

# Now Y

## La the Darkman

Yeah, yeah, yo, yo  
Yeah, yeah, yo, trapacanti, yo When I walk these streets, like bamboo I'm strapped  
Get your brain tapped by forty-four caliber gats  
It ain't like that, cats gotta learn to relax  
If I let the gun clap, you have no wish, you're on your ass If you see at cat without his vest hangin' by his neck  
Then LA done it, I'm tryin' to see this Benz six-hundred  
With a fly bitch, a gat and cognac gettin' blunted  
Readin' the tablet of my money from the kids that I fronted  
You don't want it, shootin' slugs outta an armored green lex  
From four pounds that fuck you up like a plane wreck  
Don't gamble with a tech, car is quicker than the eye My style, top secret like the Bosnian spy  
Now Y, New York have you laced in chalk  
The South Bronx, what you thought when we let are guns talk?  
It's bloodsport, the Darkman call it like he sees  
Been in buildings, doin' eighty in a black M3  
Medallion swingin' on linx, costin' 'bout ten G's  
N.Y.C., where killas bust cops at me When I walk these streets, like bamboo I'm strapped  
Get your brain tapped by fourty-four caliber gats  
It ain't like that, cats gotta learn to relax  
If I let the gun clap, you have no wish, you're on your ass New York ain't fuckin' playas, we love gun sprayers  
Movin' crack from the streets of Manhatt' to the Himalayans  
Amadeus, why these Cali craps tryin' to front?  
Ass gotta cut ropes, tryin' to bungee jump  
Tight cunt, all white planes roll, we night creepers  
In bubble coats, eight hundred beapers, force one sneakers  
I stay fly, holdin' it down for my block  
What up ock? You could get a four-four shot And don't think it can't happen 'cuz you on the TV rappin'  
I sneakin' from B.X., B.K. and the Staten  
Manhattan and Queens jookin' kids for rings  
New York, New York, the big city of dreams  
Some rap legends were put in jail, you thought we failed  
Now I'm back like LL, when he was rockin' the bells  
Takin' rap back to the days of food stamps and tramps  
Pit stains in the stair case and vise-grip clamps Kid, I'm amped, cats try to diss the originators  
In Land Cruisers, on Timbs, subways and elevators  
Holdin' steel, you frontin' niggaz better get real  
I'm gettin' money, blow my nose with a hundred dollar bill  
How you feel? And fuck where you at, it's where you from  
To that cats, that's eighty-five, blind, deaf and dumb Run and get your gun, I come in the name of Allah

To my people, the Inglewood family swine, power refined  
You can't see, we runnin' outta time  
If the east and west kill each other, who gon' shine?  
We losin' our mind, this rap shit is turnin' into crime  
Nowadays soft niggaz bust techs and nines  
So, what?

Songwriters

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