

Caught in the Hustle

Immortal Technique

[Verse 1]

They say the odds against me, are crooked and impossible
Like I was born with a hole in my heart is an obstacle
I was left to die by the doctors, in the Children's Hospital
But I never lose hope, success is psychological
The world is volatile and the street is my education
Shaping the nation, like the blueprint of a mason
While Shawshank record deals get you raped on occasion
So I'm focused on my economic situation
I'm like the little kids on TV that dig through the trash
I hustle regardless of the way you talk shit and laugh
A lot of niggaz drop science but they dont know the math
Because their mind is narrower than the righteous path
It's funny how on the block niggaz will kill you for cash
But never raise the gun and cry out "Freedom at last"
The cold war is over but the world is still gettin colder
Atlas walking through the projects with the hood on my shoulders
I would like to raise my children to grow to be soldiers
But then the general, would decide when their life would be over
So I work hard until my personality split
Like the black panthers, into the bloods and the crips
They said I would never be shit, but now I sit and reminice
Like Yeshua ben Yusef flippin through Genesis
Ignorance is venemous, and it murders the soul
Spreading like a virus running rampant, but out of control

[Hook]

So if I should ever fall and get caught in a hustle
Let them know that I died while I fought in a struggle
From the hoodrats to the rich kids lost in a bubble
Spray painting on the streets and at the subway tunnels
Write it down and remember that we never gave in
The mind of a child is where the revolution begins
So if the solution has never been to look in yourself
How is it that you expect to find it anywhere else

[Verse 2]

Immortal Technique in the streets, back on the hustle
cause three strikes will get you life for stuffin cracks in a duffle

Upstate behind steel gates intact in the scuffle
Razor blades stuck on the side of pencils, hacked to your muscle
But the emptiness is what bleeds you to death when it cuts you
And its the lawyers, not the inmates scheming to fuck you
Trying to fight the system from inside, eventually corrupts you
But thats what you get when you put a corporation above you
And it's the people that love you that seem to hurt you the most
Sometimes when they die you find yourself cursing their ghost
But you make success, nobody delivers your fate
Sometimes you give and you take
Since prehistoric vertibrates, crawled out of the lakes
And thats the truth about life
Or to do it to ghetto and your car, rims, and your ice
Because even though we survived through the struggle that made us
We still look at ourselves through the eyes of people that hate us
But I'm going to make it regardless of the trumped up charges
And semi-automatic barrages, that empty the cartridge
Post-traumatically scar kids that try to be brave
Because niggaz backstab each other just to try to get paid
Turn cannibal like nights during the crusades
Afraid of responsibility; addicted to greed
Beating their girls purposefully losing a seed
As if we were bound to the destiny we used to recieve

[Hook]

I used to wonder (I used to wonder) about people who don't believe in themselves
But then I saw the way that they portrayed us to everyone else
That cursed us, then only see the worst in ourselves
blind to the fact the whole time we were hurting ourselves

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I used to wonder {*echo*}

Lyrics submitted by Jeannette.

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