

# Damn Right (feat. Joell Ortiz & Brother Ali)

## Statik Selektah

As I grew I would see them my comrades  
In corridors, grouped in 2's and 3's and 4's  
Sharing a blunt, talking, cursing, fighting  
Sometimes weeping, lost  
And it seemed to be no way what'soever  
To remove this cloud that stood between them and the sun  
Between them and love We all took losses, workers, the hood bosses  
9 to 5'ers, drug dealers, the hood worship  
... that could have went to the league  
But they whole game went to the weed  
Little girl trapped in the crib off this...  
Some older nigger had her pinned in a...  
She was used to them rebox  
But he got them winds that keep spinning when the v stop  
So when the v stop, she stop  
He got right... her little daughter needs socks  
And the grandmother need rock  
Cause she a victim of these street blocks  
The hood is a wall and it's not made of sheet rocks  
It's made of project bricks, elevators is full of project piss  
Incinerators is the project snitch  
That's where you find all... checks  
... cause this malcolm ain't paid the rent checks  
Damn right I like the life I live  
Well the going it's kinda rough hey  
Cause I went from negative to positive x 2  
And it's all what?  
And it's all good The first and the third like christmas in the projects  
That we use food stamps to buy edible objects  
Man the hood is a trap  
While my man can't read but he good with a mac,  
You figure it out  
Why my aunt and my cousin had to live on a couch  
... came back from the storm, couldn't get in his house  
... my little homie buying cocaine 20 a pot  
Not to sell in, inhale...  
We got him... lifting the heaviest box  
All the ladies in that lotto playing numbers, they was dreaming  
They playing them so long, when they hit them they break even  
Too many of us out in this world that ain't eating  
The problems we trying to make excuse is a great reason  
Damn right I like the life I live

Well the going it's kinda rough hey  
Cause I went from negative to positive x 2  
And it's all what?  
And it's all goodThe going get mighty rough, doors keep falling shut  
Bills you can't ignore them but you know the piling up  
Police round us up, authorities hard to trust  
And they ain't slowing up until you're inside the cuffs  
Act us if the human rights don't apply to us  
Throw us in front of the judge, load us on a bus  
We escape the maze and the poetry that we buss  
The rap industry, fucked, ain't nobody signing us  
A lot of daddies ain't here to show us how to love  
We learn it from the radio, of course it's not enough  
And listen to the soundtrack our homies growing up  
Boys in love with strippers and shawty want a thug  
When you know you stuck, running short on love  
Oven door open to warm the apartment up  
The baby start to fuss, you know when times are rough  
The only thing for certain, is you cannot give up  
When... gone that kinda rough, I was moving all kind of stuff  
Grinding to find a buck, fiends never goodbye enough  
Them bills kept piling up, the haters would try their luck  
So at night I'd have to fire while running and try to duck  
Them... inside the truck with my name inside them cuffs  
... my team was fly as fuck, on roof I would try to pluck  
I ain't give a flying fuck man I'm gutter  
My daddy left my mother, no sisters no brothers  
No inspiration, just calculating... hoping I'd slip up, on a pick up  
... serving his moms  
... I feel better in this studio just murdering tracks for realDamn right I like the life I live  
Times I gotta smile just to hide my tears  
Struggle made me wise, be on my heels  
I hussle to survive just for my kids x 2Well the going it's kinda rough hey.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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