

If You Can Count

Lin-Manuel Miranda

Can you count, suckas?
Yeah, right
I said, can you count, suckas?
Yeah, right
The future is ours, the future is yours if you can count
Can you dig it?

You've got the Moon Runners right by the Van Cortlandt Rangers
Got the Jones Street Boys by the Turnbull ACs
And nobody's wastin' nobody
And that's a miracle
A miracle
And miracles are the way things ought to be

Can you dig it?
So far from our turf
We fought so hard for our turf
For one little corner of our turf
But now can you see
How strong we can be
If we can agree that it's all our turf?
Where we always belong
We are sixty thousand strong
We are never backing down
And there's only twenty thousand cops in this whole damn town

Can you dig it? Can you dig it?
Remember what you had to do to earn your block
Dead any and all invaders, keep the neighbors on lock
Tag up every nook and cranny, spray cans non-stop
Make a mission of the competition so your clique is on top
Imagine what I had to do to stay on top
Baddest bitch in the biggest town, shut 'em down, open up shop
Now imagine what we could do if you and your crew got with
Me and my crew, if we, we only knew
We are bigger than the mob (What?)
We are bigger than the cops (What?)
We are where it all begins, we are where it all stops (What? What?)
Can you dig it?

Now we keep up the truce
Stand together against dangers
One borough at a time
As our numbers climb
And nobody's wastin' nobody
You are brothers and sisters now
And anywhere you go, you are home free
Can you dig it?

'Cause it's all our turf
We're only divided by turf
Our soldiers have died on our turf
We fall on our pride, pulled away by the tide
Until we decide that it's all our turf
And we know our worth

Now imagine feeling safe

From the top of the boogie down
From Manhattan down to Staten
All through Coney Island town
Can you dig it?
Do you count?
Can you dig it?
Can you—