

Blackstreet, The City Is Mine

Chorus:

Blackstreet

You belong to the city
You belong to the night
In the middle of darkness
He's a man of the night

What the deal playboy just rest your soul
I be holding it down yo still love the dough
Got these ladies on the cock now you know how we go
Got the whole world unlocked now you know how we flow
Don't worry about brooklyn I continue to flame
The whole world with amnesia you won't forget your name
You held it down long enough
Let me take those reigns
And just like the spirit of commision remains
Niggas cross the t's and dots the i's
Now that I got too popular to cop them pies
I'm taking this rap shit serious ****
Jay shits like cake mix watch me rise
Bay 6 in the basement waste it
Asking my dogs for a advice when he can't say shit
My hatred is for you just give me a sign
And I let the world know that the city is mine

Chorus

Y'all want to know how I flow just seeking you fine
I'm like a brain in a voicebox I speak my mind
About to redefine rap mommy, either i'm
The illest nigga doing it or these niggas is losing it
I read an article that said I was growing and shit
But every time I look, I'm moving units and quick
So I'm going to hit y'all with these last two and split
I leave niggas with nothing but my influences
**** I ain't mad yeah bite my shit

So half of what I sell because it's not quite my shit
I'm the type to buy a rodey and just ice my shit
On the spot what coming back twice the shit
I realize that a floss game still intact
A horse game you lame dudes can't feel that
Like the first dude'll cop the 850 and 89
And drove it up to 55th, the city is mine

Chorus

I snatch your girl 'cause your arm ain't strong enough
'cause y'all don't stay in the studio long enough
I make hits while y'all stay hating and take bricks
Had it locked 'til I came in the club
Take 6 had your chick 'cause you swore she was innocent
Got her a chinese manicure head down by dominicans
All for what
So I could be in a dark corner
All in the butt at the bar alchoholing her up
I represent the lifestyle of those who third screen
Buck 50 in *** 13
Jay-z, roc-a-fella, yo know the name
I ain't a player, get it right I'm controlling the game
From now until they blow holes in my frame
I'm going to stand firm, holding my aim, feel that?
I'm the focal point like biggie in his prime

On the low though - shhhhh!
The city is mine

Chorus (2x)

You belong
You belong
In the middle of darkness
He's a man of the night