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Urban Survival

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Urban Survival

Crack, Crack!

Shots ring out in the heat,

Crack, Crack!

You can hear them from your window, beat
Down the hall, down the stairs,
Out the door, to the street.
Zobel's new Black Shack Alley,
See the mortal, now see the totality.
Statistics very much based on reality.
Faces blur as the voices and blood stir,
It's still pumping from the last breath.
Again! Like leftovers after a holiday,
Things never change, its all one way.
The day's new dawn or the dawn's new day,
Who's runnin' this shit anyway?

Yellow, red, flashing, all in a smear.

I wonder if before he left he measured out that ounce,
Weren't expecting them to have a scale were ya'.
You played it.
They weighed it.
Four slugs bounced off your skull, to your heart, out your cheek
You were about to buy your mom's some food this week
And you two kids needed diapers and shoes.
Your mother all ready had three jobs,
All you had to do was go to school,
So your crib had roaches, paint peeling off the wall,
A break for a better life, you were breaking the law.
Just another brother pumping that weight on the corner,
'Damn! This shit means more paper work...'
'Where the hells the coroner!'