New York (ya' Out There)

Rakim

If you was born in New york City let me hear say "You know that"
YOU KNOW THAT
Aiyyo, once upon a rhyme where the scenery sets, you see stress
Streets a matter of life and death, no regrets
Life's a test, strife, wit special effects
Neighbourhood's full of reps, cities are projects
Where the young cadets get stripes from the vets
And comrades quest to be the next, to finess
Collect debts and select bets with death threats
Object - Chedder, better your total net
Where trends are set from ways to express the outfits
Friends get wet tryin' to make ends connect
Avenues to check, boulevards to sweat
The smell of gunsmoke more common than cigarettes
WE GOT clicks for wreck
WE LIKE Pits for pets
WE GOT Giants and Jets, the Knicks, Yanks and Mets
WE LIKE much respect and sex extra wet
And High-Tech dialect you ain't catch yet
(The Bronx
Ya out there?
No doubt
Brooklyn
Ya out there)
Aiyyo, we got blocks and glocks with
Big shots with big knots and big props
Yo this is where the bullshit stops
Where herbs get got
If you snitch you get shot
We get down and leave the town in a state of shock
WE GOT dangerous hang out spots and slick cops
Place called Riker's Island where kids get locked
A lotta gear to rock with blocks of clothes shops
Styles are top notch, this is the place to buy
So bust the box the radio station is hot
Ease your mind staring at skylines from rooftops
Flip scripts for chips
And new Whips of the lot
Quick to call a shot, pollitic with thick plots

And the Garden of Eden against the sea that we got
To make sure the core of the big apple don't rot
Where seeings believing we be achieving a lot
Since disc jocks created hip hop, check it out
(Queens
Ya out there?
No doubt
Manhatten
No doubt
New York city
Staten Island
New york new york
Long Island
New york
Ya out there)
Aiyo, we got five bouroughs of ghettos
With amny places to meet, you get lost in city streets
The city that never sleeps
Mecca ? Medina the population increase
The desert and the oasis, New York, the far east
With gods and Sheiks
Pretty amazons for weeks
Player dons that fleece the family's black sheep
Icons that teach that we all act unique
We got stats to reach so we all have to eat
A mass of peeps, with they own masterpiece
The crafts elite, we going past the beat
The latest technique no other place get as deep
Who parks release some of the worlds greatest athletes
DJs and MCs and graffiti artistes
Who use walls and subway trains for marquees
We go back to b-boys, breakdancing, breakbeats
And it'll never cease and on that note
We say peace

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