

Second time around the shit gets iller
Livin in a world full of filler
Few are true - the rest are killers
Arsonistic - Burnin down the old way, buildin up a new day
Optimistic - But I'm full of nihilistic blood
I never needed love 'cause for the place I live I feel enough
Just try and make a march on my home
You'll find me chained to the building quite unwilling
Where would we go?
I think it's safe to say that I don't know
'Cause someday we'll be going home to find we don't have any home at all
Any day they'll section off our block with riot gear and come evict us all
Today - the Lower East Side is yuppified with fat cats and their poor folk hide
Someday maybe we will re-emerge from East River a turning tide
And avenue by avenue we'll take back everything we knew
The gardens, the squats, and all our share
We'll even take back Tompkins Square
I've got something of a problem with the nation
It's called gentrification
Marching to our neighborhood to lock us in the station
How many blessings can I count? There are too many to amount
But deep in suburbia men are being trained to come into my neighborhood &
Take over the Avenue
The brutal truth of it all is that the brute dollar strength will be our fall
Tanks in the street, ghetto birds in the air
Snipers on the rooftops and a nod from the mayor
I have no future anymore - I'm waiting for imminent war
Wish I could say I was waiting for the sun
But I know eviction day will come
& we'll be deafened by the money drum
Pushing the poor off-shore