Yeah, New York Undercover baby Whole lotta things done changed ... Yeah, there's a lot of people puttin black eyes in the game Knahmean? Time to do this though... Check it I had a block locked, but took a fall now I'm off my feet I gotta eat, so it's back to these fuckin streets And I will grow cause I'm an old timer I bring the drama to any nigga, his babies or his fuckin mama I got a look like Tevin Campbell But still I gamble, hustle and scramble Cause money is muscles in this damn zoo And in order to make it, you gotta take it Be the boom blast booze bend or break it but don't fake it That's why there's no guilt for these trife niggas bloods I spilt Took what they built, flippin they drug game on tilt Cause in New York, dealin drugs is a sport

You either sell it, smoke it, shoot up or snort
Either way you're caught
And since I'm in it, now I'm in it to win it; sky's is the limit
No more being some motherfucker's lieutenant
Shit, from this point that's how I feel, I wanna fly
Yeah, it's either doe or die

It's like a jungle sometimes
It's like a jungle sometimes
It's like a jungle sometimes, the weed smoke makes me wonder
How I keep from going under

And all hoods I hang with mix slang in they language Love, kickin that gang shit, sellin on the same strip Hustlin hard, no matter how much we hated So dedicated, even our dreams are drug related Shit, puff bananas, not even the cops can stand us Cause of the way we vanish, everytime they come to can us 25 we get the money live - fuck all that funny jive The streets is our only source to survive And before any teeny-boppers think about tryin to stop us I rather put your head, through the propellers of a helicopter Cause all my peeps be playin for keeps Straight out the litter, so bitter these bandits don't even need sweets Bringin the ruckus, like some mad motherfuckers Move at night like truckers When suckers see us, they duck us Shit, only the real can relate to things a hungry man'll, try It's either doe or die

And ever since I was a tarface baby, watchin Scarface
I dreamed of guns and tons of coke on a car chase
A fat connect with a kingpin Colombian
Plus props from crooked cops, payin him tops not to run me in
Keepin my toaster in a shoulder holster
Havin hoes playin me closer, sexin on a silk sofa
Livin the life of the rich and trife
Rugged but sharp like a kitchen knife

Without stress from some bitchin wife
What a life, that's why I be on what I be on
Always ready to war for a score that's sure to put me on
And until then, I won't seal in what I'm feelin
It was inside that I cried, but now its spillin
I'm goin all out, until I fallout; so much of a menace
when I finish milkin New York I'll have to fall out
On the run, cause I know feds'll try to knock me
and railroad my soul to a hellhole if they got me
But not me, I'm goin out fightin until I fry
From hot lead no lie, like I said it's either doe or die

Visualizin the realism of life and actuality Fuck who's the baddest A person's status depends on salary

If not why not Either you're in it, or your in the way Baby Pah New yields, no quills I want it all..

[Chorus: repeat until fade]