tell me can you feel the heat, from the man on the beat while you're pushing on the street, feeling like you're ten feet tall well you're looking kinda small with your back to the wall is it that you just don't care, that the burden that you bear don't compare to the share of the money that you make in a day there's a will, there's a way, there's a price that you pay for a lessong learned, lesson earned, the streets were stolen the tables were turned, lesson learned, lesson earned, the streets were stollen, the tables were turned.

workin' two jobs cause money's tight. i get up at six o'clock and take it straight through the night. when i walk to work it's great cause it's so close to home. but the nights are kinda scary and i travel alone.

no one is around but whores and junkies tryin to sell you anything they can. people on the block are scared to come out, they'd rather leave the fighting to the man. if the pusher claimed to be king of the mountain, he'd steal your kids and use them for the night. it looks like you're in for one hell of a fight.

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lesson learned, lesson earned, the streets were stolen, the tables were turned. used to love the city, now the city is shit, and it's hard to keep it clean when we're shittin' on it. the corruption is disruption and disruptions unjust, and injustice calls for action, any actions a plus, sacrifice a couple of

minutes a day and try to solve the problem with a plan. it's gonna take more than a couple of fists, better ask you

neighbor for a hand. first bell rings, keep on punchin', drive em' outta town with all your might. looks like he's in for one

hell of a fight.

lesson learned, lesson earned, the streets were stolen, the

tables were turned. lesson learned, lesson earned, the streets were stolen, the tables were turned.