

## Stronger

Prodigy

Strong enough to take the pain (Uh-huh)  
Inflicted a-gain (and again and again and again), and a-gain  
What do they call me? ([?] my name bitch)  
My name, is Str-Strong (uh-huh)  
Strong (yeah, ayo)

The moonlight shines on the New York skyline  
Midtown is lit up, the city is mine  
As I drive across Queensbridge, I see it clearly  
From my P.O.V. (what do they), this is fact not theory  
Yeah that rapper got money, but that rapper can't walk  
Through this concrete jungle cause he doin it wrong  
New York belongs to Don P  
You can have the rest of the world, I'm good (strong) with these streets  
Skyscrapers and, housing buildings  
I know about London, but I prefer Brooklyn  
I know about Marseilles, but I prefer Queens  
And while you hire cops (what do they), I prefer my team  
I got a powerful army, it's no need for a gun  
You want hardcore rap you fuckin with the right one~!  
This is maximum strength, there's no need for drugs  
You want reality rap, homey you got the right one  
I'm...

Strong enough to take the pain  
Inflicted a-gain, and a-gain  
What do they call me?  
My name, is Str-Strong, (you know what) Strong

You know what?  
Maybe once every, tangerine moon, I'll be in the mood  
To paint the town red with your corpuscles  
And plasma; some violent art  
These thoughts, in the corners (what do they) of my mind are dark  
But then the Times Square lights, they switch my whole attitude  
Reminds me of billions that loot  
I must persist, I must pursue  
The rest of my success, (strong) I am not through  
They tried to put my run to an end  
But as sure as the point on the state building I  
Stand tall, wipe the dirt off  
My clothes when I fall down (what do they), I'm way too strong  
This is my town, my subways and sidewalks  
I done ran through these gutters like a tunnel rat, pah'  
Waist deep, inside of the shit  
In the midst of the action where people get hit-look

Strong enough to take the pain  
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What do they call me?  
My name, is Str-Strong, Strong

Yeah; you ain't never been touched means you don't participate  
Within the fuckery, you stay comfortably  
Distant, from pain infliction  
Meanwhile I'm (what do they) flirtin with Death  
She put her liptstick, on the collar of my shirt, next to my jugular

I ain't tryin to keep her, I just wanna fuck her  
When I pass through I'm too, committed to life  
She a bitch but I love her refuse to (strong) part from her  
I'm, destiny's child I survived it all  
The most high got a special plan just for me  
My, table is set, with cake for days  
I'm a lil' bit late but (what do they), it's okay  
My future's so bright that I gotta wear shades  
I follow in the footsteps of, LL Cool J  
50 and P. Diddy, my relentless drive  
To thrive and prosper, made (strong) me

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(What do they)