

Fat Joe F/ Apache, Kool G. Rap

"My City"

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This the city of Chicago
The state of confusion
The style I'm using is free
Or at least it would be if my mind was
Peep I'm behind cause
I didn't handle my function while in high school
Although I was cool
The hood I live in ain't that proper
Cause a cop a stop ya
And have you at a hundred and eleventh before you
can say not guilty
I'm not filthy
Nor am I rich
Ain't that a bitch
Like life is
Not your wife is
See that your better halve
Do your math
And peep that two halves make a whole
And all I have to hold
Is my self pride
So these streets I strive
Like a Black Panther
Asking can the
situation get much worst
All I do is try to appeal to the masses
As the phrase keep it real passes
The teeth of too many phoney individuals
Snakes, that smooth like criminals
They create chemicals
That the Earth hate
Doing their damndest to decrease my birth rate
I'd settle for lesser knowing I'm worth wait
Or at least my weight in precious gems
So I'm steadily steadily steadily
Trying to lose my religion, like R E M
Created in His own image so are we him?
And through all this crises
Shid(Shit) I wonder where Christ is
Well he damn sure not in K town or the wild hundreds
Where they broadcast G.D. till the world blow-up

And Stone run it
Hunted by police for display in state vile cages
Come out to make minimum wages
And with a desiese that are contagious
It is fucking outrages
The amounts of Black and Brown they lock up
But the Most High encourages me to put the glock up
And Stock up on do for self knowledge
A brother couldn't afford to go to collage
So I had to learn form the school of hard knock
On the hard blocks of the Chi
Even I, think about moving out to River Oaks
As my liver soaks
In mad Hennesy
Cause I got a bad tendency
To do a lot of drinking
Now I do a lot of thinking
Blinking, was your third eye
When you heard I
was one of the chosen one
Industry doors keep closing
(sing) Watch the closing doors
Niggas want a record deal
But can they deal with a record?
Cause once they get rich
They tend to switch
Like a sissy
Please miss me
With all that bullshit you popping
This knowledge I'm gonna keep dropping
Even if you had one of them red octagon
Motherfuckers say Mylik how you make your living?
I say by breathing oxygen

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