

J. Cole

"New York Times"

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[Intro: J. Cole]

This for all my niggas in the city
This shit really for Queens though
Really for Queens though
Ya know?
Big city of dreams, motivated by schemes
Getting money regimine with my get money machine
Nah mean? yeah

[Verse 1: J, Cole]

New York times
Come listen to these New York rhymes
A southern nigga with a New York mind
In the concrete jungle of Queen trying to be kings
Getting to the money of sins by any means
As I watch it all, pain out, trying not to stand out
Fish out of water, unofficial reporter
Appear, life is a bitch I blow a kiss at her daughter
In a city with nigga will leave you shit outta order
So yeah, you heard the news, disturbing news
Shot a brother in the head, thank the lord he ain't dead
Was in a coma for months, eyes ain't opened them
once
My nigga visibally stretch in a mess he's smoking a
blunt
What could I say, I can't relate to that
All I do is pray for that
This is city god told me : 'go and make it' at
I got a date with destiny, I'm running late for that
Grab a paper, hey kid, you gotta pay for that

[Hook: 50 Cent & J Cole]

The New York Times
The New York Times
(Extra, extra, read all about it)
They say you can win anywhere
If you can win here
And you ain't been no where if you ain't been here
Ball so hard you aint really in the game man
Same place, different face, on the train, man
New York, New York

[Verse 2: J Cole]

Hop on the F train, took the express train
Skip that local shit, my vocal sick
That's how success came
Once kings now we pawns in this chess game
Wall Street got black slave blood stains
Which means, we built this city
And never got scraps while the devil got fat
In fact, reparation for niggas and desperation
Fuck money, get my kid a real education
Blood money spills, had a real revelation
Southside make you realize there's still segregation
Don't wanna preach I'm just thinking out loud
Sometimes I wanna save the world and I be thinking
bout how
To lead my niggas to paradise
Imagine the world, free from pain
And we no longer scared the night
Far from the crime, the blind leading the blind
We gon make it primetime till we dyin'

[Hook]

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[Verse 3: Bas]

How I go from selling reefa and plates
Till eating steaks with Cole and playing FIFA with Drake
Should've been in the States, property of the Jakes
Now I'm plotting on profits and properties on the lake
Let me properly immigrate you to it
Show you how the heads of states and gangsters do it
Them niggas talk a lot of shit but they ain't been
through it
I done been up in everything, cars you never seen
City's you never heard of, from the streets where they
murder
Police observe us till they reach the verdict
Kill 'em all, fucking kill 'em all
If you can't send 'em till the pen, send 'em to the
morgue
Send 'em to the Lord, fuck it, send his broad
Hundred shots through the dark but they never hit my

heart, nigga
Bitch nigga, take a pause
Hundred shots through the dark you can never hit my
heart

[Hook]

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