

New York Times

Young Dirty Bastard

New York, poor New York
New York, poor New York Cars choking your child to death
But you don't wanna see
'Cause you only think about yourself
How blind can you be New York, poor New York
Sniper on the rooftop, New York
New York, poor New York
Not fit for a dog in New York Everybody 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 real You need a gun to walk into New York Now 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 friend New York poor New York
Who turned the lights out in New York
New York, poor New York
Just another blackout in New York Girl dead on the twenty sixth floor
But no one knew her name
Found her body behind the door
Too young for the game New York, poor New York
Devils in the subway, New York
New York, poor New York
New York, poor New York Talkin', 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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