

## Street Corner

Masta Killa

[Intro: sample (Inspectah Deck)]

Looking on various street corners  
I'm sure you've seen it yourself  
Standing on the corner, is an alleged brother  
Dressed in blue, or green, red and black  
And, starting the news, that the revolution is coming  
And you better get ready, sort of like (I feel you son)  
The end of the world is coming, unfortunetly (I got you, though)  
The world is just gonna drag on and on (I know how it is)  
And we have a poem that we've written particularly (I said I know how it is)  
For the brothers on the street corners

[Inspectah Deck:]

When the revolution come, you can see me on the front line  
Firing my gun, standing right beside my son  
If I go, it's understood that I stood for something  
When my whole life, they told me, I was good for nothing  
I was raised by the stray dogs, blazed off, layed off  
Breaking laws, graveyard shifting every day war  
Focus now, notice how, things change, soldier  
I remain the same, I'm older now, I embrace the pain  
I blame the struggle, nearly drove me insane  
Thought I lost my head, til my brethren told me the same  
No tears for the reaper, I've buried bout a thousand  
In graffiti, "rest in peace" sprayed off throughout the housing  
I tried to stay civilized, the hood's a prison inside  
The only difference is the doors don't slide  
Still we trapped in the animal cage, cuz we got animal ways  
So we react, with the animal rage  
And my sex is real, weapons peel, cheddar's the deal  
Seen the depths of hell, now I stare, death in the grill  
From the slave ships, to today's bricks, same shit  
I'm awake, to the wickedness, and one, with the pavement

[Masta Killa:]

The all great mind stays divine, my hands remain deadly  
We shine without the hung jewelry, produce light  
That'll travel through mics, now as the time riping  
We took words that we nourishing, encouriging  
A nation to awaken, those who were sleeping  
Can you conceive the thought? Transatlantic import  
Slave and bought, cheaper relations between blacks & jews  
Might set a fuse off in the head, many dead  
Lynch hung, swung from trees  
Brothers in the struggle together, eat from one pot  
Hold each other down to the sneaker, nothing come between us  
Fast money and chicks, did it to the best of flicks  
It's sickening... huh

[Chorus x2: Masta Killa]

It's me and you son, forever in the struggle  
No doubt, we hustle, survival is the motto  
Will you soon follow, a better tomorrow... for a better tomorrow

[GZA:]

I catch a few flashbacks about, going through the struggle  
How we used to make dollars, from all the snow we shoveled

In a broke neighborhood, where the kids often dream  
About a leverage life, that is mostly seen in the screen  
Where some dreams are quickly cut short, due to gang violence  
From loud guns, that kept witnesses, in deep silence  
Was it bad timing, jealousy from too much shining?  
Or a set up, from a girl that he wined, kept dining  
It's a known fact, they will attack, cuz it's like that  
And depending on the, kind of impact, that strike back  
In a town where the talk is cheap and, beef is brief  
A mother sobs uncontrollably, and exhibit the grief  
Large holes in the front door, of a housing tenement  
Allows room to retaliate, so conflict is imminent  
This hate in the brain, destroys the cells like cancer  
Even experts are stuck with more questions than answers