

## Kevin Rudolph "NYC"

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Feat NAS

Kevin Rudolf

In the city of dreams, you get caught up in the schemes  
And fall apart in the seam  
Tonight  
That boy he used to bomb,  
From B.K. to the Bronx and it's the fortunate one, who  
dies

NAS

New York, we ready!

Kevin Rudolf

He move from LAS to SoHo (hooo)  
A few blocks for those who don't know (ohh)  
Down the hall punched a hole in the wall  
Bounced out, all are in control  
Certified son of a gun  
Learns life lesson 101  
Don't fly too high on your own supply  
Get burnt by the sun

Coz in the city of dreams

You get caught up in the schemes

And fall apart in the seam

Tonight

That boy he is the bomb, from B.K. to the Bronx

And it's the fortunate one who dies

He was NY's talk of the town

Heard out to the LI sound (okay)

He started datin models and he figured it out

He used to be a nice guy, then he cut that sh! t out

Qualified sex machine

No better than a vowed fiend (?)

She wanted a ride to the upper east side but he  
dropped her @ss off in queens

Coz in the city of dreams

You get caught up in the schemes and fall apart in the  
seam

Tonight

That boy would play his guitar like he was ready for war  
(You ready, K?)(It's your man Nas here)  
And then he'd lift up his voice to the  
Sky (Take it straight through New York City)

NAS

Yo, ok, my city, my town, my crown  
Michael Bloomberg, forget what you heard  
I'm thought of highly, shoppin Louie, Gianni  
Christian LaCrosse shades, what can a boss say?  
City, bus, the subway, cab, the runway  
Ski masks and gunplay my past at a young age  
The illest city on the planet  
Towers came down, Wall Street barely standin  
We Crook Brothers, opposite of Brook Brothers  
My footsteps of Scatman Crothers  
It's just generations of style to get five luminous  
minutes with me  
Interviews on how I flip sixty-twos  
This isn't my style, I spit what I'm livin right now  
I'm out on the town, gold bars shuttin it down  
Bottles stacked from the floor to the ceiling  
Then it's a loud fool, fifty-third street, right near the  
Hilton  
I'm fightin the feeling I had when I was lightin up  
buildings  
Now I'm writin for millions of listeners  
Critics who just don't get it  
They try dissin us, New York full of kings and queens,  
all the rest just mimic us

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