

Yo we project living With plastic on the furniture,
Little niggaz coming up will Fucking try to murda ya
The D's not out so the coast is clear
But its getting hard to sleep with this roach in my ear
Everybody got a nina everybody got a vest
New York City is the arena of death
Yo the strip moving slow but everybody going hard
Seeing more d's than a damn report card
Everybody rap now Follow they dreams
im a call my clientele man and Sign all my fiends
same gear for a week wearing dirty clothes
All day in the spot by a dirty stove
trials keep me strong Hope keep me happy,
but im only human so these niggaz wanna clap me
The drug game over but theres money to make
so niggaz clappin at niggaz To raise the crime rate

The rhymes u spit can embarass the city
Well my game bag names like paris and nikki
Load the semi im in the spot carving the crack
You stunt ill leave my bullets lodged in ur back
New York City everything move fast
little girls get Pregnant throw they baby in the trash
China white wizzy movin quickly on the ave
same coke That got whitney in the re-hab
Up early in the morning cuz theres money to earn
cuz the early bird Be the one that catch the worm
we nicks trieze twenties and dimes
got my spot looking like a soul train line
Fuck doin time, im trying to progress,
get that money man nigga serve ur projects
Hustlin homie thats all i know
in the summer time i can make the whole strip snow