

# 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

(U-God)

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