

# Sesame Street

## Goodie Mob

Sometimes words are enough to kill over  
Thanksgiving didn't give so what should I hope for  
I keep on looking for job but job seems not to like me  
What else my doors kicked off the hedges  
Somebody just fill they Christmas list  
Off me and the family and damn I just miss them  
Felt like I've been raped, a figures been through my drawers  
Always read the [Incomprehensible] in between the black  
Spent my summers in that country  
So I consider myself a Jack  
Some left this world by putting bullets in they head  
But little Johnnie across the street hung hisself from his bunk-bed  
Had to go to court in the mornin'  
Nothing hard about it  
My little partner was just scared  
How scared Gipp that scared  
When I was B-gee  
Used to think I couldn't be hit  
None of my homies carried guns  
All I had was a stick  
Coming out hard was the way from day one  
One of the smallest muthafuckers in the crew  
But you knew and feel the type of niggas that kill  
Be the ones that's out to prove something  
To them other niggers  
'Cause they already know the outcome  
What's going down at the party  
So many fine hoes nobody knows why we buck  
I guess we up in a rut  
Looking for but at the same time  
Up in the Flame supporting girls up in the game  
Out to get a piece of what the system has designed  
Black folks to struggle for  
So I bust, so much to deal with  
Can't feel what's real from fake  
For my sake I stay close to home  
So them crackers don't take  
And never give back to my hood  
In desperate need of change

Be this way to we arrange it to be fit me  
Growing up on Sesame Street  
Can you feel what I feel?  
Can you hear what I hear?  
Can you see what I see?  
When ma feet hit the streets  
What chu know? What chu know?  
Can you feel what I feel?  
Can you hear what I hear?  
  
Can you see what I see?  
When ma feet hit the streets  
What chu know? What chu know  
About Sesame Street?  
Georgia Power wants to put me in the dark  
But one spark, I see Sammy streak to ma spot  
In this red Fred Sanford truck undercover  
But he geela folks fo da class A substances narcotics  
Ole shought stopping ask?  
Can be Shock-ca-locka?  
Um to mad to be scared  
So for the price if you go it like that  
To be the boss you gladly pay it  
An arm and a leg I'd be lying if I say  
I ain't need no help, can't do it by myself  
It's raining sesame  
'Cause it's only so much time left in this crazy world  
Mates in prison guards life with a hamma, so excuse ma grammar  
Behind the walls of Atlanta, Federal Penn the tait on 'Fred Stock'  
The cell blox wit' no C.O.'s equipped with radios  
The system is fraud and the security camera  
Now have we an eyeball on it yet  
The second stage denied  
I wonder if I get another trial  
Remember me from way back in the days  
Lived right around the corner from Benjamin Mays  
I'm amazed that we made it this far  
A po black family is all that we are  
Wishing upon a star for a trace of happiness  
My mama do her best but she ain't making no progresss  
Maybe it's a test that we all gotta pass  
My situations making me grow too fast  
Thirteen and a half years old  
Standing at the bus stop alone in the cold  
On my way to be degraded for a fee

To help get my family off this street called Sesame

Can you feel what I feel?

Can you hear what I hear?

Can you see what I see?

When ma feet hit the streets

So what chu know? What chu know?

Can you feel what I feel?

Can you hear what I hear?

Can you see what I see?

When ma feet hit the streets

Now what chu know? What chu know?

What chu know? What chu know

About Sesame Street?

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