

# City High

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[Intro: Inspectah Deck (sample)]  
(Everybody on the grind, son) 8 million stories in the naked city  
(Everybody trying to eat) (It's always gonna be a struggle, in this hustle)  
This is just one (Trying to bubble, trying to live this) Realize..[Inspectah Deck]  
We dance with the wolves, wrestle with the pitbulls  
For fistfuls of dollars and cents, we empty pistols  
Plotting out elaborate scams to get our hands on some  
Lofts of land or maybe, thoughts of plans and they be  
Forcing my hand to make me, off this man  
I never claimed killer, I came iller stayed realer  
Our chance grows, traveled the globe, fans applauded  
But my heart still roaming the streets, they still calling  
Boat names with cocaine dreams screaming "I own the game!"  
I'm so stained Novacaine doesn't slow the pain  
Lost so many I don't fear death, no tears left  
Numbers of my years left, blessed to be here left  
When they said "At fifteen he'll be already dead"  
I'm here heavy head steady sipping Rmy Red  
Wild fellow trying to keep my mind settled  
Child of the ghetto, survived where nines echo[Chorus: Inspectah Deck]  
I'm just a city guy living fly getting high  
Live it till I die getting by, whipping by  
Stand solidified big times to different sides  
Here's your ticket right, follow if you feel my vibe... (My vibe)[Inspectah Deck]  
Yo, we caped up, ten in the lab, weapons to blast  
One with the city, fight for sections of land Can't sleep till the check's in my hand  
It's still a hustle, bare knuckle grind knee deep inside the struggle  
I don't give a fuck about much but my beloved and such  
'Cause nobody to trust but us  
It's New York life, walk like what you talk like  
Or you mi

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