

# New York Times

J. Cole

New York, poor New York  
New York, poor New York Cars choking your child to death  
But you don't wanna see  
'Cause you only think about yourself  
How blind can you be New York, poor New York  
Sniper on the rooftop, New York  
New York, poor New York  
Not fit for a dog in New York Everybody bites on the Big Apple  
Leave the hungry in tears  
But no one gives a damn, no one really cares  
How they feel, they're just paper people not real You need a gun to walk into New York Now you're broke and  
you're out on a ledge  
Who can help you this time  
Now you're down to your very last cent  
Still you're askin' me who was your friend, I was your friend New York poor New York  
Who turned the lights out in New York  
New York, poor New York  
Just another blackout in New York Girl dead on the twenty sixth floor  
But no one knew her name  
Found her body behind the door  
Too young for the game New York, poor New York  
Devils in the subway, New York  
New York, poor New York  
New York, poor New York Talkin', talkin', talkin', watch out  
Harlem touching midtown New York  
New York, poor New York  
Talkin' 'bout New York, New York  
Money's getting tighter, New York  
They're burning the bridges to New York

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