

Sadat X

"Escape From New York"

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F/ Dedi

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[Sadat X]

A 21 gun salute ain't nearly enough
For some ol' shit this rough
Dedi, oh baby boy watch this picture
As we escape from New York we'll see a whole lot of
fiction
Drug dealers wanna be rappers and rappers frontin'
drugs
Big williness and silliness if ya still in that room
You be tyin' up the knot on Ma dude on the floor
Tell ya I'm chillin' out here, the great X has gone dolo
Shotgun partner D.R., bring that thing P.R.
So we can swing P.R., together us three we are
Tryin' to keep pace in the great rap race
New York's a crazy place, my girl just caught a case
If ya wanna feel the pleasure bring some proof and it's
on
My hands now on, no higher than the warden
Came to lace up the wax with Pete and D.R. crew
From the furniture and shelf to the rollin' cliffs of Dover

[Hook x2]

Listen up son, niggas wanna talk the talk
But can ya walk the walk New York, New York
40 guns and playas, money, sex and rhyme sayers

[Dedi]

And I'm out, I'm reachin' for the bigger and the better
More advanced to the letter, type excessive with the
pressure
Escapin' like some brothers with triple life

AWOL, on the run from the man I gotta plan
For real though, I wanna get this dough on the strip yo
The next plateau, movin' up young fuck a ho
And take it slow cause that's the only way to flow
I rock a show and it's back to the rest so
Stay out of my zone cause I'm stressin' effects
Seekin' stacks of those plaques
And the bommin' twenty sacks
Relax maybe when I'm lewd and lampooned
In my mansion dirty dancin' like Ace and Buchanan,
jammin'
Totally the opposite of famine
Today's slammin' and you know I got to have the
cannon
For all those that talk the talk
But can ya walk the walk
Escape from New York

[Hook x2]

[Sadat X]

Ah hell the great X has turned to king
Let the caged birds sing
And let the gauge take the stage
Life's a hard hump for the average man
Especially cause my skin's much darker than tan
Got damn, Uncle Sam you was in the gram
Now ya wanna front and act like you don't know about
the fam
But I know what cha' doin' to me, ya can't win
Escape from New York don't bring ya ass back again

[Dedi]

So here we are, the X man, P.R. and the baby Paul
On the premises, mission is to finish this
The bonafide buggin' mic muggin' steady buggin'
Breakin' backs with stacks and no fear
Solid like stone and the family's sly
Buy and sell, live well and make bail
The single pop, hip-hop or mingle life
Just for the sport, escape from New York

[Hook x2]

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