

Lost my job at Mickie D's  
4 giving away 2 much food 4 free  
But I couldn't watch another black child go 2 school  
With nothing to eat  
7 of us then took 2 the streets  
Raised by the music, fed by the beat  
C-ing how long we could stay outta jail is how we'd  
That's how we'd compete

We never owned the streets that we keep defending  
So the \$ we got we just end up spending  
With nothing 2 save & not a thing 4 lending  
U're never really happy  
Just really good  
At pretending

Everybody in the world wants 2 b a star  
Few got what it takes 2 get that far  
If a rocketship didn't cost more than a car  
A brother might move  
2 Marz