

## LL Cool J "New York Gangstas"

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[Chorus:]

Once I live a life of a millionaire  
Still do!  
Spending my money, honey ohh I didn't care  
Still don't!

[Verse 1:]

I'm a floss 'til I die, ball never fall  
Cop 'til I drop, motherfuck 'em all  
Count paper schemin, leanin on the wall  
Money comin fast, niggas ridin balls  
I been to hell and back, I seen what you saw  
6 in the mornin, D's at the door  
I was a shorty on a bike, hangin with Alpo  
I was a shorty uptown with Rich Porter  
I was a shorty up on 1, 3, 2  
My man AZ he really schooled me  
My man Big Chuck, he took me to Mt. V  
I messed up the count, Kev winked at me  
What I learned is niggas need paper to burn  
And you gotta spread love when cats is fucked up  
You can't be lazy, for niggas that's bad fuck  
Sometimes you move quiet and lay upin the cut  
(whattup)

[Chorus]

[Verse 2:]

I learned if you talk to much you get that ass shot up  
Follow your dreams, and watch the cash pile up  
I used to be in Queens with my man Black Just  
Before he got killed, now that nigga was real  
He took me to the crib, showed me how gangsters live  
Took me to hot blocks, showed me big knots  
Him and Richard Porter used to tease me and what not  
You ain't movin pies, so your car can be fly  
Used to run to Big Kev before he got knocked  
When niggas was stuntin and wouldn't let me on the  
block  
125th in the Beemer with AZ  
He gave a bum 50 dollars that really taught me  
That being a gangster don't mean you're all bad

And niggas respect you when they know you got cash  
Remember Big dave had the dust on smash  
I was amazed the lifestyle was so fast

[Chorus]

[Verse 3:]

I remember Remy showed me his first 8th ki'  
That was before Queens had blood in the street  
Stretch from BK had the pretty gold Benz  
He took me out to Brooklyn where he was gettin some  
ends  
Let me state this again, I ain't gotta pretend  
They was playing the money game and I wanted in  
I was just a young boy with dangerous friends  
If it wasn't for rap, who knows where I would've been  
I took a hustlas heart to make the top of the charts  
Big Chuck when to jail when I was ready to start  
I guess I was destin, God pulled us apart  
But I admit, getting that street money is a art  
I was so many players I knew back in the D  
Like Cuban Alberto from Mi-ami  
'86 that nigga's Benz had TV's  
Only God knows what these niggas mean to me  
Real talk

[Chorus]

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