

8 Million Stories

Kurtis Blow

There are 8 million stories in the naked city

8 million stories (4x)

There are 8 million stories in the naked city
Some ice cold and told without pity
About the mean streets and the ghetto culture
The pimps the pushers the sharks and vultures
Things that happen when it reaches dark
And all the things you hear about Central Park
You got to be down, you got to have strenght
If you're gonna survive past 110th
Well it ain't no thing when blood is spilled
The emergency ward is capacity filled
And nothin' ever comes as a big surprise
And the naked city never closes it's eyes
A new story every day
Told a thousand different ways
That's how it is and that's how it goes
The city with the 8 and six big O's

New York is a crazy city man.....

Yo, my home boys Run DMC

A young girl seemed to be gaining weight
Her parents all thought it was the food she ate
Their attitudes were all la-de-da-de
But little did they know there's a baby in the body
She tried to hide it, but they'll soon know
Because sooner or later that baby's got to show
Can her daddy just accept it as a fact
That it wasn't the meals and it wasn't the snack
Then there's another girl, her name is Vicki
The girl is fine, but sho'nuff tricky
Vicki's fine,, but then she's not very kind
She'll lay you down and then she'll rob you blind
You wake up in the morning and you're feelin' blue
Because Vicki is gone and your money is too
She's more sinister than Peter Lorre
And this is just two of 8 million stories

8 million stories (x12)

Fresh kid and the stories complete
Born on a dim lit ghetto street
Father unknown, mother astray
He learned about life the real hard way
Wearin' pretty things for all the ladies to see
Funky fresh diamonds and gold jewelry
Spent all his time just counting his bank
Because he's a fly muh-ha-ha, now fill in the blank
Because he's a fresh kid and his money's long
Been the subject of a ghetto song
Poor kids admire, ladies desire
They say water can't put out this fire
Because he's a fresh kid, yeah he's alright

Grew up with the pushers and the pimps of the night
And you could measure or even treasure
The thought that cocaine became his pleasure
Peruvian rock never cut with speed
And he gets skied untill his nose would bleed
And that was just one weakness, must admit
That when he took a hit he could never quit
Because he's one slick pusher livin' day by day
When the crazy thing happened along the way
You know he started to base at a hell a pace
And now it's a disgrace, he's got the pipe in his face
For twenty-four seven a terrible Jones
Didn't take care of business, didn't answer the phone
He stayed home alone all in the twilight zone
Just bittin' on a pipe like a dog on a bone
Turnin' blue in the face, by holdin' his breath
With the white cloud bullshit stuck in his chest
But then he tried to stop, but it never worked
And then the ladies started calling him a freebase jerk
Just to break it all down, you know he's not very slick
Because he spent all his money and he spent it real quick
He lost his car, his house, his friends and his wife
And basing cocaine made him lose his wife
Because he bought some on credit and couldn't pay
And then the pusher looked for him and blew him away
In a blaze of glory in his own territory
8 million stories sad but all real stories

8 million stories (x12)