# NYC

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In the city of dreams
You get caught up in the schemes
And fall apart in the seam tonight
That boy he is the bomb, from B.K. to the Bronx
And it's the fortunate one who dies
(New York, you ready?)
He move from LAS to Soho
A few blocks for those who don't know
Down the hall punched a hole in the wall
Bounced out, all are in control
Certified son of a gun, learns life lesson 101
Don't fly too high on your own supply
Get burnt by the sun
'Cause in the city of dreams
You get caught up in the schemes
And fall apart in the seam tonight
That boy he is the bomb, from B.K. to the Bronx
And it's the fortunate one who dies
He was NY's talk of the town
Heard out to the LI sound
He started datin' models and he figured it out
He used to be a nice guy, then he cut that shit out
Qualified sex machine
No better than a vowed fiend
She wanted a ride to the upper east side
But he dropped her ass off in Queens
'Cause in the city of dreams
You get caught up in the schemes
And fall apart in the seam tonight
That boy would play his guitar
Like he was ready for war
You ready, K?
(And then he'd lift up his voice to the sky)
It's your man Nas here
Take it straight through New York city
Yo, okay, my city, my town, my crown
Michael Bloomberg, forget what you heard
I'm thought of highly, shoppin' Louie, Gianni
Christian LaCrosse shades, what can a boss say?

City, bus, the subway, cab, the runway
Ski masks and gunplay my past at a young age
The illest city on the planet
Towers came down, Wall Street barely standin'
We Crook Brothers, opposite of Brook Brothers
My footsteps of Scatman Crothers
It's just generations of style to get
Five luminous minutes with me
Interviews on how I flip sixty twos
This isn't my style, I spit what I'm livin' right now
I'm out on the town, gold bars shuttin' it down
Bottles stacked from the floor to the ceilin'
Then it's a loud fool, fifty third street, right near the Hilton
I'm fightin' the feelin' I had when I was lightin' up buildings
Now I'm writin' for millions of listeners
Critics who just don't get it
They try dissin' us, New York full of kings and queens
All the rest just mimic us
'Cause in the city of dreams
You get caught up in the schemes
And fall apart in the seam tonight
That boy would play his guitar
Like he was ready for war
And then he'd lift up his voice to the sky

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