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 be
Ain'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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