

# Streets Of New York

## The Mahones

In the streets of New York  
Dope fiends are leaning for morphine  
The TV screen followed the homicide scenes  
You live here, you're taking a chance  
So look and I take one glance, there's a man inside an ambulance  
Crowds are getting louder; I wonder how the  
People want to go fight for the white powder  
People hanging in spots  
They waited until the blocks got hot  
And got raided by the cops  
I'll explain the man sleeping in the rain  
His whole life remains inside a bottle of Night Train  
Another man got his clothes in a sack  
'Cause he spent every dime of his rent playing blackjack  
And there's the poor little sister  
She has a little baby daughter  
Named Sonya, and Sonya has pneumonia  
So why's her mother in a club unzipped though?  
Yo, that's her job; Sonya's mommy is a bar stripper  
Drug dealers drive around looking hard  
Knowing they're sending their brothers and sisters to the graveyard  
Every day is a main event; some old lady limps  
The pushers and pimps eat shrimps  
It gets tiring, the sight of a gun firing  
They must desire for the sound of a siren  
A bag lady dies in an alleyway  
She's seen the last of her days inside the subways  
More and more down the slope; the kid couldn't cope  
So he stole somebody's dope and a gold rope  
Now my son's on the run; he's a wanted one  
Had fun then was done by a shotgun  
Upstairs I cover my ears and tears  
The man downstairs must have drank too many beers  
'Cause every day of his life he beats his wife  
Till one night she decides to pull a butcher knife  
Blind man plays the sax  
A tune called: "The Arms on My Moms Show Railroad Tracks"  
Many lives are cut short  
That's when you're living

In the streets of New York

Baby needs new shoes  
But his papa uses all the money for booze  
A young girl is undressed in the back seat of a caddy  
Calling some man daddy  
Three men, slain inside an apartment  
All you could see was the sparks when it darkened  
Daylight broke, cops roll on the scene  
The drug war, daily routine  
Gambling spots, just a poor man's jackpot  
You winning a lot, you get shot  
The drug dealing fanatics  
But you don't want no static  
'Cause they got crack addicts with automatics  
Shoot-outs for a desire for territory  
A kid got caught in the crossfire  
A tired mother can't take no more  
She grab the bottle full of sleeping pills and took about twenty-four  
Human beings are laying on the pavement  
'Cause they're a part of a mental enslavement  
The cop snipers, little babies in dirty diapers  
This type of life is making you hyper  
People scouting a torched-out building  
And got killed when the cold air filled in  
Is Hell really suggested?  
No more persons arrested; a child molested  
A little kid says: "Yo I got a color TV, CD  
Player and car stereo, and all I want  
Is a castle; I also got a thirty-eight,  
Don't give me no hassle."  
One kid heads straight for the top  
And gets stopped and popped by a crooked cop  
Look behind you when you walk  
That's how it is in the streets of New York

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