8 Million Stories

Tribe Called Quest@@a

There are 8 million stories in the naked city8 million stories, 8 million stories
8 million stories, 8 million storiesThere are 8 million stories in the naked city
Some ice cold and told without pity
About the mean streets and the ghetto culture
The pimps, the pushers the sharks and vulturesThings that happen when it reaches dark
And all the things you hear about Central Park
You got to be down, you got to have strength
If you're gonna survive past 110thWell, it ain't no thing when blood is spilled
The emergency ward is capacity filled
And nothin' ever comes as a big surprise
And the naked city never closes its eyesA new story for every day
Told a thousand different ways
That's how it is and that's how it goes
The city with the 8 and six big O'sNew York, you know this is a crazy city, man
Word, skyscrapers, everything
And you just never know who you might meet in this town
Yo, dig on my home boys Run DMCA young girl seemed to be gaining weight
Her parents all thought it was the food she ate
Their attitudes were all la de da de
But little did they know there's a baby in the bodyShe tried to hide it but they'll soon know
Because sooner or later that baby's got to show
Can her Daddy just accept that as a fact
That it wasn't the meals and it wasn't the snack?Then there's another girl, her name is Vicki
The girl is fine but sho'nuff tricky
Vicki's fine but then she's not very kind
She'll lay you down and then she'll rob you blindYou wake up in the morning and you're feelin' blue
Because Vicki is gone and your money is too
She's more sinister than Peter Lorre
And this is just two of 8 million stories8 million stories, 8 million stories
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8 million stories, 8 million stories8 million stories, 8 million stories
8 million stories, 8 million stories
8 million stories, 8 million storiesFresh kid and the stories complete
Born on a dim lit ghetto street
Father unknown, mother astray
He learned about life the real hard wayWearin' pretty things for all the ladies to see
Funky fresh diamonds and gold jewelry
Spent all his time just counting his bank
Because he's a fly muh-ha-ha, now fill in the blankBecause he's a fresh kid and his money's long

Been the subject of a ghetto song
Poor kids admire, ladies desire
They say water can't put out this fireBecause he's a fresh kid, yeah he's alright
He grew up with the pushers and the pimps of the night
And you could measure or even treasure
The thought that cocaine became his pleasurePeruvian rock never cut with speed
And he gets skied until his nose would bleed
And that was just one weakness, I must admit
Is that when he took a hit he could never quitBecause he's one slick pusher livin' day by day
When the crazy thing happened along the way
You know he started to base at a hell of a pace
And now it's a disgrace, he's got the pipe in his faceFor twenty-four seven a terrible Jones
Didn't take care of business, didn't answer the phone
He stayed home alone all in the twilight zone
Just bittin' on a pipe like a dog on a boneTurnin' blue in the face by holdin' his breath
With the white cloud bullshit stuck in his chest
But then he tried to stop but it never worked
And then the ladies started calling him a freebase jerkJust to break it all down, you know he's not very slick
Because he spent all his money and he spent it real quick
He lost his car, his house, his friends, his wife
And basing cocaine made him lose his lifeBecause he bought some on credit and couldn't pay
And then the pusher looked for him and blew him away
In a blaze of glory in his own territory
8 million sad but all real stories8 million stories, 8 million stories
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8 million stories, 8 million stories8 million stories, 8 million stories
8 million stories, 8 million stories
8 million stories, 8 million stories[Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible]
[Incomprehensible]
Get down to the funky sound
Get down to the funky sound
Get down to the funky sound, get down, d-d-down

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