

On

An island trying to peep the horizon from the highest peak in the sky and

Puerto Rico, Ireland, Manhattan chimed in by him every place I been

Can't replace my hiding place where I arrived in

Give you a taste of the pace on this Island, little giant, little defiant

Really a riot spew the saliva lived with the jews man a Upper West Sider

Mixed in the stew and he tired

Shout Carlos man also a writer, Shout stop also a writer

It's the truth I admirer chill with my boo how I'm wired

Don't know what to do when he fired up

Strut up with the mutts through the fire

Yo Wik what's going on man?

Talking to A

That's my OG gave me my name

Must been 13 first hit him with game

Said rap about you so I spit bout the train

Decade later Wik you goin' sit and complain?

Damn

Come on man what do you like?

I like the 1 train, bagel with lox, crushing the mic

I like the sunset on the Hudson look at the light

He looked at me like, right? why you still pouting?

Ain't listened kept listing what I was about and

Aight aight aight

I like Sunday dinner lounging

Posted at the crib kids clowning

Change for the bus scrounging

City park kids running through the fountains

Man I like the mountains

Mountains?

My man ain't no fucking mountains in Manhattan