

Artist: 3 Song: Swann Street  
Sometimes I feel like I'm living with a stranger  
Walking by myself  
Sometimes it seems these hopes and dreams  
All came from somewhere else  
But I don't know  
  
Sometimes I feel like I'm living with a stranger  
Walking by myself  
Sometimes it seems my hopes and dreams  
All came from somewhere else  
But I don't know  
  
The streets are stained and littered  
By the berries covering it  
I wouldn't even notice  
But these berries smell like shit  
I don't know why  
  
Well, I don't care how picturesque  
Or incomplex your life gets  
The ground's unsolid  
Don't forget to keep your ear to the ground  
  
Sometimes I feel an anxious peace  
I'm walking by myself  
Like everyone 'round that I pass  
Should kick my ass  
And wake me fast, I know  
  
And I can forget what is mine  
When I'm walking by myself  
'Cause counting everything you own  
Is just like counting cobblestones  
Oh yeah

Artist: Evens Songs: Mt. Pleasant Isnt  
Landed here uninvolved  
Questions there unresolved  
You cut your hand as you threw  
The push the shove came to pass  
The battle planned real at last  
But not the one you though you knew  
And anger takes place of what's destroyed  
Mt. Pleasant isn't anymore  
In the end what went on  
Was not about right and wrong  
Despite the charges that people threw  
Empty shelves broken glass  
The battle planned real at last  
But no the one you thought you knew  
And anger takes place of what's removed  
Mt. Pleasant isn't anymore  
The police will not be excused  
The police will not behave  
All too much is lost in anger and never  
enough is saved  
And anger takes place of what's ignored

Artists: The Aquarium Song: Can't Afford  
Oh can't afford to live here  
Oh, cant afford to run  
Oh can't afford to live here  
Oh, cant afford to run  
What if we moved, moved together  
Move our bodies move together  
Oh, cant afford to move them  
Oh, cant move to the past  
Oh, ant afford to move there  
Oh, never can go back  
What if we moved in together  
Move our bodies in together  
Move it!  
What if we move, move together  
Combine our volume in a pickup  
Oh, can't afford to live here  
Oh, can't afford to run  
Oh can't to live here  
Oh, can't afford to run

Artist: DJ Eurok Song: This is DC  
Peace, justice, DJ eurok.com, watching them deceive  
live and direct, capital resistance  
You see they burnt down the block back In 68  
White folks boarded up and then moved out of state  
They let the hood run down to enjoy the tax rate  
Nevermind the broken windows that would cut and scrape  
The junkies and the shooters they still congregate  
It seemed like hard times, but then came 88  
Cocaine, PCP, crack wars and the gate  
Chv ctu and all the states  
Cops are on the take the mayor licks the plate  
I know you heard the jokes because you probably seen the tape  
The mayor of DC smoking crack with his mate  
He claims he didn't do it it was just a mistake  
The feds set him up he didn't even partake  
Then he turned to the city please don't forsake  
Forgive and forget we don't need the head date  
The damage had been done and now its much too great  
  
This is DC you might think that you own it  
A piece of South Africa on the Potomac  
To the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico and Guam  
We overstand the struggle we gone drop the bomb (x2)  
  
See you can't vote but you gotta pay taxes  
Not a city or state because they scared of the blacks  
Fuck chocolate city Imagine a chocolate state  
2 chocolate senators in the debate  
Excuse me Mr. Helms please show some restraint  
My colleague from the district would like to restate  
His opposition on your plan to raise the tax rate  
On the poorer citizens whose lives you dictate  
This would have been the scene back in the day but the racist ass  
crackers had their way  
And kept us out of the process and stole democracy  
Laughed in the chambers and kept the policy  
Cut to the scene in the hotel years later  
The gravity of the situation is now much greater  
They got a new excuse for holding us back  
Its not because youre black your mayor smokes crack

Hook( x2)  
If it's a colony then where's the resistance  
I would vote for a mayor that shows persistence  
Not the bow tie we'll reconsider  
He'll just sell the city off to the highest bidder  
Close DC general, privatize the jails, give the whole damn city to  
Doug Jamel  
But what about latinos, and mtp, the black families down in south-  
east  
The Ethiopians, the Vietnamese, and all the hard working people that  
live in dc  
They treat em like theyre doing a job for no thanks  
While they settle the neighborhoods with the suv tanks  
For years the banks wouldn't loan inside of the city  
They had a plan to make sure the blocks were gritty  
But on the inside they made them look pretty to  
Sell to rich folks when they came for the city  
  
