

**Feltz & Gielz****"Always N.Y"**

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[Intro: Movie sample]

Hey wait a minute, man, what about me?

Hey wait a minute, y'all got.

Y'all play a role in a racket flow

It was an act of God

I don't know what kind of act it was

I don't know how a junkie bust into my room and stole  
my TV

Hey, it wasn't me, man

Why ain't you out here arrestin' him?

Instead of runnin' him out

It was me, I confess! I confess!

Dead story, a respectable workin' person can't even  
walk 5 minutes

on the street without somethin' happenin'

All you cops don't do nothin'!

Junkier than police, one right behind the other with his  
hand out

Oh, baby, he's gonna get rid of both of you cops

[Chorus: Buddha Bless]

Ayo, we always gon' hit heads left and right

We always gon' get dumb skets to fight

We always smoke and drink to set shit right

Yo it's always gon' be left, to we left the light

[Buddha Bless]

We always gon' be thug niggaz and see drug figures

Always gon' be stuck on the block, fuckin' with cops

Always gon' get McGirts, liftin' skirts

Turn around and let the click just work

We always gon' be chasin' cash, racin' fast

Like we don't need life yo

It's always gon' be street life

We always gon' bank the dough, spank the hoe

Drink some Mo', you better act like you think you know

It's always gon' be Queens N.Y

Always gon' be scenes when men die

We always gon' be doin' time for doin' crimes

It's always gon' be in Riker's Island

We always gon' be "life is wildin"

We always gon' be puffed out, mobbed out  
With your bitch gettin' dogged out  
And the click gettin' slobbered out  
Love between thugs, it's love between clubs  
It's always gon' be, like the giddy, it's always ownin' me  
We always gon' shake the dice, stay laced in ice  
Talk the Judas down when we hate the price  
Always gon' keep it funky  
It's always gon' be grungy  
We always gon' eat cuz we always gon' be Hungry  
We always gon' grab the dick, try to bag a chick  
And walk around with a grill like we mad at shit  
We always gon' be in project hallways  
Crowdin' up the doorways, drownin' up the Jorday's  
We always gon' be naughty  
Liberty bassly, forty, niggaz be crazy, whodi  
Always.

[Chorus x0.75]

[Buddha Bless]

Yo it's a..

[Masta Killa]

....warnin', East New York niggaz formin'  
Beats say Bang Ya Head, Sister Sledge  
War dance with the wild Apache Indian  
Get Tom machine gun, fast car, big engine  
Few squads for the back massage, head job  
Then it's back to business  
Murder one, leave no witness  
Snatch mic, bash face and fight  
Red light scope at night  
Movin' through the Snow dressed in White  
It's the ninja from the rooftop site  
Aim for the brain, snipe from the buildin' across the  
boulevard  
Hit him from a hundred yards  
I just got a type from 'Preme behind bars  
Peace God, you beat niggaz up, I suppose  
Sixteen metal machine I still hold  
Shoot snub from ear lobe  
Fortified rich with Twelve Jewelz of Islam  
Walk humble and calm  
Newspaper under the arm conceal arms

[U-God]

You want it rough? That Hellfire stuff?  
Poisonous mics, yo make the party jump  
Delicious, the funk, make your heart pump  
Told ya, soldiers get over the hump

Your arms are too short boy you don't wanna rump  
with U-God the grump, van, black truck  
Ha, heavy on the grams, every man back up  
Niggaz act up, let the style spin  
This is Knockout Kings 2000 again  
Let the style in for a few proud men  
Clifton Project, rugged grain Shaolin  
Women in the bed, wolves are fed  
Same Wu Chamber that Bang Ya Head  
Aim with the stainless, hang like dreads  
Dirty at the game but the same celebs

Chorus

[Icarus]

Yo, yo, yo

Is it the hate that make me sip the Hennessey straight?  
Then go and leave my enemy face, simply erase  
Make me hop out the Benz with the Tennessee plates  
Make me run up in ya house shoutin', "Empty the safe"  
Or could it be love? Make be rock the hoodie and  
gloves  
Wonder if Snoop wasn't Crip, would he be Blood?  
Or maybe it's where I'm from, Bushwick  
That got me wearin' my gun everywhere that I come  
Why your chick got my pubic hair on her tongue  
Uh-huh, if you wanna see the light, nigga, stare at the  
sun  
Can it be my older days that gave me my colder ways?  
Blowin' strays at your rollerblades  
Whatever it be, that make me take your leather and  
flee  
Evidently, livin' legal never was me

[Inspectah Deck]

Yo we livin' it, lovin' every minute, won't quit it  
Hollow points aim with your first name printed  
In it for the money, never did it for love  
Made a few enemies, couldn't limit the slugs  
Never talk much, got ways of handlin' such  
The enforcer, cause the police to rush  
On the daily, rarely seen, often heard  
You can spot me in the Hill layin' off of the curb  
On the verge of snatchin' up ya crown and throne  
While I walk through the heart of the Hell and call it  
home  
Shao' borough Commando, style thorough  
Wild like a convict lose on the furlo {\*echoes\*}

[movie sample]

Oh baby he's gonna get rid of both y'all cops

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