

# 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  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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