Hook (x2)  
This is DC – 600,000 American citizens denied their right  
To congressional representation because the racism  
Historical, structural, and procedural of this great nation of ours

Artist: Fugazi Song: Cashout  
On the morning of the first eviction  
They carried out the wishes of the landlord and his son  
Furniture's out on the sidewalk next to the family  
That little piggie went to market,  
So they're kicking out everyone  
  
Talking about process and dismissal  
Forced removal of the people on the corner  
Shelter and location  
Everybody wants somewhere  
  
The elected are such willing partners  
Look who's buying all their tickets to the game  
Development wants, development gets  
It's official  
Development wants this neighborhood gone  
So the city just wants the same  
Talking about process and dismissal  
Forced removal of the people on the corner  
Shelter and location  
Everybody wants somewhere  
  
Everybody wants somewhere, somewhere!  
Everybody wants somewhere, somewhere!  
Everybody wants somewhere, somewhere!  
Everybody wants somewhere!  
  
Process and dismissal. Process and dismissal.  
Shelter and location.  
Everybody wants somewhere.  
  
Everybody wants somewhere, somewhere!  
Everybody wants somewhere, somewhere!  
Everybody wants somewhere, somewhere!

Artist: Christylez Song: Urban Redevelopment  
Inner city we be chilling  
Doing things to make a living  
Everybody touching feelings  
Super duper, that's maneuvers  
Every man has a girl  
A perfect day, a perfect world  
Where every little black princess  
Is draped in necklaces and pearls  
What we need religion for  
We down to hit the floor  
Chillin'  
We don't care about the war  
Because its on our television  
Treat that joint like it's a song  
Turn it off and turn it on  
These cats is stabbing  
I'll be gone  
Lets renovate our homes  
Setting up tanning salons  
Baseball stadium domes  
Cant turn our craniums on  
Should I keep dancing some more  
They don't understand  
So we sing and clap your hands  
In the middle of the jam  
Cuz the short attention span  
We outcha making the skrilla  
Chilling, watching these villas  
Next to section 8 housing  
Made by federal builders  
We cant be educating on the track  
Cuz its forsaken  
Something like abomination  
So lets keep these honeys shaking  
  
Buildings dropping everywhere  
Higher powers they don't care  
All they really want to hear  
Is throw your hands up in the air  
True  
Cuz all they want to do is bounce  
They just want us to sing and dance (x2)  
  
Southeast, we be chilling  
Northeast, we be chilling  
Southwest on the low low  
But northwest is on top  
They got us fried, dyed, and laid to the side  
Now we gotta work twice as hard to get by  
DC is moving on and yo im trying to catch a ride  
**CONT'D NEXT PAGE**

Urban Redevelopment Cont'd

“Chris we aint dancing to no serious songs”  
 Sorry for trying to keep communities strong  
 See they be plotting on the low low  
 Playing us like polo  
 Treating us like backstar and take us out the photo  
 And replace us with a man, like a European  
 Rock ports in this weather that’s what I’m bruised hands  
 We gotta make a plan, take a stand  
 Spread it word of mouth  
 Support these black restaurants and not the freaking car-ryouts  
 Oh you chilling watching your hood ride by  
 And hear the feds singing “ba da duh da da  
 Cuz they loving it  
 Love to jack you for your ears  
 Take a  
 Then we there  
 Out our residence till we reinvent  
 Another u street on the renaissance  
 Until they do it again  
 Take what we did and run with it  
 Now we are the dreamers, the bakers, creative innovators  
 But look at where they place us, repay us  
 For land that they summoned us from  
 Its urban redevelopment son

Hook (x2)

