

# RUN-DMC, 8 Million Stories

[Intro]

There are 8 million stories in the naked city

8 million stories [4x]

[Verse one Kurtis Blow]

There are 8 million stories in the naked city  
Some ice cold and told without pity  
About the mean streets and the ghetto culture  
The pimps,the pushers,the sharks and vultures  
Things that happen when it reaches dark  
And all the things you hear about Central Park  
You got to be down,you got to have strenght  
If you're gonna survive past 110th  
Well it ain't no thing when blood is spilled  
The emergency ward is capacity filled  
And nothin' ever comes as a big surprise  
And the naked city never closes its eyes  
A new story every day  
Told a thousand different ways  
That's how it is and that's how it goes  
The city with the 8 and six big O's

New York is a crazy city man.....

Yo, my home boys Run DMC

[Verse two Run DMC]

A young girl seemed to be gaining weight  
Her parents all thought it was the food she ate  
Their attitudes were all la-de-da-de  
But little did they know there's a baby in the body  
She tried to hide it,but they'll soon know  
Because sooner or later that baby's got to show  
Can her daddy just accept it as a fact  
That it wasn't the meals and it wasn't the snack  
Then there's another girl,her name is Vicki  
The girl is fine,but sho'nuff tricky  
Vicki's fine,,but then she's not very kind  
She'll lay you down and then she'll rob you blind  
You wake up in the morning and you're feelin' blue  
Because Vicki is gone and your money is too  
She's more sinister than Peter Lorre  
And this is just two of 8 million stories

8 million stories [12x]

[Verse three Kurtis Blow]

Fresh kid and the stories complete  
Born on a dim lit ghetto street  
Father unknown,mother astray  
He learned about life the real hard way  
Wearin' pretty things for all the ladies to see  
Funky fresh diamonds and gold jewelry  
Spent all his time just counting his bank  
Because he's a fly muh-ha-ha,now fill in the blank  
Because he's a fresh kid and his money's long  
Been the subject of a ghetto song  
Poor kids admire,ladies desire  
They say water can't put out this fire  
Because he's a fresh kid,yeah he's alright  
Grew up with the pushers and the pimps of the night  
And you could measure or even treasure  
The thought that cocaine became his pleasure

Puruvian rock never cut with speed  
And he gets skied untill his nose would bleed  
And that was just one weakness,must admit  
That when he took a hit he could never quit  
Because he's one slick pusher livin' day by day  
When the crazy thing happened along the way  
You know he started to base at a hell a pace  
And now it's a disgrace,he's got the pipe in his face  
For twenty-four seven a terrible Jones  
Didn't take care of business,didn't answer the phone  
He stayed home alone all in the twilight zone  
Just bittin' on a pipe like a dog on a bone  
Turnin' blue in the face,by holdin' his breath  
With the white cloud bullshit stuck in his chest  
But then he tried to stop,but it never worked  
And then the ladies started calling him a freebase jerk  
Just to break it all down,you know he's not very slick  
Because he spent all his money and he spent it real quick  
He lost his car,his house,his friends and his wife  
And basing cocaine made him lose his wife  
Because he bought some on credit and couldn't pay  
And then the pusher looked for him and blew him away  
In a blaze of glory in his own territory  
8 million stories sad but all real stories

8 million stories [12x]