

Masta Ace

"Big City"

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'New York, Big City of Dreams'

to get by, cats doing plenty of things

it's a honest hustle, but you gotta have some kind of
muscle

either it's that or you sign with Russel

'cause nowadays an average cat can flow decent

so in your sparetime you can go to the precinct

let me introduce you to some cats who won't shoot you

everyday they're spinnin in their pen it's so crucial

they got kids to feed, wives to hug

their jobs are so strange, their lifes above

look, my nigga Al had a store in his trunk

and the place under the dash where he store his pump

he had them white and white 'Air Force Ones' for 40 (\$)

and them iddy-biddy-kiddy ones for shorty

he was just trying to survive to the session

now he's locked up for stolen goods and gun

possession

my nigga Neek had them first for cheek

he bough a too family home and excursion jeep

but word got around he was doing it big

cops ran up in his crib, now he's doing a bit

now Jose was making money hand over biz

he had legimated jobs with a little bit of a twist

besides me and my man, I've known people

he sold stuff too, out of the back of home deepo

everything from new tools to kitchen sinks

and he was just trying to get rich as stinks

'cause now he lost his job and his morgage due

and he can't afford a lawyer, man law gets through,

ooh

we were lying on skeems and skams

just so we could realize our dreams and plans, man

this ain't America is it?

it don't take much for the cops to come pay you a visit

but do what you gotta do, fuck them laws

life is a test you better up them scores

listen, I ain't trying to survive, I'm trying to life

and here is some advise I been dying to give

they don't care if you sell it to inner section

republicans run for officers when ellection
who's in the inner section, see my pen errecting
this for my cats that just been effecting
from ground sillawats, it's down steal the spots
it won't stop untill we're down kill the cops
it's a revolution, you believe in god, a evolution
either way dog, we need a resolution like Aaliyah
a man got sentenced to a year
and when he get out, it's another street career
it's a vicious cycle
for every kid who ball in the park and wish he might do
listen the world don't like you, but
you better keep it moving, you better keep improving
you love my voice, ain't it deep insolvent
I'm saying fuck fame, I'm having a no-name
platinum and gold chain, and saying
I'ma beat 'em at their own game

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