

## 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 cheesin' 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