

When I migrate  
 When I get on stage and I gyrate  
 Mind state vibrate  
 Spine shake violate  
 Any motherfucker make a wild face  
 Mic makes  
 Marks in my head yeah that I take  
 To my face  
 Amen God send  
 Motherfucker on ten  
 Opposite of balding  
 Hair growing  
 No Air Jordan's  
 It's the opposite of balling  
 Back home no phone trying' call him  
 Withdraw been too hard some I'm all in  
 Y'all been too hard on em gotta calm him  
 City is scalding mixed in the stew in a cauldron  
 He grew in the city that taught him  
 Don't put pity up on him  
 Man it's just Wiki's problem  
 Still the City gonna solve him  
 Young Don Luis  
 On duty  
 I'm wrong? sue me  
 She on to me  
 Get the groupie out I'm all loopy  
 Why you all moody?  
 Why involve Rudy Giuliani?  
 World turning all loony  
 Back to my home where it's you, me  
 Moms, pops, my chick and her bomb booty

How you gonna say ain't no mountains in manhattan?  
 When I been right on top of one macking  
 For the past 20 years past 23 years  
 Took a couple years just to get passed the piers  
 Wik's off the liqs pass the beer  
 Yo A damn Slick been off the shits the past year  
 "What he gonna do man?"  
 Stuck up in the stew

Truth kills  
 Always be wondering who's real  
 Loose feel  
 When I be holding on blue steel  
 Who kills?  
 Not you nigga stop fronting  
 Seen you pussy out the scrap  
 With all of your teeth punched in  
 When it's winter time in the City  
 Nigga we go hunting  
 "Or sit inside in the crib comfy and get blunted"  
 Eyes low bloody knuckles dwelling looking manic  
 Dealing with the shade and expectations hard to manage  
 When you coming from the lower with the demons and the xanax  
 Niggas trying shoot you not no Canon

Swear to God ain't no love in the streets  
I'll take your girl make love in the sheets

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Nowadays I feel numb not feeling a thing  
A tense up pain struck like emotions within  
I'm overwhelmed freaking out all alone in the crib  
So why talk no one listens it's a waste of my time  
I'd rather smoke and get lost while enjoying my high  
I be running from my problems finding somewhere to hide  
In the City of 9 milli it's just you and I  
Me and New York it's a bitch to get by  
I can't front I gotta hustle just to make it alive  
Nothing's free my girl's yelling and she's coming at me  
Throwing a fit  
How I'm broke and I ain't worth shit  
This is it  
Stupid chick told me stop be slick  
But I can't

It's true

Stuck up in the stew  
The motherfucking cauldron  
The mixing pot

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Stuck up in the stew man  
What he gonna do damn