

# Stay Alive In NYC

Memphis Bleek

Yea,  
Yea street life  
Gutter shit  
Soldier life nigga  
Get it right  
New York City  
Where I'm from  
Live are Die  
Marcy  
Do what you do

Check it out now  
Yo I'm here to put my thing down  
Set up shot with cocaine now  
Pick off niggas who aint down  
I'm in the game now  
Brought a couple of cats from the way down  
Who know how to slang thows  
And grimmy niggas who aim wild  
Who juss want to rep  
And wet niggas who think foul  
Ran into Jay while I'm clappin this math  
This crab show me some slab  
Now I'm tryna get back  
We played the out skerch  
Nigga smoother then my shirt  
Spit a couple of words, a pound, then he merked  
Shit he left skid marks  
I let the clip spark  
When off in the hood  
Played the bench till its dark  
I'm profounded to the drug game  
A thin line between love and hate  
Some niggas I love to hate  
I thought my connect respect me  
This nigga got bad words since some haters wet me

[Chorus 4x's]

To stay alive in New York City  
To stay alive realize that you got to be a soilder

Check it  
Yo I'ma soldier to the heart  
Through my blood line  
One way to catch a crab is always on his front time  
I keep a chicken on a bench flippin  
Grippin  
I smoke weed but this shit got a nigga slippin  
A herb seed burn me, drop the L  
Spot it through my per-if-u  
This nigga tryna murder me  
Shorty wop jumped in front of me  
Caught one  
Blaze back empty empty the roots  
Through the bitch niggas, take that  
Niggaz killed my down bitch  
Bust around bitch

I dont know who clapped  
So I dont hang around  
Shit  
Lame beat me on the ounce of raw  
Dominican nigga  
Look innocent nigga  
Fuck it I'ma finish this nigga  
Back the coop out the lot  
Cock one in the drop  
Put the burner in the dash fee dipped in black  
Got Bleek on alert  
For the cat who beat me on the stack

[Chorus 4x's]

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Yo, Yo  
Slow money, broke niggas, no weed  
One gun  
And my down bitch gone  
Got a nigga on the run  
Strip hot  
Niggas came through  
Bang shots  
Have me sleeping in my wheels  
To the real get got  
Now I play the cut  
On some nigga what shit  
Flip fo-in-dicals  
For real now who wants it  
Two blocks from the Jay's this nigga lay  
He pump trays  
Try'n to get the Memph man put away  
His next option  
Pack up get out of dodge  
When he caught I'ma let the fifth give his face a massage  
Too much dro got my eyes low  
On the creep triple black down  
Cuz I'ma cripple that clown  
Spotted him by WoodHall  
Niggas think the fe-in took off  
Like he ran track or he played football  
Hot day and everybody outside  
I'ma catch him on that block  
Where the hot wips ride  
Ride slow this nigga out burning trees  
Wit a bad bitch  
I'ma put his brain on her sleeve  
I'ts already cocked  
I move slow up the block  
Jumped out  
Made him tounge kiss the glock  
I Squeeze two  
And niggas seen this nigga drop  
Cold of the street and forever stay hot  
Motherfucker

[Chorus 4x's]

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