

NYC Freestyle.

Steven Malcolm

Reporting to you live from New York City (Yeah)
From the burrow Brooklyn (Yeah)
All the way to the shores of the west coast (Shoutout Ruslan)
If it ain't Kings Dreams it ain't no dream (Ayy, yo)
God Always!

We in the city, New York City, ain't no tellin' what you might see
Bronx up to Queens, Manhattan rockin' with' me
Moving through the burrow, king dreamin' with my brethren
I might buy a Yankee fitted cap and I don't watch baseball
Livin' like I'm brazy, if the mission didn't pertain me I be tryin' to chase
the bag
Get a Billie like I'm Jay-Z
But I'm here because He saved me since that day He spoke the flame
And He gave me something to say and homie, the rest is crazy, ha
This here is a cage full of gorillas
Couldn't even flip it if your last name was Flippa
You the type to get a deal, get poppin' and then switch up
I'm the type they couldn't fade if they played for the Clippers
Type to get engaged every day with the sinners
It's holy praise from a saint 'cause every day I'm a sinner
Life is a maze, I'm just searchin' for my talents
Tip the scales of my life when I was just lookin' for a balance, uh
Yeah, I been back in my bag lately
Rippin' it like I been Kobe, the mamba mentality, look at the versatility
My momma she proud of me, city they count on me, crazy to think ain't no people doubting me
Looks at the fans that get everything out of me
Hurt, pain, shine, gang, yeah
IVAV lighter flame, yeah
We the new gang, project comin' soon
Ayy, yeah, that's game
Underdogs and them Dream Junkies
Yeah, and I'm dripped up in a legendary, drip

Uh
We in the city, New York City
Oh, this how we doin' it now?
New York, New York City
Ha, wanna do that?
We in the city, New York, New York, New York City
Alright, look, look

It's a King's Dream with 4 Against 5 (Yeah)
And I don't really know who else is gonna survive
Let's go bar for bar, I'm kiddin', I ain't that sort of guy
You lookin' for fruit, I'm searching for an orchard to buy
Needing a piece of land, it's prolly just my orphan inside
Happy the Lord spared me I noticed I'm a fortunate guy
This fortune of mine is actually inside of mind
So ill, it manifested and convalescence arrived
Wait, I told Steven I don't believe them, give me a reason to
Keep on cheasin' forwards like butter, plus this my season too
Ease into my new mantle as I dismantle the ample attitudes
And still find time to flip a sample into a beat or two
Vehicles from my future get pulled into my presence
'Cause of gratitude we on that, "You see pull up in Tesla"

But that ain't never been the message
They can question the method
They can question whatever they want, look, look
I don't wanna rap fast, gettin' too abstract, but I'm supposed too, I'ma get
laughed at
They gon' say Steven killed me with the backpack, raps and a knapsack, fat,
get a lash back
That we ever do will be this one, you don't wanna see that
You don't wanna re-hatch me killin' the beat, I don't wanna relapse
I don't wanna evact' the whole room to see that
Murder like me fat with a shirt off
I've seen that and I've heard of a couple of rappers scary and nervous, stuc
k in inertia
I wish that I could say I have some sympathy
I don't, that's what separates civilians from infantries

New York City