

DJ Polo

"Streets Of New York"

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In the streets of new york
Dope fiends are leaning for morphine
The tv screen followed the homicide scenes
You live here, you're taking a chance
So look and i take one glance, there's a man inside an
ambulance
Crowds are getting louder, i wonder how the
People want to go fight for the white powder
People hanging in spots
They waited until the blocks got hot
And got raided by the cops
I'll explain the man sleeping in the rain
His whole life remains inside a bottle of night train
Another man got his clothes in a sack
Cause he spent every dime of his rent playing
blackjack
And there's the poor little sister
She has a little baby daughter
Named sonya and sonya has pneumonia
So why's her mother in a club unzipped though?
Yo that's her job, sonya's mommy is a bar stripper
Drug dealers drive around looking hard
Knowing they're sending their brothers and sisters to
the graveyard
Every day is a main event, some old lady limps
The pushers and pimps eat shrimps
It gets tiring, the sight of a gun firing
They must desire for the sound of a siren
A bag lady dies in an alleyway
She's seen the last of her days inside the subways
More and more down the slope, the kid couldn't cope
So he stole somebody's dope and a gold rope
Now my son's on the run, he's a wanted one
Had fun then was done by a shotgun
Upstairs i cover my ears and tears
The man downstairs must have drank too many beers
Cause every day of his life he beats his wife
Till one night she decides to pull a butcher knife

Blind man plays the sax
A tune called the arms on my moms show railroad

tracks?many lives are cut short
That's when you're living
In the streets of new yor

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