

Dujeous

"City Limits"

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Verse 1: Mas D

I watch it go by
Hella planes and copters fly round
As I ride these roads
With the know-how to negotiate
Shi'ites, Jews for Jesus, Hindu and what have you
Toast with some slang that will grab you
Talkin' Å'bout the space between buses
Middle of 5th, riding the line
Dotted type of hustle
I used to Motorola flex muscle
Sack full of chronic green on the payphone cussin'

Verse 2: Mojo

Spanish Harlem bred and born
Ahead of the form
I'm deadin' the norm
Love the city Å'til I'm dead and gone, torn
Between parks and rivers and rap songs
Latch on to that New York shit and buckle your straps
on
Yankee caps on
We like the Mets too
But watch out for them jersey-rocking cats
They might arrest you
We get the stress too
That's just the daily
Fuckin' with them suckas that's treating you unfairly,
really
David Dinkins never rocked fishnets
What up with rowdy red-nosed reindeer with wristlets
Disguised handcuffs
Bob said get up, stand up
And if you from New York then throw your hands up
(come on)
You can't duck the city that don't sleep
Big, bad wolf style
Even little Bo Peeps hold heat
Hold seats for the last car tenants

You can count sheep after we reach the city limits

Verse 3: Rheturik

Much more than amazing
A constant state of rehabilitation
Build it, tear it down
Build it up back again
Higher and harder
Flyer and smarter
People sleep in the park
While those with ends make their periodic silent
departures
And their kids train corporate in tunnels of shark
convents
While the less fortunate trip over tales of the dark
marksman
It ain't their fault, they only know what they're shown
Ignorance is a disease and the pandemic is full-blown
The school of hard knocks is academic
Those that graduate hard rocks and get up in it
Time to time end up winning
It's justifiable
When survival's minute-by-minute
In the back of their minds
Killin' their brothers must feel like sinning though
But does it really
When the only reason that guns is bustin'
Feeds a family of four
And reads, "In God we trust"
To see this, you don't need a ticket
The feature presentation is life locked within the city
limits

Mas D: Verse 4

I find the footholds in the firmament
Gravel and granite
Watch the war waged on the front page
Pulse of panic
I talk to the towers to test your tympanic
Outweigh the nay-sayers in this melee of manics
Muster up my madness and attack it
Street teams ain't the place for players
Who can't hack it
I was young when I stole the code I had to crack it
With no regards for what the limits were
So now I sound from the center as I pound the
perimeter

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