

Buddha Monk f/ Dee, G-Note\$, Grime, Menace, Ruggs McGusto "City Without a Heart"

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[Chorus x2: sample (Menace)] Livin in the city.. (The siren speaks) livin in the city.. (When the heat hit the streets) Livin in the city.. without a heart (What you want beef? You're too short to talk down to me) [Intro: Grime] OK.. ch-yea, come on.. Buddha Monk.. Brooklyn Chronicles.. get in here! Grime... [Grime] Nigga, you don't know my name Murderin y'all cats got me my fame Searchin for more cash, go find them lames Niggaz'll smoke bitch-ass and their dames I'm comin in yo' spot to wreck yo' show After I drop, collect my dough Grime never fall, I just fall back Watch 'em niggaz that ball and take all that You roll with clicks, you free agent Fuck what you got, look what I spent To my niggaz in North Cackalack (uh-huh) To the G in the Tek and smack (uh-huh) If you see a fat ass in the club tonight Nigga tell me is you smackin that? (uh-huh) Grime like the city, I never sleep All those that try me, countin sheep [Chorus x2] [Interlude: Ruggs McGusto] What? It's Ruggso baby Yo it's.. Gusto knows this.. what? I ain't quittin shit, yo.. [Ruggs McGusto] When shit hits the fan, I might just hit and you and your man And all them onion-head fuckas you call ya fam You caught Ruggs at a bad time, soldiers die And you know you laughin from Heaven watchin y'all get fried You've got the audacity to try to pull somethin dastardly Talk murder then let me leave without blastin The never of you, but now I'm herbin you left and right Every minute, every hour, everyday, every night You ain't built for the beef, dog, fall back, forfeit Cuz ya next stop's the crossroads and talkin awkward Black suits, big boots, coffins and people with flowers You like to front with ya man but for real you a coward Your first artist is the next nigga after him Hurricane Ruggs, you have to feel the wrath of him And I don't discuss you niggaz cuz I don't trust you niggaz I'm about dollars, mother made, mothafuck you niggaz, what? [Chorus x2] [Interlude: G-Note\$] Yeah.. yo it's G-Note\$, Team Gunbook [G-Note\$] Yo it's G and I be gritty, Many Men wanna kill me like 50 It's Corner Luv in the city, no money, you feel shitty I feel So Fresh and So Clean, get wit me, ride wit me, vibe wit me It's plenty schemes, and we could

scheme on pennies We could go in it with jeans and
feed our team I'm a Gunbook crook, ain't nothin to
shook Over Kenny and other marksmen like Chilli
Niggaz envy, so you could catch G up in Envy with the
semi Doin the club dirty, these thugs ain't friendly or
pretty, what you thought? That thought was silly
They're hearing Note\$ got stuck, feel me? Niggaz
wanna kill me, in the P's They say "See him, watch him,
he will fuckin beat 'em" And it's Note\$, my tote, it's G
givin dick to ho's Make 'em feel like the hit the lottos
[Chorus x2] [Dee] There's a war goin on outside Ain't
no man on this mothafuckin land or place safe to hide
You could get lower than the fuckin Timbo King I send
my bimbo bitch to duct tape and bust off Cut faces,
purer than that cocaine dust off Love aces surrounded
by pretty faces that study the law Your green matrix
kept me out of mean cases, made the forty five keep
me alive Made the sawed off speak in different
tongues, fuck bein black, gifted and young I'm young,
black and strapped with Osama's attitude Duc Lo and
Gunbook collabo, you fuckin with longitude and
latitude What's fuckin wit that? Dope aim bustin the gat
Slow pain touchin ya back, show no signs of slowin
down or stoppin That gun blast is showtime, nigga, we
here to get it poppin We here to get it poppin.. [Chorus
x2]

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