

New York

AZ

Yeah... "the city"
This is serious, here "number one"
New York! It's beyond the 5 boroughs "keep it real" "I get ill"
"Number one" This will rock! "the city" "I gotta get in"

This is that, Riker's Island, not slipping rap flows
For them box bitten bing monsters, sniffin' that blow
Block covers know the style, triple that dough
Forty cal. for them cock suckers, sittin' back slow
What y'all know about coke pies, give 'em that low
I mouth them before the bowtie resemble cash flow
Rap NY, no lie, my side is back Ghost, so hot
Crooked cops are searching your asshole, it's the drop
That freeze niggaz right where they stand for the gwap
Niggaz'll play Pac and pop with they man, it don't stop
We up top, but we locked and landing
He roadblock, he flow shots, get Ghost and scram
Gingerbread niggaz on the run from feds
Shit is sick, pretty chicks'll put a gun to ya head
Never a vic', either think quick or end up dead
Cuz when we flip, what's left to be said? New York
New York, New York, New York

"New York, New York"
"Number One"
"New York, New York"
"Keep it real" "I get ill"
"New York, New York"
"Number one"
"New York, New York"
"The city" "I gotta get in"

You know the town stupid, this is all authentic ground
You can get poked, grabbed and choked, then shot up, for product
Bank holders stay in the lab, too many dumb niggaz is scheming
You can get murked up in the cab
Shout out to niggaz that be jerking tags, rollin' in Jags
Good boy leathers, hood boys'll blast you
Niggaz that carry ones and hit grass
And love hip hop, the shit that bring money outta ziplocs
Protect your dome, I'm warning you, what harm I do to the kid
I have you on the floor with ya armor loose
Break the raw down and sign truces
Then switch the next muthafuckin' date, fuck all excuses
When you see me it's real, I'm just a natural born hustler
The castle where they wrap you in plastic, duke
So every soldier that's armed, remind your general
It's critical, you might stay a night, if you pretendable

Yo, we was raised in the dead arm district
Before guns was called biscuits, Stapleton was on that hood shit
Live from the New York borough, keeping it thorough
Bunch of snakes in the grass, stay creepin' like squirrels
Cuz a snitch gon' crack that nut, don't give a fuck
Did ten hours long and try to wrap us up
He dry snitching, post up in the whip with a fly wisdom
Hopped out to get a dutch, but he left with his wig splitten

We from New York, my city never sleeps (No)
We runnin' with a hundred heats
When beef pop off, we ain't the one to speak
Dressed in all black, driving six feet hurses
With sixteen niggaz, dropping sixteen verses
Big faces, bolgin' outta big green purses
Stuck ya man for his vegi's and his lame ass circus
So I dare niggaz act up, y'all niggaz act up
Now like cars in reverse, y'all better back up