

New York Nights (feat. Stro & Jordan Bratton)

Taylor Bennett

There's no night like this night X8Yo, I grew up broke, crew all broke
Every old head homie that I had knew on dope
Only hope was the musical notes, dead presidents
Only politicians that'll get my vote
Without [?], got me feelin' free as an eagle
Crib with a room, too small for my ego
In three mo', years, I'll play, musical chairs
At the Grammy's with more niggas than the Tarantino-
Script, Life's a trip, but I never slip
Hit the stud', never dip, shit
It's me and [?], y'all hearin' my pain
Tryna get a deal with Def Jam, have a deaf man screamin' my name
And even when i'm [indie?],
I treat [naps?] like [hashtags], follow dreams like it's, trendy
Can't die, knowin' I ain't try
As long as I got the sky, i'mma fly, high
What's the worst news you could hear from the hospital?
I'm too young for blood clots, too young for mug shots
Too old for breakdowns, I need that lake house
View like a stakeout, Tired of takeout
I got no time which to sand out these blood clots
God pushin' me like this cliff was a jump start
Knew I could fly since these 'S' on report cards
Knew I could die since [?] caught that gunshot
Evil won't sleep i already know what dreams bought, things bought
Spend it on all i need like a lean car
Use to hop trains cause all my money was gansta
Use to stain steamers and sweaters till they had paint jobs
Use to have friends that rapped and cracked bank cards
Know im on maps and KMax my bank cards
Dead friends now i can Quick Pay or PayPal
This is they ain't livin' or listen over their Pay cause
Ive been on a mission to get em but theres a great wall
I ain't different listen medicinally we was brain washed
Yound niggas thinking bout sex, money and gang war
Young niggas thinking bout killing niggas with AR's
I solicit to folks, moes and foes nigga
Presidents, the doctors, the dope dealers
Im from the 90's sixteen's got no limits

Chi Town dont die down in cold winters
I know the mob, the mayor and know some cold killers
I know some rappers that sacked us, won't even roll with us
Cause we be stackin' and clappin' after our shows nigga
And it'd be more if its Mooky, Peanut and Joe with us
I went to prep and reserve it cause we was cold killers
They got a problem, we got a problem i blow with em
This was my life before many models and show fillers
How could i change for gold rings, i go realer
I ain't got time to slow down, a time killer
I ain't got time to slow down my rhymes nigga
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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