New York Crew

Judge

I want it back again
The spirit that WE ONCE HAD
Showing all these new hards
They're not SO FUCKIN' BAD
You and your crew
Would have never MADE IT THROUGH
The days we hung out
In 1982
The New York Brotherhood
I can't let go
The New York Brotherhood
where did they go?
We called it the Wolfpack
We called it UNITED BLOOD
Wore chains around our waists
And CONSTRUCTION GLOVES
Thompkins Sq. on a saturday night
See my brother, he's in a fight
They got him down, it's 3 on 1
10 of us show, GUESS WHO WON?
We hung out on 7th and A
Friends worked the door
We didn't have to pay
Boston came around one night
Push came to shove and
WE WERE DOWN TO FIGHT
We have seen the backstab blood
Most came and fuckin' went
They played the part
And they wore the right clothes
But they didn't know
What the fuck it meant
And I see it today
My backstabbing brothers
Believeing the lies
That they're telling each other
And I know I'll be here
When they're gone
"cause the New York Brotherhood

Is where my heart belongs
In rememberance of old New York
And to my friends
And the ones I've fought
A special place left in my heart
Those days are gone, man
But they're not forgot

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