The Mayor

N.A.S.A.

Intro (The Cook Kids)Yeah yeah yeah yeah So...I'm eating my scrambled eggs this morning And then I think about it I'm the mayor of the city

Yo where you all at man? Verse (Ghostface Killah) Yo it's Staten Island New York the forgotten borough

Home of the wallaby champ, we stay thorough

Since the days of snatchin' Lee patches

Stitching my name in my Kangols so my outfit matches

So we mashed out Wave Street, partied on Broad

Enter the 36 Chambers and swung swords

Bug when the Force MD's met the Fat Boys

Brought the ruckus like P.E. brought the noise

Slept on the ferry boat coming from L.Q.

The Purple Rain in the air had me stuck like glue

We would dry out Macy's, but 8 G's worth of Polo

See the dreaded one-sixty copping ounces for dolo

Stuffing 40's in brown bags dippin' from blue coats

Flickin' it up with new ropes staying new ghost

Stapleton the park yeah we stay stylin'

Staten Island a.k.a. Shaolin'! Chorus (The Cool Kids) In my city I'm the mayor

But I got a key to the city everywhere

I'm like the home team QB when I touchdown

Roll out the red carpet when I come round

In my city I'm the mayor

But I got a key to the city everywhere

I'm like the home team QB when I touchdown

Roll out the red carpet when I come roundVerse (Scarface)I'm from that 33rd

H town rider

Rep my city my neighborhood south sider

Out here we hustle til we touch it

It's all about a come up

If ain't no money in it we don't fuck with it

Gangsta Gangsta, now what the fuck are they yelling?

Late night hanging drug selling

This here the city of the astronauts

High as hell in the 550 smashing out like, vroom...

I'm on my way to the room

With a white girl looking like Vidal Sassoon

All up in the bathroom digging the guts out

Five in the morning I'm boning the fuck out The H-O-U-S-T-O-N, damn...

It's like a million different cities in one

So everybody out here reppin' getting them some

We got drink, dro, dope, hos

Niggas pulling up in my Gallardo

Think fast, talk slow

Millinoaires out here, and you won't even know

The H...Chorus (The Cool Kids)In my city I'm the mayor

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Roll out the red carpet when I come roundVerse (The Cool Kids)I can't stop won't stop unless I got a flat

The flat head screwdriver reminding me that

That if I'm holding the right tools to screw in the joints

I'm good with both hands I must be from Detroit

The Motor Capital, the Capital D

The fourth letter of the alphabet

It's on in a Tigers' fitee

Bail out in the Olds' Cutlass Supreme

Where we iron blue collars and crease the jeans

Either in Mount Clemens, Six Mile, Grand River, Seven Mile Greenfield

Right corner of the mitten

The home of the Red Wings, Lions, and the Pistons

First gate is for Chevrolet Detroit Michigan

Saying what up yo, what up Joe?

That's what I'm Saying

I don't think they understand outside the city limits

So give me a minute to unbutton my coat

And give a cheers to the man with his ears to the fan

Cause he hear all that cold shit, blowin' in ghost shit, go again lake front

92 Grand Prix red with the gold rims number 8 Jordans

Here we on Maxwell Street for the Polish shit...

Grilled onions and no mustard...

Everybody from the go already know the biz...

Chuck's from Detroit, Mike's from the Chi

So it's Bulls, Tigers, Lions, and Bears, oh my! Chorus (The Cool Kids) In my city I'm the mayor

But I got a key to the city everywhere

I'm like the home team QB when I touchdown

Roll out the red carpet when I come round

In my city I'm the mayor

But I got a key to the city everywhere

I'm like the home team QB when I touchdown Roll out the red carpet when I come roundOutroAw yeah!

City to city!
On the road!
Claiming my city!

We represent this city!

As we explore around the country, and around the world in fact

Let us go to the new worlds together

Not as new worlds to be conquered but as a new adventure to be shared.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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