

**Fredro Starr F/ Sunshine****"N.Y.C"**

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[Chorus: Darkim Be Allah]

Peace to Queens, New York City  
They wildin, Shaolin, New York City  
And crooks in, Brooklyn, New York City  
And problems, Harlem, New York City  
Representin the Bronx, New York City  
Representin the Bronx, New York City

[Darkim Be Allah]

My clan melt it, the last man killed it  
White collar money, get piltered  
Street corner, fourty's get tilted  
Yo, spark that, when I speak math, don't remark back  
and start that shit, 'Pac you got heart infinite  
I hit like nine millimeter, so the Adidas  
Put fear God, in none believers  
It's jumped off, let your head down  
Take your Pumps off, niggas get it started  
To the lock-down and the party  
To all of my niggas, fame blown, came home touchin  
case  
Thugs on the block, duckin strays  
Purple haze highed up, right up  
Jumped out the wood, hoes look sharp  
Niggas get shook, hearts took, crooks  
Street crimin-al, learn his game as a juvenile  
Money in the fame, for the meanwhile  
Style like Priest and Tommy, The east coast and 'nomic  
You want that uncut, fuck with Donnie  
I'm priceless, separate the men from the mices  
Name of the game on my dices  
See me bowlin, we got to know when to roll 'em  
And when to hold 'em, when to walk, when to do the  
Jesse Owens  
Donnie Banks, count what I'm holdin at the table  
These niggas bust shots in your name brand  
Holes through your label, snatch all the ice off your  
cable

[Chorus]

[Darkim Be Allah]

Before I murk out, pull a bird out  
Blew his shirt out, put the heard out, do my work-out  
Just in case I'm in a place, no shells to replace  
I still spark flame, knuckle game to the face  
and haste, I leave him with his out-line traced up  
Do his ace up, laced up from the waist up  
The bound took my bass up, adjustin the treble  
Boom with my volume on the highest level  
The devil can't stop me, brawl like Rocky  
Strained like they dranked cocaine out of poppi  
You look sloppy, tryin to fuck with the all 'n' all  
You can't copy, better duck nigga  
All of y'all'll call for help  
I'ma go out for 'self, if it get too thick  
the whole click get felt, never knealt  
Never lost my belt, cuz I'm lethal  
You ain't my equal, talk to your people

[Chorus 2X]

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