New York

The Ozark Mountain Daredevils

Iâ€™m running, running through the jungle
Running like a slave through the underground tunnel
Told you all niggas better get these bitches
'Cause I spit till my lips need 16 stitches
I am, lyrical intrusion,
You bitches canâ€™t see me like Iâ€™m really an illusion
I hop upon your face and do my motherfucking tooth that
Till I know the meat out like a motherfucking toothpick
Ah, Iâ€™m nasty nigga, like Nas like kim, like Cassie bitches
Like Iâ€™m fucking Chris dope or that raspy nigga
Or the skin on the feet of a ashy nigga
I am, whatever they say I am
Bumping like the asses on them thick bitches at stadiums
Fuck them other bitches I sound better in the place of them
I kill this shit this the motherfucking raping
Sick bitch, chicken noodle soup face
Calls from oversea like a motherfucking crusade
Crack rock and you hit it till your nose hurts
Rooftop Brooklyn, made the shit and cover

I run New York, I run New York

I am 0 past a hundred, spitting like a dragon
That wnt missing from a dungeon
Yâ€™all a bunch of niggas getting trippy off of nothing
Tie a rope around your neck and let me kick you off a bungee
Iâ€™m Satan, and Iâ€™ma take your ass to church now
Running my fields and you midgets on your first down
I love it, when these bitches know Iâ€™m better than them
'Cause I donâ€™t hear, not a word or a letter from them
Iâ€™m a fire, enemies of the force round
Bitches and I rap, elliptical, all itâ€™s round
Bitches and a condo, I sit with an open mouth
Bitches and you bitches are lyrically
Like some fucking down syndrome, no offense
No shame in all, but yâ€™all bitches on knees like baby claws
You can catch me out in Cover, chilling like a stoop kid
Yeah hate donâ€™t talk bitch do

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Iâ€™m lyrical coming on general
Take shots when I was a criminal
Donâ€™t stop, continue on running around
But never some of the shit that Iâ€™m fin to do
Yâ€™all that Iâ€™m giving you
If you front, Iâ€™m gonn put and end to you
Iâ€™m like scorpion, bitch I will finish you
Making nasty, real, real nasty
Way you bitches running like you will get past me
Wonâ€™t happen you bitches could get on, when Iâ€™m off it
Try to cross me now, you be gone in a coffin
Itâ€™s just me, myself and I
Talk tough shit and Iâ€™ma beat you till you die
Ask why, because Iâ€™m better than youâ€™ll ever be
Thatâ€™s why shit negotiate seems lighter than heavy d

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