

Campaign

"New York City Niggas"

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see I see your true choice...Mind mine, as overtime, I
got
the bite when I write - I ignite....it's like a fight on the
mic..i'm
outsight - take flight - or I'ma catch you off your best
turn...then
proceed to catch wreck just like a tech in a
western...Been rockin
rhymes since the days of Dimples Dee...and we been
gettin
money since the Treacherous Three..not just me...my
whole crew
moving
just like a silver shadow...throwin hammers like Thor
when we battle...heads rattle...rock and roll...all that
jazz, pop and
soul...what we bring to hip hop be in the form ten
fold...When
rockin the microphone, I play the roll like Karl
Malone...on stock
dun...got dope rhymes for your dome...Visions of
Shirley
Murdock - with my crew, as we lay....I got the 45th
cocked - we
got the
tre's and A.K.'s layed away...as we playin it in luxuries
lap...Navy Seals is on our ass...I hear we due to get
jacked...but
the
fact, you can't escape..you see we're New York City
niggas...far from lame - spittin game - even nicer pullin
triggas - and
dig this...they're leaving no witnesses to the bout...so
me,Joe, L, Rho - we goin all out...As a few play
post..another few
get
roast...Martell for mariwinos - my blood stream the
host...goin over in my mind - counterattack - I'm on the
scheme -
they've been infiltrated, one of they niggas really on
our

team...Layed it down nights ago..said they was based
in V.A.
....They
supposed to rob before they raid because the way that
we
play, every day, it don't cease...from the streets of no
peace...to
bringin heat to the fleet of crazy crooked police HOOK
As
money's foldin..keep it quiet like you know silence is
golden..talkin
while my teams reloadin...find your mic and mind
exploding or
corroding...say I show them what it means to flip
script..and sink
your
battleship..slip and cock the clip inside the whip...aimin
for
the right ties...sippin Mai Tai with spiz,trying to school
these kids
that think they learned it all from wise guys...what they
do..going through a lifetime without a clue...with the
need to turn
around like the cap on my brew...Be askin you when
they be
tellin you your life ain't worth jack...jones for
jewels...long to leave
their name in your back...No riff...the 45th to tounge
kiss, for
what it's worth to fold your ass like a map and leave
you huggin the
earth....knee high - we piled style that you couldn't
deny...\$200. dollar Guess, on the floor, velour Fila...till
today..we
don't play..Never been one to run astray..using my
mind like the
nine as the rhyme leads the way.....Born buck..in
search of luck..I
love the feel of sunshine..but sometime when it be
raining, still
you'd see me unwind..one time when I was young and
far away
from
Cancun...Hip Hop was mine to consume...to pass
around in
Stan's room HOOK It's time to load and explode..I'm
hittin niggas
like
they owed..behold...I grab the mic with two hand choke
holds...I'm out to fold till I'm old..with bank accounts of
untold..stash cash..plus jars full of slivers of gold...a

rhyme
rocker..I gets
up in your mouth just like Binaca..with the proper that
be bangin
like a
sock over a locker....Once again Dres..lays it down with
the slang that bicycle kicks like that nigga Liu Kang...I
brang...many
a
thang in event of battle we..be the baddest ...be turning
babblers into babalities...on a road to explode..catch me
on the
seldom
walked...from the sands of Sahara to the streets of New
York..to talk the time of we..even a blind man could
see...that he's
living in the very last of days that be... NYCN pge 2

Still got the heart of Simba..and the skills of
Gepetto...my style is
quasi moto..ill forms, that rock the ghetto..Whas the
deal
bro...me yo, I been chillin like Sub Zero...not that I'm
your
hero...but
yo, it's hot and full of Nero's ...so me, me and mine in
line to
shine with true clout...Electric...with company...don't
make us turn
your lights out HOOK

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