

New York

Angel Haze

Uh

I'm running, running through the jungle
Running like a slave through the underground tunnel
Told y'all niggas that I'd get these bitches
Cause I spit till my lips need 16 stitches
I am lyrical intrusion

You bitches can't see me like I'm really an illusion
I hop up on your face and do my motherfucking two-step
Till I knock the meat out like a motherfucking toothpick
Uh, I'm nasty nigga, like Nas, like Kim, like Cassie pictures
Like I'm fucking Chris Stokes or that Raz-B nigga
Or the skin on the feet of a ashy nigga

I am whatever they say I am

Bumping like the asses on them thick bitches at Stadium
Fuck them other bitches I sound better in the place of them
I killed this shit, this the motherfucking requiem
Sick bitch, chicken noodle soup face
Calls from overseas like a motherfucking crusade
Crack rock and you can hit it till your nose hurt

Rooftop Brooklyn, made this shit in Covert I run New York, I run New York I am zero past a
hundred, spitting like a dragon

That went missing from a dungeon

Y'all a bunch of niggas getting trippy off of nothing
Tie a rope around your neck and let me kick you off a bungee
I'm satan, and I'ma take your ass to church now
Running my fields and you midgets on your first down
I love it when these bitches know I'm better than them
Cause I don't hear, not a word or a letter from them
I'm a fire in the midst of a forest 'round bitches
And I rap elliptical orbits round bitches
Anaconda, I sit with an open mouth, bitches
And you bitches are lyrically

Like some fucking down syndrome, no offence
No shade 'n all, but y'all bitches on knees like babies crawl
You can catch me out in Covert, chilling like a stoop kid
Yeah I hear you, don't talk bitch, do Sick bitch, chicken noodle soup face
Calls from overseas like a motherfucking crusade

Crack rock and you can hit it till your nose hurt Rooftop Brooklyn, made this shit in Covert

I run New York, I run New York

I run New York, I run New York I'm lyrical and I'm general

Take shots, but never subliminal

Don't stop, continue on running around

But never in intervals, can't stomach the shit that I'm fin'na do
Ya'll niggas want the shit that I'm giving you
If you front, I'm gonn put and end to you
I'm like Scorpion, bitch I will finish you
Make it nasty, real, real nasty
Why you bitches running like you will get past me?
Won't happen, you bitches could get on, when I'm off it
Try to cross me now, you be going in a coffinIt's just me, myself and I
Talk tough shit and I'ma beat you till you die
Ask why? Because I'm better than you'll ever be
That's why shit make your shit seem lighter than Heavy DSick bitch, chicken noodle soup face
Calls from oversea like a motherfucking crusade
Crack rock and you hit it till your nose hurt
Rooftop Brooklyn, made this shit in Covert
I run New York, I run New York
I run New York, I run New York

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