

# The Other Side Of Town

Masta Ace

Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen. Sorry to bother you today. My name is Joe. And, um, I'm not on crack, I don't do drugs, I'm just trying to get something to eat. If you can give just a penny, a nickel..a dime, a quarter..anything will be greatly appreciated. Thank you for your time... and have a nice day.

How do you do?  
I'm from the other side of town  
The place where the only skin you see is the color brown  
The sun never shines in this place where I live  
And it's hard to do right when you feel negative  
I have no compassion  
I only know aggression  
And there is nothing great about this oppression  
People I see on TV, in there towns live the good life  
But I live out of bounds  
Where nobody comes unless they're forced to come  
In school, they call me the bum from the slum  
But they don't know  
My sista has no food to eat  
And her hand-me-down shoes are too tight for her feet  
The way I see things, life isn't fair  
So I never learned how to share or to care  
But to hope - and hope  
Instead of feeling down  
And that's how it is  
On the other side of town

I live on the other side of town

Pardon me, brotha  
As you stand in your glory  
I hope you don't mind as I tell the whole story  
Some people livin life like fun in the sun  
But yo, others are givin strife, and that's all they know  
I feel no comfort in talks from the President  
So put back on Cosby  
A shack is my resident  
I think if I ever die, it might be a blessin  
Some say I never try, but why are they stressin  
I'll never get ahead; my raps have a better chance  
I'm livin on Wonder Bread with holes in my leather pants  
I'm not on the drug scene; they call me a crack head  
I just had a bugged dream that I was a black man  
Workin in the hospital  
Then in came in a half-dead rich bitch  
Yo, they must be insane  
You think I would save her?  
Yo, she wouldn't save me  
I asked for a quater once, and guess what she gave me

A fuckin penny  
A ?quarter? costs half a mill  
If it's up to me, yo, she's pushin up dafodils  
In a casket  
Payback's a female dog  
Yo, send her ass to the morgue  
Then I woke up, and I sat with a frown  
Damn, I woke up  
But on the other side of town

The other side of town

My teacher's a fat man  
Yo, how can they tempt me so  
Fuck geometry, my stomach is empty, yo  
Can't you teach me to win this crazy game?  
You and I are in so many ways the same  
People tell me, but I don't believe that shit  
Why do you sell me a dream, then leave me spit?  
The truth is bare, and so is my cupboards, too  
I wonder what could even L. Ron Hubbard do  
Because my mind right now is on the brink of breakin  
Yo, look how I think  
I think I'll stick up the store with the Arab guy  
I'm sick of him anyway; his prices are too high  
Or maybe I'll start sellin Avon door-to-door  
Then pull a jammy, and make a bigger score  
Nah, maybe I'll start sellin dope for my cous  
Then I could drive the same car he does  
The life of a poor man  
Consider me desperate  
I sleep in a cold room  
And wish I could just get  
A piece of the pie  
Is that asking too much?  
I can't even reach what others have in their clutch  
I wish I could go on, but I have to end this  
And get back to livin a life that is winless  
There's no use swimmin, so I might as well drown  
In my sorrows  
Cause tomorrow's the other side of town

The other side of town  
The other side of town