the system
Two steps ahead of the manager
Gettin' over on the regular tax free money out of the registerAnd when I'm workin' late nights
Stockin' boxes I'm creepin' they merchandise
And don't put me on dishes I'm droppin' them bitches
And takin' all day long to mop the kitchen shitWe ain't gettin' paid commission, minimum wage
Modern day slave conditions
Got me flippin' burgers with no power
Can't even buy one off what I make in an hourI'm not the one to kiss ass for the top position
I take mine off the top like a politician
Where I'm from doin' dirt is a part of living
I got mouths to feed, dawg, I gots to get itHell yeah, you down to roll my nigga?

Hell yeah, you ready to get your hands dirty my nigga?
Hell yeah, your woman need money and things my nigga?
Hell yeah, well let's ride then
Hell yeahIf you claimin' gangsta
Then bring on the system
And show that you ready to ride'Til we get our freedom
We got to get over
Please steady on the grindIf you claimin' gangsta
Then bring on the system
And show that you ready to ride'Til we get our freedom
We got to get over
Please steady on the grind

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