Time and time again I see new people moving on the block  
 And all of a sudden we get frequent visits from the cops  
 The hot spots known for fat sacks and white rocks  
 It slows down to a trickle until the flow stops  
 Think way back, could you see – what u street could it be  
 The way it was in 93 and now it pulled a 180  
 This way is new to me its not the same community  
 We see projects and carryouts and they see opportunity  
 We spend money and they hoard it  
 We live culture they record it, we sell it they import it  
 We smoke it and they snort it  
 When crimes happen they report it when we see it we ignore it  
 Didn’t know what we had and now a days we cant afford it  
 Back then they were fleeing like we wasn’t human beings  
 Dc wasn’t the place to be in  
 Brothers killers just OD’ing  
 No black business just Korean  
 After flights by European couldn’t believe what we were seeing  
 All argue and no agreeing  
 Now were such a different town buildings sprout out of the ground  
 What was lost now is found 500 mil for a pension bound  
 And they think that im a clown but I peep whats going down  
 They haven’t killed poverty they just moving it around  
 People flowing like a fountain 600,000 and counting  
 While our problems keep mounting we do nothing but keep poutin  
 Maybe a few people shoutin  
 Cuz all our people really want to do is keep on bouncing

Song: Devitalize Artist: Chain & the Gang

Yeah you can do construction  
 Man I’ll do destruction  
 I wanna devitalize the city  
 I wanna devitalize the air  
 I wanna devitalize just about everywhere  
 (keep it down)  
 Rip, bite, shred, tear just about everywhere  
 I wanna peel the paint, rust the rails  
 Close everything so nothings for sale  
 I want the middle class to feel alone  
 Like strangers in their own home  
 Rip, bite, shred, tear just about everywhere  
 I wanna devitalize the city (keep it down)  
 Devitalize the city  
 I wanna peel the paint, rust the rails  
 Close everything so nothings for sale  
 Bring down real estate  
 Yeah, going second rate  
 Yeah youre gonna have drive real far  
 Yeah im gonna close down the cool bar  
 All your food is in a box  
 All the gates are gonna be locked  
 Yeah the city will be poorly kept up  
 And all the politicians are gonna be corrupt  
 Im gonna devitalize  
 Shut it down, get out

Everybody – just go home

Song: Welcome to DC Artists: Mambo Sauce

Welcome to dc!  
 You know where you're at,  
 The USA Cap  
 You're taking this lightly  
 Stop taking this lightly  
 Now how you gone act  
 Oh you gone be right back  
 Well we gone be right here  
 We gone be right here (x2)  
 Welcome to Dc  
 Dc, the home of Chuck Brown  
 Oh you don't know the sound?  
 Well let me break it down  
 The G-O the G-O  
 The M-A-M-B-O  
 See though,  
 We been pumping crank since an embryo,  
 Really though.  
 It's the city where the people hold the power,  
 And you can see 9 dimes every half an hour,  
 Where lunchin and Jo is the Lingo,  
 And brothas rob, so aint nobody  
 Rockin Mink Coats.  
 Take ya back to the madness hats or how,  
 The city renamed cigarettes jacks or how,  
 Even the mayor had a run in with Crack,  
 But we all kept it real and we voted him back.  
 But, we got no stars that Spit on bars,  
 Like BET wasn't birthed in our backyard  
 So are N-E-G our Essence and our Backyard  
 And Junkyard got us all goin hard.  
 You know where you're at,  
 The USA Cap  
 You're taking this lightly  
 Stop taking this lightly  
 Now how you gone act  
 Oh you gone be right back  
 Well we gone be right here  
 We gone be right here (x2)  
 We aint going Nowhere  
 Welcome to Dc  
 I'm from the city the district,  
 I own up to it.  
 But right now I gotta real big bone to pick.  
 When this industry gone let us get some ownership?  
 We gotta take it huh?  
 Well we own it then.  
 This aint a hit and run,  
 No were not an accident.  
 More like a hit and hold  
 Sorta like we tacklin.  
 And we crank so hard cause we be praticin  
 And this I just the beginning slim,  
 We just scrimmaging, So  
 Lace up ya Nike boots and pass with the Timberlands'.  
 Where them brothers off the boat like they Gilligan,  
 What a condition that we livin in  
 Got us Fightin over land that aint ours like Cowboys and Indians  
 So football, yup  
 Cowboys and Indians  
 And politics, yup  
 Cowboys and idiots.  
 But much love to VA and MD  
 That's why the new dc is the DMV.  
 You know where you're at,  
 The USA Cap  
 You're taking this lightly  
 Stop taking this lightly  
 Now how you gone act  
 Oh you gone be right back  
 Well we gone be right here  
 We gone be right here (x2)

