

## Sadaharu

### "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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