

Frankie Laine

"City Lights"

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(Talking)

Young wild niggaz livin street life on the edge
not knowin if tomorrow they could turn up dead.
Yo fuck regular cops niggaz get scoped by the Feds.
The ghetto live in bloodshed (Yo), we live in bloodshed.

I know this African cat jet black, gold grill
Said we can split a half a mil if I could get his wife
killed.
The feds on him, Jake to pull seven on patrol.
Cops shot on the stroll by his man thats on parole.
Now he haunted, had a big screen but he pawned it.
Watchin FOX, saw his face on America's Most Wanted.
With three seeds to feed, stressed out like bricks.
So he got a fix, roll with his crackhead click.
Stay twisted, robbin young ducks for their bucks.
One day he slipped up, caught two shells to his gut.
But he recovered
To say the first shell wasnt shit.
What you workin wit?
A rusty 22 kid?
Then he flipped quick, bust back from four-fifths.
Six fire, four hit, one crushed the pelvis.
The others went through his wrist.
How's that for accurate?
The kids scarred for life.
Equipped with a permanent limp.
He was ill when he was young, tryin to raise his son.
Everytime beef come he blast the Mac one-one.
Spendin two G's on gold to impress the Hoes.
Got money in Milwaukee with a house on the low.
He played the 5 boros, everyday fly
Thought he couldn't die.
Bags of hydro in da 5, gettin high.
He had a rep for hijackin, extortion, kidnappin.
Shootin up clubs, airport drug trafficking.
He met his match, fuck around and rob the wrong Cat.
For a hundred and eighty G's the god want his cream
back.
Now it's a gun battle.

But the son ain't fessin, he grabbed his wesson.
These niggaz lookin for me I'ma shoot their ass a
lesson.
Going all out, kill or be killed, whats done is done.
These niggaz not stoppin me from havin my fun.
He at the tunnel, flexin his whip, rims dipped.
Had to much cavarsia so he started to slip.
Oh Shit! Their go dem niggaz that I stuck
That black truck. Give a fuck.
They want their cream, I'ma let my gat bust.
Let his shells fly, the god got hit twice he wounded.
The liquor started talkin didn't know what he was doin.
He crashed the whip, jumped out ran to Sixth
Flagged a cab.
"Yo take me to Madison Ave"
He did too much to live, and too much to turn back.
Lay bleedin, wonderin why it had to end like that.
Nobodys left, the world just me and myself.
In back the back of the cab, son bled to death.
It's fucked up he was a good nigga...

[Word up..the street stories..know what I'm sayin.]
[Word up, wit the inner city kids...Yeah.]

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And we die in bloodshed, Word Up.
We born to the paradise so respect your life, Word Up.
Black man move on, Word Up.
Head strong..to the knotty one..Men on lock down.
Word Up.
Gun Rule, the BX, BK, know what I'm sayin, Shaolin.
Word Up, Queens niggaz, Word Up

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