

New York Soul (Part II)

Jon Bellion

Bring me down in Brooklyn if I lose my life
Push me down the Hudson and turn on the radio
Long Island's only smiling cause my soul is fine
I did everything for New York

New York or in California, packed Brooklyn up in this bag
I'm in Malibu with the Bronx, she's in Kevin love with your man
Kryie needed a king, I'm just making you understand
What I rustle up in the West, cause my reach is Kevin Duran
Records are very pop with a pocket deeper than sand
A juxtaposition, Sam Cooke, Billy Joel, Steely Dan
Changing the fucking spectrum, I need you to understand
Like I took the fall for some drugs, I've been nominated for Grams (It's Grammy's)
Skinny genius got blueprints up in my hand
So the minute you hear my single, just know that it's in my plan
Advantage of demographics, I'm Jigga, Bruno and Sam Smith
I'm moving business, I'm Taylor Swift in a van
This game, boy, is very, very advanced
I'm very, very New York, be very, very aware
I'll vary, vary the narr', bro, I can get on a snare
Letting go of your throat, I can sing the hook if you scared

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Meet me in the red dress when the stakes side, that's porterhouse
She's 5 foot 9 in a Rolls Royce, that's Slaughterhouse
Benny Hahn, Hahn's and a tall boy, we ordered out
The hell you need a chaser when all this liquor is watered down
Wait, see all them lines is fuck boy check
Don't be so impressed by all that fuck boy rap
This money gon' leave you empty if you just want that
See, my joy lies in the sun and you should jump on that
She'll make you think that she the wife and that you found the one
But she just looking for some powder, not the talcum one
I'm not judging, here in the middle like I'm Malcom, son
Verbal trigger like you should never play around with guns
Bow down to no crown, these goobers out for the count
Cuz the Sour Diesel was loud, I was pounding face in the lounge
Sober dope, moving proud, like allowance found in the crowd
With a thousand counting me out, but I'm here and killing the crowd now, blow

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Let me give the kids just a little help
Tell 'em money is not the key to wealth
Cause if it can stop the pain
How the fuck did you explain the bunch of millionaires that killed themselves?
So you can take me off your winner's shelf

I got that fifth vision, I'm bringing help
I know the demons in the room gon' say it's more that I can chew
But now all I hear is the dinner bell
I need a family that loves me right
Don't need a chain, don't need a glove at night
I had a conversation with an angel
She told me I'd cheat death if I stayed away from the party life
Dropped off in the Lamb where the artists play
Where God's way is the hardest way
Sold myself from keeping my faith
If it costs me my reputation, then take it, I'll give it all away