

# New York Strait Talk

Gang Starr

"From New York straight talk, America's best" (3X)  
"Yo I'm not new to this I'm true to this" "Word up!"  
"From New York straight talk... America's best"

Yo, it doesn't make sense, for you to compete against  
This New York vibe that gets your whole body tense  
Calm down, listen to a brother who knows  
Cause the rappers out here come up with mad different types of flows  
Switch-up, change-up, yo pull the range up  
So we can build on this shit, for real that's how we came up  
Used to ride the subway trains back and forth  
Now I push an E-Class, four-two-zero of course  
Still material gains, make one more aware  
Of all the madness and the civil unrest that's out here  
I doubt there, is anyplace more complex  
You can get lost in the sauce, New York'll have you vexed  
Who's next to get served, herbs'll get knocked off  
Burning flammable rappers, is how I get my rocks off  
I pop your top off as if you were the bottle  
Then I'll drain all your fluid, you're better off playing lotto  
Bright lights, big city and the dark alleyways  
New York we get the money all day everyday

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True if you can make it out here, you can make it anywhere  
That means a lot of rappers, they should stay away from here  
Cause we still care, about the total artform  
Niggaz could sell more records but they still can't flip a live forum  
Plus everybody out here ain't talkin true shit either  
Mad niggaz is fakin jacks, I don't like them neither  
But the competition keeps me on point  
That's why I lamp in the studio composin fresh new joints  
From the streets, Medina, Manhattan, Staten, P-Lawn  
The struggle continues, everybody wants to be on  
The rat race, makes this lifestyle fast paced  
I've loved it since the days of fat shoelace  
Screwface me all you want, but I'm used to it  
I'll never give up rep in New York, I'm true to it  
From forty-deuce to Queens, back to East New Yi  
We takin no shorts, and plus we showin no pity  
Bright lights, big city and the dark alleyways  
New York, we get the money all day everyday

"From New York... straight talk..."  
"Yo.. I'm.. not.. new.. to.. this"  
"America's best" "Word up!"  
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You get bent up, sent up creek, without a paddle  
You want to battle? Well I live in New York  
So think twice blink twice now your Roley and Lincoln's gone  
Don't come into this rap game if you don't belong

You won't be on but for a minute anyway  
You're just a scavenger, you don't live this life everyday  
Rap is regional, so you can check the demographics  
Everybody represent where they live, cause shit is drastic  
Confusion, while I'm givin rappers contusions  
And people don't realize that real hip-hop is losing  
They want to shut us down, and I say, "Shut up clown!"  
Cause New York is too corrupt and too tough to lay down  
And just quit, cause MC's out here kick serious lyrics  
And I come to you, with my infinite spirit  
Not takin nothin from your hood or your set  
But GangStarr could be a threat, in New York we rep  
That's where it comes from, that's why you're feelin it  
So why suppress it, I'd rather be revealin it  
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