

# New York, New York

Grandmaster Flash

Ah New York New York big city of dreams  
And everything in New York ain't always what it seems  
You might get fooled if you come from out of town  
But I'm down by law and I know my way around, too much  
Ah too many people, too much -- a ha hah  
Too much, too many people, too much, rrrrrrrah!

A castle in the sky, one mile high  
Built to shelter the rich and greedy  
Rows of eyes, disguised as windows  
Lookin down on the poor and the needy  
Miles of people, marchin up the avenue  
Doin what they gotta do, just to get by  
I'm livin in the land of plenty and many  
But I'm damn sure poor and I don't know why  
[Bridge: Melle Mel]  
Too much, ah too many people, too much  
Too much, too many people, too much!

A man's on a ledge, says he's gonna jump  
People gather round, said, "He won't he's just a chump"  
Cause he lost his job, then he got robbed  
His mortgage is due and his marriage is through  
He says he ain't gonna pay no child support  
Because the bitch left him without a second thought  
He got nothin to eat, no shoes on his feet  
She even left his clothes, out in the street  
He keeps hearin noises when he's at home  
He always hears voices when he's all alone  
His wife took the kids, the car and the crib  
In this man's world, so much for women's lib

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Down in the Village, you might think I'm silly  
But you can't tell the women from the men sometimes  
They're sugar and spice and everything nice  
But when you get em home ain't no tellin what you find  
Right next door is a little old man  
I seen him eatin dog food out of a can  
He says, "I got to eat, when I can't afford meat  
I barely can stand, on my own two feet"  
I got a bad habit and I just can't break it  
Somethin's on my mind and I just can't shake it  
I need some time, and I want some space  
I gotta get away from the human race

Too much, ah too many people, too much... a-ha hah  
Too much, ah too many people, too much! Rrrrrrrah!

Stand at a skyscraper reachin into heaven  
When over in the ghetto I'm livin in hell  
Just play ball or be an entertainer  
Cause niggas like me can't read too well

Nobody loves me, nobody cares  
I dreamed about a life but I'm livin in a nightmare  
Paranoid schitzo, set back, snowbound  
Bad news psycho, heart attack, breakdown!

Hee, huh (16X) HUH!

If only I could sleep just ten more minutes  
I might find the strength to make another day  
If I didn't have to get up, and do my thing  
I would probably sleep my whole life away  
I messed up a nice dream, somethin bout ice cream  
Whipped cream fruits and a cherry on top  
Now I gotta get up and face the world, huh  
The pressure is on it ain't never gonna stop  
I sho' gotta learn to use my mind  
I don't wanna be kissin nobody's behind  
Just standin on line lookin like a jerk  
Gotta get off my butt and do a full day's work  
I ran into a pothole, got into a car crash  
Shoulda been thinkin and tried to fake whiplash  
A crowd gathered round, they're callin me fat  
Who you lookin at wit a face like that?

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On 42nd Street, lookin for some action  
Women standin on the corner sellin satisfaction  
One young punk just leanin on the fence  
Tryin to make a dollar out of fifteen cents  
Really is a prankster, tried to be a gangster  
Real big wheel when a gun is in his hands  
Just did a stick-up, just got picked up  
One dead punk, killed by the man

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A baby cries and a mother dies  
And the tears fall from the doctor's eyes because  
In this room, on this day  
The Good Lord has giveth, and taketh away, huh  
The gift of life really means a lot  
And in the ghetto your life is all you got  
So you take to the streets, tryin to exist  
In the trash and slime of a world like this  
What you watch, on TV  
A tells you what life is supposed to be  
But when you look outside the only thing you see  
Is the poverty stricken, reality, heh  
Abandoned places, angry faces  
Much hate and hunger throughout the races  
You say, "I'm grown and I'm on my own  
So why don't everybody just leave me alone!"  
Now you stay at home, talkin on the phone  
Doin ninety miles an hour in the fifty mile zone

They never took the time to tell you bout sex  
So you had to learn about it in the discotheques  
Nine months later, the baby is there  
And the nigga that did it said, "I don't care!"  
You don't have enough money to help feed two  
So you have to choose between the baby and you  
The sky was cryin, rain and hail  
When you put yo' baby in the garbage pail  
Then you kissed the kid and put down the lid  
And you tried to forget what you just did, huh  
The muffled screams of a dyin baby  
Was enough to drive the young mother crazy  
So she ran in the rain tryin to ease the pain  
Huh huh, and she drove herself insane

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