

# New York

## Chris Pickering

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 went 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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I run New York, I run New York

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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