

## 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