

Look at all those people
Living in those places
The look of desperation
Written on their faces

No escape no way out
Trapped in a cycle of doubt
Are they happy I don't know
Pockets are empty nothing to show

Living, just living
Hyped out on this
Crapped out on that
I'm tired, give me something
Is that all there is, is that all there is?

Not much hope for any future
No desire to recall the past
Lower standards of education
Hard to think when your stomach is empty

Pro-creation, no conscience, no caution
Another one look what you've done
Soon another mouth to feed
Babies for income, you can't tell me that's

Living, just living
Hyped out on this
Hyped out on that
I'm tired, show me something
Is that all there is, is that all there is?

Walls of many colors
Look at what they're saying
Territorial frustration
There's a war zone inside this nation

A young man stands accused
Street life is nothing new
Filled with anger, filled with hatred
The situation is understated