

Brandy F/ Tamia, Gladys Night, Chaka Khan

"The City"

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[unknown conversation which carries over from the last track]

That's black?

Whattup God?

Aiyyo Shorty got beef with that nigga? Word?

blam, blam blam Oh shit!!! Yo!

Hold the fuck up

Aiyyo yo, eight niggaz down (just enough)

Fuckin around with my sound (ci-ty)

Yo, bring backup (ci-ty)

Fuckin with me, and mine

Murderous

[Inspectah Deck]

Check it, yo

The world is shifty, we livin just enough for the city

The rough witty killa bee sting just like the jiggy

My Family Stone, foes attempt to gradually clone

Label them my anus and the casualty's home

It glows coffin, Wu stormin like the light brigade

ride the wave like Frankie Avalon

As I decipher AIDS crime pays

The law's long arm be tryin to strongarm, walkin
timebombs

before I bomb firearm

The chalm smoker, I hit the dread with a poster

He toke with his own love and expose the black toaster

Composer was shook

I took your bad looks for joke get your back broke

Deep throat this murder I wrote

The antidote be seekin like a buried treasure

By every measure lethally inject your whole sector

Wanted dead or alive

Rebel I escapes across the desert sand

leavin no footprints to trace

Keep a war face, in your place

Conceal the baby knives on the North breaks

I still shine in shady times

Yeah, yo

We livin just enough (livin just enough)
Just enough (in the ci-ty)
Just enough, for the ci-ty

Yo, in the jungle
I make moves like Iron Monkey
Plots to bump me off D.O.T. be on the hunt for me
We stay hungry, for money drugs and guns
Ones who fake get caught in the crossfire for crumbs
Know the science be my Goddess
The facts tell gats sell like sex and violence
And break the project silence, a vision
This is way beyond four corners, escape this mental
prison
Before we're all goners, now embrace the world
for the world war is ocean bomber
Visionary soldier comma
My code of honor, mind still start from the drama
Trauma sent the victim, witness them run, scream in
horror
Military chopper come gun down the slum
The outcome do or die Son it's bound to come
Mentally aware I see truth within the square
The future's here catch me on computer software
Warfare's inevitable, Rebel I hold several government
official
It's a thirty-eight special, that steps through
Like Nat Turner create a spectacle
I may die in the scuffle but I'm takin forty devils

We livin just enough
Just enough
Just enough
For the ci-ty

Killa beez, sting McEEEZ, yeah, Wu

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