

N.Y.C.

Kevin Rudolf

In the city of dreams,
You get caught up
In the schemes
And fall apart in the seam
Tonight
That boy he used to bomb,
From B.K. to the Bronx
And it's the fortunate one,
Who dies

New York, we ready!

He move from LAs to SoHo (ho)
A few blocks
For those who don't know (oh)
Down the hall
Punched a hole in the wall
Bounced out, all are in control
Certified son of a gun
Learns life lesson 101
Don't fly too high
On your own supply
Get burnt by the sun

Cause in the city of dreams
You get caught up
In the schemes
And fall apart in the seam
Tonight
That boy he is the bomb,
From B.K. to the Bronx
And it's
The fortunate one who dies

He was NY's talk of the town
Heard out to the LI sound (okay)
He started dating models
And he figured it out
He used to be a nice guy,
Then he cut that sh!t out
Qualified sex machine
No better than a vowed fiend
She wanted a ride
To the upper east side
But he dropped
Her ass off in queens

Cause in the city of dreams
You get caught up
In the schemes
And fall apart in the seam
Tonight
That boy
Would play his guitar
Like he was ready for war
(You ready, K?)
(It's your man Nas here)

And then he'd lift up
His voice to the
Sky
(Take it straight
Through New York City)

Yo, okay, my city, my town, my crown
Michael Bloomberg, forget what you heard
I'm thought of highly, shopping Louie, Gianni
Christian LaCrosse shades, what can a boss say?
City, bus, the subway, cab, the runway
Ski masks and gun play my past at a young age
The illest city on the planet
Towers came down, Wall Street barely standing
We Crook Brothers, opposite of Brook Brothers
My footsteps of Scatman Crothers
It's just generations of style
To get five luminous minutes with me
Interviews on how I flip sixty-tvos
This isn't my style,
I spit what I'm living right now
I'm out on the town, gold bars shutting it down
Bottles stacked from the floor to the ceiling
Then it's a loud fool,
Fifty-third street, right near the Hilton
I'm fighting the feeling I had
When I was lighting up buildings
Now I'm writing for millions of listeners
Critics who just don't get it
They try dissing us,
New York full of kings and queens,
All the rest just mimic us

Cause in the city of dreams
You get caught up in the schemes
And fall apart in the seam
Tonight
That boy would play his guitar
Like he was ready for war
And then he'd lift up his voice to the
Sky