Kurtis Blow, 8 Million Stories

(feat. Run-D.M.C.)

[intro]
There are 8 million stories in the naked city

8 million stories [x4]

[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 guetto 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 [x12]

[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 [x12]