

Hurt Mississippi John

"New York New York"

Visit "[New York New York](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

* organized by Rhino comp. for convenience
regardless of original

Ah New York New York big city of dreams
And everything in New York ain't always what it seems
You might get fooled if you come from out of town
But I'm down by law and I know my way around, too
much
Ah too many people, too much -- a ha hah
Too much, too many people, too much, rrrrrrah!

A castle in the sky, one mile high
Built to shelter the rich and greedy
Rows of eyes, disguised as windows
Lookin DOWN on the poor and the needy
Miles of people, marchin up the avenue
Doin what they gotta do, just to get by
I'm livin in the land of plenty and many
But I'm damn sure poor and I don't know why

Too much, ah too many people, too much
Too much, too many people, too much!

A man's on a ledge, says he's gonna jump
People gather round, said, "He won't he's just a
chump"
Cause he lost his job, then he got robbed
His mortgage is due and his marriage is through
He says he ain't gonna pay no child support
Because the bitch left him without a second thought
He got nothin to eat, no shoes on his feet
She even left his clothes, out in the street
He keeps hearin noises when he's at home
He always hears voices when he's all alone
His wife took the kids, the car and the crib
In this man's world, so much for women's lib

New York New York big city of dreams
But everything in New York ain't always what it seems
You might get fooled if you come from out of town
But I'm down by law, and I know my way around

Down in the Village, you might think I'm silly
but you can't tell the women from the men sometimes
They're sugar and spice and everything nice
But when you get em home ain't no tellin what you find
Right next door is a little old man
I seen him eatin dog food out of a can
He says, "I got to eat, when I can't afford meat
I barely can stand, on my own two feet"
I got a bad habit and I just can't break it
Somethin's on my mind and I just can't shake it
I need some time, and I want some space
I gotta get away from the human race

Too much, ah too many people, too much... a-ha hah
Too much, ah too many people, too much! Rrrrrrrah!

Stand at a skyscraper reachin into heaven
When over in the ghetto I'm livin in hell
Just play ball or be an entertainer
cause niggaz like me can't read too well
Nobody loves me, nobody cares
I dreamed about a life but I'm livin in a nightmare
Paranoid schitzo, set back, snowbound
Bad news psycho, heart attack, breakdown!

Hee, huh (16X) HUH!

If only I could sleep just ten more minutes
I might find the strength to make another day
If I didn't have to get up, and do my thing
I would probably sleep my whole life away
I messed up a nice dream, somethin bout ice cream
Whipped cream fruits and a cherry on top
Now I gotta get up and face the world, huh
The pressure is on it ain't never gonna stop
I sho' gotta learn to use my mind
I don't wanna be kissin nobody's behind
Just standin on line lookin like a jerk
Gotta get off my butt and do a full day's work
I ran into a pothole, got into a car crash
Shoulda been thinkin and tried to fake whiplash
A crowd gathered round, they're callin me fat
Who you lookin at wit a face like that?

New York New York big city of dreams
Everything in New York ain't always what it seems
You might get fooled if you come from out of town
But I'm down by law and I know my way around

On 42nd Street, lookin for some action

Women standin on the corner sellin satisfaction
One young punk just leanin on the fence
Tryin to make a dollar out of fifteen cents
Really is a prankster, tried to be a gangster
Real big wheel when a gun is in his hands
Just did a stick-up, just got picked up
One dead punk, killed by the man

New York New York big city of dreams
And everything in New York ain't always what it seem
You might get fooled if you come from out of town
But I'm down by law and I know my way around
Too much, too many people, too much... ah ha hah hah
Too much, too many people, too much! HUAHH!

A baby cries and a mother dies
And the tears fall from the doctor's eyes because
in this room, on this day
The Good Lord has giveth, and taketh away, huh
The gift of life really means a lot
And in the ghetto your life is all you got
So you take to the streets, tryin to exist
in the trash and slime of a world like this
What you watch, on TV
a tells you what life is supposed to be
But when you look outside the only thing you see
Is the poverty stricken, reality, heh
Abandoned places, angry faces
Much hate and hunger through-out the races
You say, "I'm grown and I'm on my own
So why don't everybody just leave me alone!"
Now you stay at home, talkin on the phone
Doin ninety miles an hour in the fifty mile zone
They never took the time to tell you bout sex
So you had to learn about it in the discotheques
Nine months later, the baby is there
and the nigga that did it said, "I don't care!"
You don't have enough money to help feed two
So you have to choose between the baby and you
The sky was cryin, rain and hail
When you put yo' baby in the garbage pail
Then you kissed the kid and put down the lid
And you tried to forget what you just did, huh
The muffled screams of a dyin baby
was enough to drive the young mother crazy
so she ran in the rain tryin to ease the pain
Huh huh, and she drove herself insane

New York New York big city of dreams
But everything in New York ain't always what it seem
You might get fooled if you come from out of town

But I'm down by law and I know my way around

Ah too much, too many people, too much... ah ha hah
hah

Too much, too many people, too much! HUHHH!

So what's happenin man? What's happenin?

Man you should see these bad girls out here workin the
corner

Loose joints, loose joints!

A hah hah hah

Aiyyo baby won't you come here man gimme a little
somethin

Let's try to get the money man

Aiyyo aiyyo y'all know this dude look he comin right
here let's rob him man

Ohh yeah yeah

Nah nah leave him alone

Hey slick, you know your way to Sugarhill Records?

Ay man that's in Jersey nigga! C'mere c'mere man
whassup wit you?

(conversation dissolves into a fight)

New York New York big city of dreams

But everything in New York ain't always what it seems

You might get fooled if you come from out of town

But I'm down by law and I know my way around

Too much, too many people, too much... ha hah hah
hah

Too much, too many people, too much

Visit [Hurt Mississippi John](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.