# New York Times

## J. Cole

New York, poor New York
New York, poor New YorkCars choking your child to death
But you don't wanna see
'Cause you only think about yourself
How blind can you beNew York, poor New York
Sniper on the rooftop, New York
New York, poor New York
Not fit for a dog in New YorkEverybody bites on the Big Apple
Leave the hungry in tears
But no one gives a damn, no one really cares
How they feel, they're just paper people not realYou need a gun to walk into New YorkNow you're broke and you're out on a ledge
Who can help you this time
Now you're down to your very last cent
Still you're askin' me who was your friend, I was your friendNew York poor New York
Who turned the lights out in New York
New York, poor New York
Just another blackout in New YorkGirl dead on the twenty sixth floor
But no one knew her name
Found her body behind the door
Too young for the gameNew York, poor New York
Devils in the subway, New York
New York, poor New York
New York, poor New YorkTalkin', talkin', talkin', watch out
Harlem touching midtown New York
New York, poor New York
Talkin' 'bout New York, New York
Money's getting tighter, New York
They're burning the bridges to New York

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