

## 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 Malcomn, 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, blo  
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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