

Street Corners

Wu-Tang Clan

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, spouting the news, that the revolution is coming
And you better get ready, sort of like
The end of the world is coming, unfortunately
The world is just gonna get dragged on and on
And, we have a poem that we've written particularly
For the brothers on the street corners

Yo, standing on porches in front of houses and corner stores
I'm born to more, horrific than syphilis, cuz where we live is
Hell on earth, where was heaven when shit's real
We sold dope to get mill, for white folks in Smith field
Fuck Israel, it's Kill Hills, spilt pills for my bill
Write wills for my seeds, to live from, who take some
Who give some, for brothers that was lynched hung, the symptoms
Never go away, a stir away from colder ways
Having ramblings and savages, blessed, from us asking
This whole cross, is more rust in Florida oranges and lost orphans
I offer thought for food in full courses
I've soared into the night glow, my hat's low, my roots grow
For you to soon know, I reap what you sow

We just land down from Liberia, young black man
In control of the pillars, millions buried in dirt
How many railroads do you own? How much clean chrome you own
This for my ancestors names engraved in stone
On the roads where the rebels once roamed
We built homes, civilized our own
King Solomon Childs, beautiful as black, this time
We will walk on water, this time
We will see through the lies, this time
Prepare troops to move in, expand the runways
Build bigger bridges, nine millimeters from brady
We living in war, so prepare for submission
Apache helicopters, a black man's face on a dollar
The pigs constantly watch us, the streets is obnoxious
Baby of the first nine, homey, in toxic

The first seed of a dope fiend, she A.D.D
Needle parked off spring boughed, by she, wanna be
While her siblings is rich living, she ain't bitching
Mama's working two jobs, try'nna maintain a living
Few years passed, now she's getting raised by the streets
Side by side, watchin' hustles, now she blazed like the streets
This is for my women living in the struggle
Getting brought into this world without asking for the troubles
Of the every day life-life, a battered wife
A single mother's holding it down, while the world so trife
Crack fiend, you could of been something better in life
Now hold your head up, ma, you know it ain't over, right?
Yeah, this is for my Russians on the grind
Off the boat struggling try'nna hold a nine to five
Yeah, I seen enough with these eyes
I thank the most high, I'm still alive