

Stay Alive In NYC

Memphis Bleek

Yeah, yeah street life, gutter shit
Get real y'all
Soldier life nigga
Get it right
New York City where I'm from
Live or die
Marcy
Do what you do
Check it out now, yo I'm here to put my thing down
Set up shot with cocaine now, pick off niggas who ain't down
I'm in the game now
Brought a couple of cats from the way down
Who know how to slang thows
And grimmy niggas who aim wild who just want to rep
And wet niggas who think foul
Ran into Jay while I'm clappin' this math
This crab show me some slab now I'm tryna get back
We played the out skerch nigga smoother then my shirt
Spit a couple of words, a pound, then he merked
Shit he left skid marks I let the clip spark
When off in the hood played the bench till its dark
I'm profound to the drug game a thin line between love and
hate
Some niggas I love to hate
I thought my connect respect me
This nigga got bad words since some haters wet me
To stay alive in New York City
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Check it yo I'm a soldier to the heart through my blood line
One way to catch a crab is always on his front time
I keep a chicken on a bench flippin' grippin'
I smoke weed but this shit got a nigga slippin'
A herb seed burn me, drop the L
Spot it through my per-if-U this nigga tryna murder me
Shorty wop jumped in front of me
Caught one blaze back empty empty the roots
Through the bitch niggas, take that
Niggaz killed my down bitch bust around bitch
I don't know who clapped so I don't hang around shit
Lame beat me on the ounce of raw
Dominican nigga, look innocent nigga, fuck it I'ma finish this nigga
Back the coop out the lot cock one in the drop

Put the burner in the dash fee dipped in black
Got Bleek on alert for the cat who beat me on the stack
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Yo, yo, slow money, broke niggas, no weed one gun
And my down bitch gone got a nigga on the run
Strip hot niggas came through bang shots
Have me sleeping in my wheels to the real get got
Now I play the cut on some nigga what shit
Flip fo-in-dicals for real now who wants it
Two blocks from the Jay's this nigga lay he pump trays
Try'n to get the Memph man put away
His next option pack up get out of dodge
When he caught I'ma let the fifth give his face a massage
Too much dro got my eyes low on the creep triple black down
'Cuz I'ma cripple that clown
Spotted him by Wood Hall, niggas think the fe-in took off
Like he ran track or he played football
Hot day and everybody outside I'ma catch him on that block
Where the hot wips ride
Ride slow this nigga out burning trees wit a bad bitch
I'ma put his brain on her sleeve it's already cocked
I move slow up the block, jumped out
Made him tonge kiss the glock
I Squeeze two and niggas seen this nigga drop
Cold of the street and forever stay hot motherfucker
To stay alive in New York City
To stay alive realize that you got to be a soldier

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