

Frankie Laine

"Now Y"

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[Intro: La The Darkman]

Yeah. Yeah. Yo. Yo.

Yo. Trapacanti. Yo.

[Chorus: La The Darkman]

When I walk these streets, like bamboo, I'm strapped
Get your brain tapped by fourty-four caliber gats
It ain't like that, cats gotta learn to relax
If I let the gun clap, you have no wish, you're on your
ass

[La The Darkman]

If you see at cat without his vest hangin by his neck
Then La done it, I'm tryin to see this benz six-hundred
With a fly bitch, a gat and cognac gettin blunted
Readin the tablet of my money from the kids that I
fronted
You don't want it, shootin slugs outta an armored
green lex
>From four pounds that fuck you up like a plane wreck
Don't gamble with a tech, car is quicker than the eye
My style, top secret like a Bosnian spy
Now Y, New York have you laced in chalk
The South Bronx, what you thought when we let are
guns talk?
It's bloodsport, the Darkman call it like he sees
Been in buildings, doin eighty in a black m3
Medallion swingin a linx, costin bount ten g's
N.Y.C., where killas bust cops at me

[Chorus]

[La The Darkman]

New York ain't fuckin playas, we live gun sprayers
Movin crack frm the streets of Manhatt' to the
Himalayans
Amadeus, why these Cali craps tryin to front?
Ass gotta cut ropes, tryin to bungee jump
Tight cunt, all white planes roll, we night creepers
in bubble coats, eight hundred beapers, force one
sneakers

I stay fly, holdin it down for my block
What up ock? You could get a four-four shot
And don't think it can't happen cuz you on the T.V.
rappin
I sneakin from B.X., B.K. and the Staten
Manhattan and Queens jookin kids for rings
New York, New York, the big city of dreams
Some rap legends were put in jail, you thought we
failed
Now I'm back like LL, when he was rockin the bells
Takin rap back to the days of foodstamps and tramps
Pit stains in the stair case and vise-grip clamps
Kid, I'm amped, cats try to diss the originators
In Land Cruisers, on Timbs, subways and elevators
Holdin steel, you frontin niggaz better get real
I'm gettin money, blow my nose with a hundred dollar
bill
How you feel? And fuck where you at, it's where you
from
To that cats, that's eighty-five: blind, deaf and dumb
Run and get your gun, I come in the name of Allah
To my people, the Inglewood family swine, power
refined
You can't see, we runnin outta time
If the east and west kill eachother, who gon' shine?
We losin our mind, the rap shit is turnin into crime
Nowadays soft niggaz bust techs and nines
So, what?

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