Welcome to Dc  
 Truth is this, this here is proof Thiers  
 Room to take it up a few gears, give us a few years  
 Let us test some ears  
 We'll be a brand new best of theirs,  
 Scoring a hundred on ya questionnaires  
 Cause if the question is, "is we the truth?"  
 Then check the Yea  
 Cause if you check the No,  
 Somebody better check the air  
 But check the water cause there's something in it  
 We can't afford to be bush there's only one in the district  
 We aint goin nowhere

Song: But Anyway Artist: Tarica June

Today's a good day  
 know it's finna be sweet  
 I'm listening to Dom on Kennedy street  
 remembering the west coast where the energy's sweet  
 I did my yoga this morning so my memory's peaked  
 but anyway, off-grid shit, nothin to tweet  
 the city's still filling up with those who dance off-beat  
 more than a hundred forty characters and all of em weak  
 they walk by, low eye, act like they can't speak  
 they walk dogs—when I say that I don't mean their feet  
 that's cause they scared of their neighbors, them they  
 don't wanna meet  
 but anyway, this is third generation for me  
 my parents and my grandparents all from DC  
 so I feel like I notice things other folks can't see  
 And like I represent things other folks can't be  
 and I remember  
 all Black on the green line  
 and all the kids had jobs in the Summertime  
 say what you want about Barry, but he cared for the poor  
 and that ain't who these new fools working for  
 I tell em, “That aint who these new fools workin for”  
 they tryna kick us all out and just build more stores  
 [HOOK]  
 but anyway, i could go on forever  
 bout all of the bull  
 that I'm tryna make better  
 or even about me and the twenty first letter  
 I feel like I know you  
 even though we ain't together  
 live forever  
 ok, you gettin money  
 well I'm gettin piece of mind that you can't take from me  
 so I feel I'm doing fine and as long as I love me  
 I follow my own signs and the world can't judge me  
 pretty or ugly.  
 and now these speed cameras send me pictures in the mail  
 I hate this city sometimes, but oh well...  
 what can I do? pay the damned ticket  
 think it's unconstitutional but I don't picket  
 there's other battles, other cages to rattle  
 they still lockin us up and tryna herd us like cattle  
 I talk about it cuz nobody else tattles  
 they takin juveniles to Iowa, sayin that'll  
 teach em  
 but it won't.  
 I swear on everything this system is a joke, not rehabilita-  
 tion  
 and it's not about hope  
 it's about the corporations,  
 ten dollar soap  
 and ten dollars for ten minutes on the phone till you broke  
 where they recording every single word that you spoke  
 they probably ignoring every single word that I wrote  
 cause if I ain't burn it down I was only blowin smoke  
 [HOOK]  
 Today's a good day, no suits to meet  
 I'm walking, wishing on stars and kicking trash in the street  
 I'm passing liquor stores, churches, they both selling  
 dreams  
 a Carry-Out on every corner, they don't need triple beams  
 to kill us all  
 nah, they'll do that with the wings (chicken)  
 a man selling Street Sense in a wheelchair sings  
 I give him a dollar, but I know that he wants change  
 and not the kind that jingles but the kind that'll take the  
 pain  
 the kind that Obama aint bring  
 I pray I'll one day look back and say we all overcame  
 I came so far still a space remains  
 the finish line ain't even in range, I maintain  
 focus, I hope this helps  
 I hope that we all ain't only out for self  
 still I hope that you will never doubt yourself  
 know you can do anything you wanna do, yourself  
 and that's real  
 will go on forever ...bout all of the bull-shit I be tryna make  
 better  
 or even about me and the 21st letter I feel like I know you  
 eventhough we ain't together  
 live forever  
 okay, you gettin money  
 well I'm getting peace of mind that you can't take from me  
 so I feel I'm doing fine and as long as I love me  
 I follow my own signs and the world can't judge me  
 And anyway, I'm just speaking from my heart  
 eventhough the industry is tryna keep us apart  
 eventhough my enemies be steadily throwing darts  
 I'mma make it to the end, man I said it from the start  
 so play your part  
 and your position  
 pen and paper's like the pots when I'm cookin in the kitch-  
 en  
 if I serve it up hot, know the people gon listen  
 gon give it all I got, I'm the link that was missing  
 no more wishing  
 cause I'm here  
 vibratin off love  
 not the frequency of fear  
 I'mma keep it right there and watch the hate disappear  
 everyday is my year  
 get that sh\*t clear.