

Living For The City

Rakim

In the city where life is animated with colors
Contaminated with aggravated brothers, who knows where the love is?
Growing up swinging, through my upbringing
My limits is the sky from the all eye seeing
Of so-called realities filled with technicalities
I watch my steps, stay on my p's and check my casualties
Not to get played, equipped with all the tricks of the trade
I even learned from the mistakes that the next man made
I know to choose and pick the people I grow up around
I know to grow and get to know the town up and down
But there's no instructions, so many directions
A lot of crooks look to get hooked with connections
Some thought they knew all adolescence could teach
They graduated from school but fail life in the streets
Your pops taught you to strive and stay a live, no ditty
It's easy to die when you're living for the city

That's how I'm living Yeah that's how I'm living
That's how I'm living Yep that's how I'm living

I grow according to my environmental habitat
I hang where everything seem to happen at
I seen it all, and I've been doing that since I was small
Catch a flashback y'all, if I can recall
The days on the corner we watched the world go by
Or nights that wasn't right like when a good friend dies
I quest for the best for prepare for the worst
Never scared but I cared if I'm blessed or I'm cursed
Yes I fear no man but Allah
I'm Gomar Oras Dubar
Which is God so It's hard to see Ra
I do what I gotta do, with or without a clue
Run through any obstacle including you
Cause I ain't got to bust you, cause I got the muscle
A push any clown that tries to slow down my hustle
I gotta get by, but there's no time for pity
It's easy to die when you're living for the city

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I'm in a zone everywhere I seem to roam is home
A rolling stone, I hold my own just like a microphone
I stay in tune, travel in harmony and set the tone
Being young but I'm grown and well-known
Try to take me out New York but you can't take New York out of me
Cause that's the only way that I know how to be
My neighbors is jealous they label us drug sellers
We may be hood dwellers, we're just a bunch of goodfellas
Cause we run wild with a passion, my style and my fashion
Is getting, kid, I'm making cash and crashing
Parties that everybody's talking about, we turn it out
I'm just a native New Yorker with clout
I know my way around any borough and any town

I make a lot of ground and I'm hard to be found
I get down to the nitty gritty, wake up with something pretty
It gets me through another day living for the city

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