

# NYC

## Danja

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  
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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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