

Big City

Masta Ace

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'New York, Big City of Dreams'

To get by, cats doing plenty of things
It's a honest hustle, but you gotta have some kind of muscle
Either it's that or you sign with Russel
'cause nowadays an average cat can flow decent
So in your sparetime you can go to the precinct
Let me introduce you to some cats who won't shoot you
Everyday they're spinnin in their pen it's so crucial
They got kids to feed, wives to hug
Their jobs are so strange, their lifes above
Look, my nigga Al had a store in his trunk
And the place under the dash where he store his pump
He had them white and white 'Air Force Ones' for 40 (\$)
And them iddy-biddy-kiddy ones for shorty
He was just trying to survive to the session
Now he's locked up for stolen goods and gun possession
My nigga Neek had them first for cheek
He bough a too family home and excursion jeep
But word got around he was doing it big
Cops ran up in his crib, now he's doing a bit
Now Jose was making money hand over biz
He had legimated jobs with a little bit of a twist
Besides me and my man, I've known people
He sold stuff too, out of the back of home deepo
Everything from new tools to kitchen sinks
And he was just trying to get rich as stinks
'cause now he lost his job and his morgage due
And he can't afford a lawyer, man law gets through, oohh
We were lying on skeems and skams
Just so we could realize our dreams and plans, man
This ain't America is it?
It don't take much for the cops to come pay you a visit
But do what you gotta do, fuck them laws
Life is a test you better up them scores
Listen, I ain't trying to survive, I'm trying to life
And here is some advise I been dying to give
They don't care if you sell it to inner section
Republicans run for officers when ellection
Who's in the inner section, see my pen errecting
This for my cats that just been effecting
From ground sillawats, it's down steal the spots

It won't stop untill we're down kill the cops
It's a revolution, you believe in god, a evolution
Either way dog, we need a resolution like Aaliyah
A man got sentenced to a year
And when he get out, it's another street career
It's a vicious cycle
For every kid who ball in the park and wish he might do
Listen the world don't like you, but
You better keep it moving, you better keep improving
You love my voice, ain't it deep insolvent
I'm saying fuck fame, I'm having a no-name
Platinum and gold chain, and saying
I'ma beat 'em at their own game

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>