

New York

Sla'ana Milojević

I'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 can't see me like I'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, I'm nasty nigga, like Nas like kim, like Cassie bitches
Like I'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
Y'all a bunch of niggas getting trippy off of nothing
Tie a rope around your neck and let me kick you off a bungee
I'm Satan, and I'ma take your ass to church now
Running my fields and you midgets on your first down
I love it, when these bitches know I'm better than them
'Cause I don't hear, not a word or a letter from them
I'm a fire, enemies of the force round
Bitches and I rap, elliptical, all it'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 y'all bitches on knees like baby claws
You can catch me out in Cover, chilling like a stoop kid
Yeah hate don't talk bitch do

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

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

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.

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by McDaid, John / Wilson, Paul / Simpson, Tom / Lightbody, Gary / Quinn, Jonathan Graham /

Connolly, Nathan / Lee, Garret

Lyrics Â© Kobalt Music Publishing Ltd.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>