

Big City

Inspectah Deck

(Intro: Inspectah Deck)

Yeah, yeah, yo(Inspectah Deck)

We pray for a better today, glocks and berettas spray

Everyday, how did I survive yesterday?

I can't call it, cops shot the alcoholic

The fiend saw it, he got the gun, he want a dime for it

The hood life, chicks and thugs, crips and bloods

Dippin' on the judge, pushin' whips and drugs

Burnin' big buds, gettin' love, spinnin' them dubs

For the taste of it, the low lifes'll split your mug

It's the home of the brave, the zone of the slave

We all want it, but gettin' it's, a whole 'nother page

The young guns wantin' respect, flossin' the tech

Bitches wanna strip, now it's all for the check

Yo, everyday, lives at stake, pies to bake

Same knife that cuts your throat divides the cake

For the hustlers, thugs, who scheme to survive

And all in between, scream "Fuck a 9 to 5"

(Chorus: Inspectah Deck)

In the bright lights, the big city

The thieves stay crawlin' at night, with eyes shifty

In the bright lights, the big city

The fiends come sortin' the price, with nine fifty

In the bright lights, the big city

They squeeze off, lustin' for shine and die quickly

In the bright lights, the big city

The streets take a whole of your mind, it gets gritty(Inspectah Deck)

Daydreams, bought and sold

The high price we livin' might cost your soul

Secret indictments, furrows, with roll hoes

Codefendant, I hope he don't tell what he knows

Exposed to a life of crime since I was nine

Gettin' money by design, despite the time

Hustlin' to be a man and feed my fam

My wife, my seed, my land, completes the plan

Please understand, either legal or scam

I see the thieves in the van, I can't beat the man

Still monster ballin', eatin', speakin' ebonics

Wit foreign cars, custom made clothes and chronic

Bank rolls and prophets, shine solar powered

Fine hoes that's bout it, long as you keep they nose powdered

Obey street laws, careful what you say

You can play, but you might not make it through the day
(Chorus)(Inspectah Deck)

It's like a jungle sometimes, it makes me wonder
How I keep from goin' under, I'm used to gettin' over
I'm deep in the middle, indeed the heat sizzle
For the littlest beef, even the seeds keep pistols
Foreigners talk funny, friends they want from me
But all I need is long money and a strong honey
I need it "fast", I'm "furious" like Vin Diesel
I'm lookin' at my plate wit food for ten people
So, do what you gotta do, do what you want to
The blocks hot like a sauna, cops try to pawn you
The fiends trick you, dude behind you wanna get you
On the grind, your best friend'll talk for a figure
Walk wit a nigga, see it, don't talk about it, be it
Don't walk around, then beat it, we all bound to feel it

This ain't the town (for real), so watch your tour (that's right)
What's goin' down (what's up), its poppin' off(Chorus)(Outro: Inspectah Deck)
Gritty...

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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