

Now Y

La the Darkman

Yeah, yeah, yo, yo
Yeah, yeah, yo, trapacanti, yo When I walk these streets, like bamboo I'm strapped
Get your brain tapped by forty-four caliber gats
It ain't like that, cats gotta learn to relax
If I let the gun clap, you have no wish, you're on your ass If you see at cat without his vest hangin' by his neck
Then LA done it, I'm tryin' to see this Benz six-hundred
With a fly bitch, a gat and cognac gettin' blunted
Readin' the tablet of my money from the kids that I fronted
You don't want it, shootin' slugs outta an armored green lex
From four pounds that fuck you up like a plane wreck
Don't gamble with a tech, car is quicker than the eye My style, top secret like the Bosnian spy
Now Y, New York have you laced in chalk
The South Bronx, what you thought when we let are guns talk?
It's bloodsport, the Darkman call it like he sees
Been in buildings, doin' eighty in a black M3
Medallion swingin' on linx, costin' 'bout ten G's
N.Y.C., where killas bust cops at me When I walk these streets, like bamboo I'm strapped
Get your brain tapped by fourty-four caliber gats
It ain't like that, cats gotta learn to relax
If I let the gun clap, you have no wish, you're on your ass New York ain't fuckin' playas, we love gun sprayers
Movin' crack from the streets of Manhatt' to the Himalayans
Amadeus, why these Cali craps tryin' to front?
Ass gotta cut ropes, tryin' to bungee jump
Tight cunt, all white planes roll, we night creepers
In bubble coats, eight hundred beapers, force one sneakers
I stay fly, holdin' it down for my block
What up ock? You could get a four-four shot And don't think it can't happen 'cuz you on the TV rappin'
I sneakin' from B.X., B.K. and the Staten
Manhattan and Queens jookin' kids for rings
New York, New York, the big city of dreams
Some rap legends were put in jail, you thought we failed
Now I'm back like LL, when he was rockin' the bells
Takin' rap back to the days of food stamps and tramps
Pit stains in the stair case and vise-grip clamps Kid, I'm amped, cats try to diss the originators
In Land Cruisers, on Timbs, subways and elevators
Holdin' steel, you frontin' niggaz better get real
I'm gettin' money, blow my nose with a hundred dollar bill
How you feel? And fuck where you at, it's where you from
To that cats, that's eighty-five, blind, deaf and dumb Run and get your gun, I come in the name of Allah

To my people, the Inglewood family swine, power refined
You can't see, we runnin' outta time
If the east and west kill each other, who gon' shine?
We losin' our mind, this rap shit is turnin' into crime
Nowadays soft niggaz bust techs and nines
So, what?

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