

Night The City Cried

U-God

(U-God)

Night falling, red dawn, without warning or beef
Late night city life, in the dark Manhattan fog, creep
Wit' cats and dogs become meat
All that is sacred
My body lay naked
Aching for some weeks, maybe it was a hostage taken
Some money making Jamaican
High for thuggery disgrace on did him ugly, kicked his bloody face in
Maybe he was mistaken for some great man
In a dirty place he lay in a gray basement
Shaking his scabs, crack bag, stabbed up four times, strong!
With a long rusty Jason
Dumped the smoldering corpse in a dumpster truck of garbage
In this mad man hell he laid in
Logical was hatred
Some replacement killer came through, left small traces
Engraved his chest
Left him for death
Left him on his last breath
Crawling, just to make a statement
In this matrix
Subconsciously gazing the soft shell of a man
Somehow found, amazing!
By the department of sanitation
Under city lights to the hospital
Hit him with the chest rockers, shockers
Pop him open just to keep his heart racing (clear)

Will he make it?
Will he survive?
Terror in his eyes
Night the city cries
Payback is crime
He damn near died
Banished my wounds not mine
The city cries, drama ride
Guns out the window, slide
Before me now the city cries

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Unconscious for months (beep beep)
Deep in coma shock
When you awoke, it was hope
Dry throat
Choking off tools, being fed ice cubes
Pain in you head
Change of the bed
Doped up and soaking while police on top
Doctors monitor your heart (heart beating)
Sergeant Bilko came in with some zombie ass cops
What we have here the chief embraces
In his hands he pulls out two briefcases
A picture popped up on computer
One woman, one man, sharpshooter

He asked you do you remember these two faces?
'Mind you you're blind, completely hung out to dry, victimized
Violated as if you was raped
What the hell
You escape well
Police investigated the scene
Scrape the crime scene
Down to the bone panel
While you lay frail in the enamel
Under you nails in the scuffle
You scratched some DNA samples that match
The blood on your clothes are not yours, it was his
Right before you blacked out, took that blow
In September, you can't remember
You ripped his nose ring
Right out his nose
Before he took it four times in the ribs
But somehow he lived

From the little bit of blood you grabbed
His skin type, you ran it back to forensic labs
Your finger prints popped up
This is where it begins
Your street name was Henry the Saint
Staten Island's where your crib was at
Park Hill project was your outlet
You was a target
Or organized outfit
Not by the mafia, this where it get chills
Your wife hired some hit man to kill you for your ten million dollar will
Money fund drill
Booby trapped perhaps
Left his food for the rats
Now

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One cop's weakness
Was heroic, he exposed pieces
Leaked out information
On surveillance where his wife was staying
Police tracked her down
Blood hound on the east side of town
In some skyscraper
They had video tapes of her
And some porn star fling, her and the next door neighbor
And the killer with the nose ring
But the police didn't have a case
'Cause the victim couldn't remember a thing
Not even a face
He had to clear his name
He bit off more than he could chew

His absent minded flash backs grew
And grew to hate
He had to escape
To ICU

On the second day he came through
He concocted the impossible
The psych' slipped out the cuffs
Somehow killed to armed guards (bang, bang)
Grabbed their guns
Before he fled the hospital, slivers into the night
If police hunting was right
He's seeking for justice
Off point bulletin
On a black male Jamaican
Meanwhile a dark lookable crook
Is in a alleyway for retaliation
A limo pulled across the street from a gas station
He saw his wife
And the nigga that knifed him
He wanted to mash him
He was real patient
A devilish growl sensation
And the rain grew to a foul meditation (sound of rain)
Of betrayal, murder revenge
Bitch that set you up will get hers in the end
In the hall of the lobby floor
Security on post
Got gun butted three times in the head with the old dusty toast
Now he slipped past the video cameras undetected
To the twenty-fifth floor
Apartment five-oh-four

When he rang the bell (ding dong) sweet voice said
She cracked it open, her reply I thought you was dead
In a matter of seconds and inches
The door was hanging off the hinges (crash)
Her eyes met the metal
She screamed Oh my God
Out the back room the killer with the nose ring
Smashed the nigga in the head with a porcelain vase
Shots ricochet like lightning roads
Put the bimbo in arms
The drapes caught on fire, with no alarm
They crashed out the window, but they somehow held on
Dangling from a hundred stories high
Don't doubt him
Will he make it?
Continued next album

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Golden Arm is as good as his reputation says
With his bare hands he stood all of us off
And if he had weapons

Golden Arm never uses weapons
Says he doesn't need them
He says using his bare arms is the best
And he's probably right
Nobody's beaten him yet
Just using his arms he beat us all then
We had no chance
He had us cold