

Rodriguez, Hate Street Dialogue

Woman please be gone
You've stayed here much too long
Don't you wish that you could cry
Don't you wish I would die.

Seamy, seesaw kids
Childwoman on the skids
The dust will choke you blind
The lust will choke your mind.

I kiss the floor, one kick no more
The pig and hose have set me free
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree
I've tasted hate street's hanging tree.

Instrumental

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The inner city birthed me
The local pusher nursed me
Cousins make it in the street
They marry every trick they meet.

A dime, a dollar they're all the same
When a man comes in to bust your game
The turn key comes, his face a grin
Locks the cell I'm in again.

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