

Welcome to New York City

Cam'ron

Turn the motherfucking music up
Just Blaze, man. You owe me nigga
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
Welcome to the Empire State.
Home of the World Trade.
Birthplace of Michael Jordan.
Home of Biggie Smalls.
Roc-A-Fella headquarters.
Ladies and gentlemen, Killa Cam, Young Hov is definitely in the building
Brooklyn, Harlem World
(Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City)
Stand the fuck up!

I'm a B.K. brawler
Marcy projects hallway loiterer
Pure coke copper, get your order up
I bring 'em to Baltimore in the Ford Explorer
It's gonna cost you more if I gotta get 'em to Florida
Rucker game attender
With the Bent parked on the sidewalk with the temp plates on the fender
I ain't hard to find you catch me fronting center
At the Knick game, big chain and all my splendor
Next to Spike and the pen left to write
I own Madison Square, catch me at the fight
But damn once again if you pan left at the ice
If you the man that write checks with the hand that don't write
I go off the head when I'm rambling on the mic
And I go off the feds when I'm scrambling at night
And if it's off the set I brought hammers to the fight
But we from New York City, right Cam?
(Yeah, damn right)

It's the home of 9-11, the place of the lost towers
We still banging, we never lost power, tell 'em
Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City
You all fucking with BK's banger and Harlem's own gangster
Now that's danger there's nothing left to shape up
Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City

Yo, there's a war going on outside, no man is safe from
It don't matter if you three feet or eight-one
You'll get eight from me, nine and straight blown
Wig split, melon cracked, all that on day one
Carry eight guns, two in the trunk
Two in the waist, two in the ankle, two to just spank you
You can jam with them jammers, blam with them blammers
It's hot here, ask Mase he ran to Atlanta
You think we know what life do, make wanna mold the cycle
Drinkers they so delightful, blinging with so much ice
In front of sparks, body of Castellano
Block away watched by Gotti and Gravano
It's la Cosa Nostra, someone close approach you
They'll toast your gopher, bread loaf with shofer
Old coke they raise up and snort, blayze up your fort
Jay puff shine, cases was caught
Midnight pick fights, they love a victim
Watch him fore he watch you, Killa

I'm from 101, west to Hunt 40th, this shit is live
Fifth-floor, 56, you know the zip, district five
You're on 22nd, you from two-one
That's on Lennox, 7th ave was news one

Coverage I synethistry
Got rise from defending me
'cause New York'll miss me if I'm locked in the penitentiary
The judge said "Is this that thug, from the kit kat club?"
But I got enough chips stacked up to make a bitch to pack up

Killa, I pinch that button, I grip that snub to hit that thug
Lay up in a pitch black tug,
You looking at rich black thugs to get that love
And we won't stop till I get back blood
Holla at 'em Hov

I'm from Flushing, Marcy, Nostrand, Myrtle and Park
Niggas'll drive by in the day, murder you in the dark
That's why the Johnny gun I'm holding
Wet niggas up like the johnny-pump is open
Homie, I play hard

You all niggas man, you all can't fuck around man
It's the ROC bitch, Killa, my nigga Jigga, Sigel, Beans
Diplomats man, holla, Dash
Get the fuck off our dicks
I own this shit right now man, I ain't going nowhere

Welcome to New York City!