

Kevin Rudolf f/ Nas**"N.Y.C"**

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In the city of dreams, you get caught up in the schemes
and fall
apart in the seam...tonight
That boy he used to bomb, from B.K. to the Bronx and
it's the
fortunate one who dies

[Nas]
New York, we ready!

[KR]
He move from LAS to SoHo
A few blocks for those who don't know
Down the hall
Punched a hole in the wall
Bounced out, all are in control
Certified son of a gun
Learns life lesson 101
Don't fly too high
On your own supply--get burnt by the sun

Cause in the city of dreams
You get caught up in the schemes and fall apart in the
seam...tonight
That boy he is the bomb, from B.K. to the Bronx and it's
the
fortunate one who dies

He was NY's talk of the town
Heard out to the LI sound (okay)
He started datin models and he figured it out
He used to be a nice guy, then he cut that shit out
Qualified sex machine
No better than a vow-e?? fiend
She wanted a ride to the upper east side but he
dropped her ass off
in queens

Cause in the city of dreams
You get caught up in the schemes and fall apart in the
seam...tonight

That boy would play his guitar like he was ready for war
(You ready, K?)(It's your man Nas here)
And then he'd lift up his voice to the...sky
(Take it straight through New York City)

[Nas]

Yo, ok, my city, my town, my crown
Michael Bloomberg, forget what ya heard
I'm thought of highly, shoppin Louie, Gianni
Christian LaCrosse shades, what can a boss say?
City, bus, the subway, cab, the runway
Ski masks and gunplay--my past at a young age
The illest city on the planet
Towers came down, Wall Street barely standin
We Crook Brothers, opposite of Brook Brothers
My footsteps of Scatman Crothers
It's just generations of style to get five luminous
minutes with me
Interviews on how I flip sixty-twos
This isn't my style, I spit what I'm livin right now
I'm out on the town, gold bars shuttin it down
Bottles stacked from the floor to the ceiling
Then it's a loud fool, fifty-third street, right near the
Hilton
I'm fightin the feeling I had when I was lightin up
buildings
Now I'm writin for millions of listeners
Critics who just don't get it
They try dissin us, New York full of kings and queens,
all the rest just mimic us

[KR]

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