

A. G
Shut down in Austin, raided back in Cleveland

D
A gun up in our faces and they never gave a reason

A. G
The writings on the wall, all the politics are fake

D
Its clear to me we're livin' in a Police state

A. G
Seven beers deep and we haven't left the Heights

D
The whole cities gone corrupt, there ain't enough to make it right

A. G
Wish the music would be more like the boats on the shore

D
More rust, less metal, put the pedal to the floor

F#m. E
Let them crops grow deep in the pothole streets

F#m.
In the Rock 'n Roll city only stops on the beat

F#m
Got me paranoid, stressed,

E. F#m
Why don't you put me to the test under a streetlight

A. G
Drunk down in Cinci, burned out in Compton

D
God Bless America and fuck Dennis Rodman

A. G
The working man's imprisoned while celebrities escape

D
Oh my God it's so much bigger than a police state

A. G
Debbie had a job now all she does is crack

D
She collect a welfare check and yet she drives a Cadillac

A. G
Just perpetuating more of that "choosing to afford"

D
Whether rich or whether poor, sometimes it's what you settle for

F#m. E
But its gotta come cheap when there's just enough
to eat

F#m.
And the wheels of the Caddy knock holes in the
street

F#m. E
When your making ends meet by the skin of your
teeth

F#m
It's a hard life

F#m
So where'd the cash go? I think we all know

F#m
Straight into technology tracking you on your cell phone

F#m
They'll break you down but you'll give them the tools

F#m
Now they're taxing your pay checks and taking music out of public schools

F#m
You better keep your shoes tied tight on the east
side

F#m
Smoke a blunt, take a walk, end up on a police ride

F#m
Now it might just seem like a regular day

F#m
You got your hustle on but you don't get paid

F#m
At least not enough so you better make a change

F#m
End up getting busted with your face on the front page

F#m
Now the money in your bed or in your safe

