

Big City of Dreams

Statik Selektah

New York, New York
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New York, New York
In the hood they love us
New York, New York
Big City
New York, New York
New York is still the same

The name's Troy Ave, I'm about my ones
If niggas want static, I select my guns
Got a ACP, that's for burgularing
And a .38 Speez, that's for murdering
[?] I'll take your life
But I'm giving out the raw at a takers price
I shake the dice with my freedom and yikes
Nightmare on fed street, I get the chills at night
Chinchilla on the ground, furthermore I'm around
All the bullshit at parties, Biggie don't make a sound
(Shhhhh!) That's a moment of silence
Loud pack, loud gats, here go the violence
Just another day in the hood, what the fuck
I'm busy selling yay in the hood, getting bucks
Milwaukee on 'em, fuck that get New Yorkie on 'em
A little dog food, dope swag shawty on 'em

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I ain't have to ride a nigga coattails
I came up off a crack rock and coke sales
New York City, I'mma restore order
Cause most these rap niggas is suckas and whore orders
Bunch of suckas for love, I put on the glove
And picked up the Snub, and started shooting, fuck is the love
It ain't none, cause most of these lame niggas is faggots
Bunch of my sons, I need to claim 'em on taxes
Since it been a war on drugs, it been a war on me
The pigs don't want me bringing bacon home apparently
I'm Dorner of the corners
Sending all the formers to the coroner
Counting drug money is euphoria
Started out selling nickels
Just to get a fistful
Now it's 600 every fiscal
Still distribute yay like Def Jam
And I still will shoot hoops through ya chest man

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I'm the epitome of everything that the city is
My team is official while you run with them idiots
Couple years back, wasn't taking it serious
Got my mind right, now the buzzing is furious
Attitude rude like a chick on her period
Red leather jacket, Eddie Murphy Delirious
Big names looking at me, niggas is curious
Don't trust a soul, mama raised me delirious
Found a good wifey, little baby the prettiest
The place where I'm from made me one of the grittiest
The hand we were dealt, it was one of the shittiest
I'm ill with the words nigga one of the wittiest, fuck with me
Get found slumped in the tub like Whitney
Africa spears hit you, the Black Britney would clap with me
Stand in front of the court and bring Shaq with me
Scrap with me, brought them Corleone contracts with me

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Cocaine champions, Kelly K companionship
Charismatic with my fabric, flowing like my hammer spit
Fully auto, raw blow, watches from Torno
Everything's the same, it's not a game, just now we tour though
Double shine, overtime grind, we getting more dough
Still smack 'em in the face and choke 'em out to let a nigga know
I put my fucking hands around your neck just like a figaro
Hard body everything, bought the block a wedding ring
I'm in love with this lifestyle, entice wild
Fuck them, I'm living it right now, we might smile
But ain't shit comical, moving economical
Loyal to the man that's in the mirror cause I honor you
Thinking crazy, being on point, that's what the drama do
If I don't hit ya face then I'mma touch something abdominal
Nothing's accidental, execute and plan wins
Cause everyday I'm tryna get a new buck like tan Timbs
Laurenovich