

## Amanda

### "N.Y.C"

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Chorus (Kool G. Rap)

N.Y. City, crime around me, drug dynasties  
death and robberies  
on the dark blocks where bodies bleed  
jake inside the P.J.'s, the heat waves  
kids play where heat sprays  
straight floods, no love, fake thugs  
draw blood with Four-Four snubs  
tear away your rug  
kids with clout  
up in the Range Rover with chicks, spray in their mouth  
drain 'em out, set up for the wet up, bang 'em out  
these streets in Queens remain the murder scene,  
blood stain 'em out  
(repeat)

Verse 1: (Kool G. Rap)

Inside the chambers of Hell  
where all the L puffin' niggas dwell  
and fell 'cause of a loss of blood cells  
bullet shells, glass is shattered  
shit gets torn and tattered  
niggas brains is splattered on sewage drains when  
they be goin' at it  
static over addicts, revolvers and automatics  
it's illmatic how I seen one catch two in the cabbage  
from an initial, official shiny nickel played pistols  
sparklin' like crystals, launchin' missiles  
domes get blown like whistles  
ain't no jokin', niggas will leave you and your Momma  
soakin'  
and smokin' and blown open  
bodies found in Hoboken  
kids comittin' murder after murder  
shit is real so I feel for the ones that don't pack steel  
and burners  
bodies be droppin' down around Queens  
by different teams, it's the Teens that tear your ass out  
the frame by

the seams  
the end of the drama center, niggas you want drama?  
word to Momma come equipped with two clips and  
body armor.

Chorus

Verse 2: (Jinx Da Juvy)

Yeah, it's that young fella, Jinx Da Juvy  
fly lil' nigga, iced out with a fresh brand new Coogi  
jigged out, wig spinned out with waves  
pockets full of the Franklins, I stay gettin' paid  
stay stackin' papes, plus my Fam flip cakes  
while some of us rap, other fellas flip 'caine  
rock big chains, what ya'll think this a game?  
Murder incorp. slash open cases with cartels  
we do things that make the Mob tell  
the way we go outta state and flip more cakes then  
Carvel  
ya'll play the cut, and watch this lil' nigga prevail  
'cause I spit much hotter than Hell  
so why ya'll playa hate and plot to creep on mine  
I pay ya'll no mind, but violate and speak to the Nine  
I'm a B.K. Son of a gun  
when I spit 16 bars ya'll rap niggas dial 911  
I'm only 14, and ya'll rap dudes ready to run  
this ain't a game, ain't no time for fun  
I'm the young rap Lord, so I gotta hold it down  
it's Easy Mo Bee, G. Rap and Jinx Da Juvenile.

Verse 3: (Kool G. Rap)

Crushed with the ice, get rushed for your life  
busted in twice, stuck with a knife  
on these rough nights we hustle and heist  
put heaters to your Man and double the price  
snuffin' your lights, shake you like a couple of dice  
nothin' is nice, prepare for combat  
firearm cats with long gats, end up where you get  
embalmed at  
lay on the floor flat, pull the gat format  
direct beside your door mat  
cock the Fours back, blow out your Whore's back  
leave the kids wigs tore back  
my niggas ride with me like horseback  
go to war rats, niggas you strapped? let me take that  
G. Rap face slap all of these fake cats  
and unofficials, get gun missiles clapped in your lung  
tissue  
me and my Dun's'll hit you, slugs not even one'll miss

you  
tons of pistols  
kid, you got guns?, you should've brung 'em wit' you  
them niggas runnin' wit' you  
caught 'em and hung 'em wit' you  
no games, out to blow frames with Fo' flames  
at close range, have all you niggas lookin' for Rogaine.

Chorus 2x

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