

## La The Darkman

### "N.Y., N.Y"

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[La the Darkman] My street filled with guns, snakes, crack and buddha Fake ass women, and tech, sharpshooters Drinkin' Tangeray drunk, they slam the lobby door Uneducated thugs, with nothing to live for Grew up, holdin' steel to acquire a mil' Cuz bullets prevent life like birth control pills Who keep it real? Cut you open like a Navy SEAL My niggas had bricks and whips, since Bill Build And it's nothin', I really don't do no stuntin' In my hood, muthafuckas get shot for frontin' And I'mma witness to that, seen them pistols react Fire comin' from the barrel, as I'm snappin' back Leave your ass layin' flat, as a welcome mat Think it's a game, til you hear them shits go BRRAT BRRAT-BRRAT, and it dont' stop there Niggas rarely run, even when the cops appear [Chorus 2X: La the Darkman] New York, we sling drugs out of bodegas New York, hustlers, thieves, crooks and beggars New York, fly planes through buildings, my pleasure New York, come to your town, take your whole treasure [La the Darkman] From Brooklyn to L.A., out to Michigan Had so much coke, thought I was Dominican Then I got greedy, and started robbin' again You heard the stories, about Al 'Po, Rich and them Same shit, different characters, for that asparagus I'mma real bulldog, like Jim Harrick was Breakin' all the laws, like he was taught It ain't about breakin' rules, it's about gettin' caught You heard of Vinny the Chin, remember John Gotti? Or Carlo Gambino, and all the niggas that they bodied For that paper work, we lay you in the dirt Fully dressed, chain, watch and nice shirt I gives a fuck about material shit Cuz you can't take it with you, after your brain split Except in your casket, you still lookin' good At you funeral, dead, as will, you should [Chorus 2X]

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