

# Urban Outlaw

## AP Mauro

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City blocks and corners, he likes the brick and mortar  
And sun that hangs above a skyline  
hides himself in places while searching out the faces  
he knows the types that roll with his kind

Left his cash in Vegas, takes refuge in bodegas  
in Memphis where the coffee is fine  
calls himself a gamer, but hereâ€™s a small disclaimer  
the urban outlaw robs himself blind

Jet streams hold his daydreams, if only he could live stream  
ideas that come in through his main line  
deals without detection a life with no direction  
His eyes canâ€™t see whatâ€™s clearly defined

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Oh, yeah, heâ€™s living his American dream  
So sad, an outlaw in the high city scene

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Lyrics Submitted by Lyricist