

# Big City

## Masta Ace

[Masta Ace]

'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, ooooh  
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 until 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://www.1songlyrics.com/>