

Street Livin
The Black Eyed Peas

[Intro]

Bm

Streets, streets

Bm

Livin in the streets

[Verse 1: will.i.am]

Bm

Street livin , caught in the trap

Bm

Guns or books, sell crack or rap

Bm

Be like kings or be like pawns

Bm

They called us coons, now they call us cons

Bm

Street niggas be packing pistols

Bm

Terrorists be blasting missiles

Bm

Crips and Bloods and retail thugs

Bm

CIA planes bring Colombian drugs in

N.C.

Don t push me cause I m close to hell

N.C.

The teachers in my neighborhood can hardly spell

N.C.

And compare to them, prison guards get paid well

N.C.

Ten years no bail is 4 years at Yale

N.C.

So, forget about the statue of General Lee

N.C.

Because the status of blacks are generally

N.C.

Gonna end up in some penitentiary

N.C.

Systematically, that s how they made it to be

Bm

Listen, they derailed the soul train

Bm

And put a nightmare in every Martin Luther King

Bm

And privatized prisons are owned by the same

Bm

Slave masters that owned the slave trade game

Bm

And racists no longer have to be racist

Bm

Cause niggas kill more niggas than the KKK did

Bm

Now, every time I hear a new def jam

N.C.

Niggas killing niggas like they Ku Klux Klan

N.C.

I understand what s a nigga to choose?

N.C.

Be the killer or be the dead dude in the news

N.C.

I get it, what s a nigga to do?

N.C.

No education in the hood got a nigga confused

[Verse 2: apl.de.ap]

Bm

Street livin , tough conditions

Bm

Brainwashed by the television

Bm

We lost in the world we live in

Bm

Double cross love lost no religion

Bm

Street livin , oh my gosh

Bm

Another brother got shot by the searg

Bm

Another cop got off with no charge

Bm

If you black in the hood, you at large

Bm

You re guilty until you prove you re innocent

Bm

If you re ivory, they treat you different

Bm

If you re ebony, they assume your temperament

Bm

Will be vigilant and they call you militant

Bm

And you ll get shot and they ll say the incident

Bm

Is cause you re belligerent, what a coincidence?

Bm

Born and bred but you re still an immigrant

N.C.

And if you ain t dead, you can see imprisonment

[Chorus: will.i.am]

Bm

There s more niggas in the prisons than there ever was slaves cotton picking

Bm

There s more niggas that s rotting in the prisons than there ever was slaves cotton picking

Bm

So, how we gon get up out the trap?

Bm

Guns or books, sell crack or rap

Bm

Street livin , hustle or hoops

Bm

Guns or books, get shot or shoot

[Verse 3: Taboo]

Bm

Street livin , ain t no rules

Bm

Break the law, make the breakin news

Bm

The life you choose could be the life you lose

Bm

Niggas getting stuck for the Nike shoes

Bm

Street livin , ain t no joke

Bm

It s a cold world, better bring your coat

Bm

Revoke cause the streets are broke

Bm

And now they wanna take away our dreams and hopes

Bm

Street livin , no economics

Bm

No way out of the Reaganomics

Bm

Infected by the black plague, new bubonic

Bm

No comprende, we speak ebonics

Bm

Street livin , what s your position?

Bm

You can take action or take a dick and listen

Bm

You can get fucked by the system

Bm

Or you can say