

Kool Keith "New York City"

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New York City, we piss in it, we live in it
We die, we all take shits in it
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There's a million albums out there
With that opera and Shakespeare shit
I stuff my ears with cotton when you rap
I don't hear shit, you niggas are excess waste

A hundred percent of the mainstream crowd, receive
pure shit
The hottest DJ's in New York spin it from the
wheelchairs
With cancer, my voodoo ready to roll
Ask Harlem Hospital, you can't cure shit

HMV at the cash register, girls tryin' to make me buy
CD's
Soft jazz and homo R and B, I ain't payin for that Allure
shit
Walkin' by Bloomingdales before you see me put the
pep in it
I guarantee you get bad karma, fly leather coat with the
Coach bag

You step in shit, choose the Daily News
The newspaper's gonna take off a little off your soles
You got a lot around your feet, motherfuckers, not a
little bit
Wipe that shit off your soles

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I'm straight up on the butt ass transit
I don't give a fuck, I smell the piss in the subway
My Boss cologne suits me well on the New York City
mass transit
Women lookin' scared, borin' ass statues

Bitch, you need to get out the boroughs
And move to Kansas or Pittsburgh or somethin'
Sittin' up with braids in your hair like a fuckin'
Halloween pumpkin
Smile motherfucker, put on some lipstick or do
somethin'
Eat your breakfast muffin'

My appearance shock your brand new motherfuckin'
leather
I ain't say nothin' 'cause in your panties secretly
I know you readin' the magazine comin', the freak on
the train is bustin'
I was sittin' here first, you wasn't I know you goin' home
to masturbate
Your girlfriend is messed up, datin' her own fuckin'
cousin

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Y'all just reachin' your damn horizons, so what?
You got your cellular phone, motherfucker you prepaid
Girls and guys I'm not frontin'
Y'all bullshittin' talkin' to nobody lookin' good at the
dinner table

Runnin' your fuckin' bill up on Verizon
You ain't shoppin' with a lot of Victoria's Secret bags
Monkeys treat you to Unos, retarded ass herb niggas
are thin
Girls are more insecure, I'm realizin'

The datin' and courtin' shit got everybody hyped up
and sportin' shit
The Bell system fraud, dial on the spot or stand trial on
the spot
Ladies don't invite me over

Just cover the mattress with the piss and the cum spot

Don't blast the same lame ass singin' MC a lot
Now move the ticket off your window
Manhattan traffic cop
You shoulda dipped, your shit in the parkin' lot

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