

I Love Livin' in the City

Fun Lovin' Criminals

You see the lights from space.
Like a beacon to the planets as it happens.
What had happened it the charts in south Manhattan
The batteries up like all my homeboys seen
We all ride in a yellow limousine
All the greats got stake in the city by the superpower
The streets got meat never mind the early hour
SUV's swarm like beetles in trees.
No matter what your needs if you got the d's
From treaties to crunk to bodies in the trunk
Its never a dull moment unless you're gettin drunk
But it might be you out on the business end
So pack a jack and watch your back
Ain't nobody your friend
Back in the jungle its survival of the fittest.
So witness the pitness as i stomp all up in this
You know where to find me im at bungalow 8
But bring a strap and half your camp and the key to
hell's gate..
I love livin'in the city
Livin' up in New York city
(4x)
I got the pug ugly suit with some goya 0 boya
Pix. Pix. Pix. Or is that too OG for ya
Action packed like Gene Hackman under the L
The buildings are so beautiful.
But nevermind the smell.
Nevermind the ghetto fab.
Their ice is from canal.
Nevermind the euro-trash their presence is banal.
Nevermind the technocrat when all he says is well
But always mind the don't walk sign.
The traffic here is hell.
Although my heart is heavy
Its a bevy of broads
Its where you should be goin its where their dealin the
cards.
The Bronx is up and yo everyone's down.
The center of the universe for some time now.
And how motherfucker.
This is New York city.
The rest of you are knuckleheads tryin to look pretty.
Vacancies range from your soul on up.
So count your chips and do the math
Or get the fuck out.
I love livin' in the city
Livin' up in New York city
(4x)
(solo)
I love livin' in the city
Livin' up in New York city
(8x)