

New York Salute

M.O.P.

Primetime (New York, New York)
That's the place where the soldiers die (New York, New York)
That's the ghetto nigga's feelings (New York, New York)
That's the niggas that multiply (New York, New York)

Yo, where you from, nigga? (New York)
When you come through here (Fool, take your jewels off)
Cause these niggas is known for (Bumpin fools off)
And they takin over (If your crew's off)
You got thugs with machines, assault teams
Regulating things from Brownsville to Fort Green
Up in the Bronx where the people are fresh
People are blessed, with slugs that'll eat through your vest
Boriquas for heaters (Down to bust)
And them New Jers' niggas is down with us
I know you heard about that cop, trying to stop a felon
Got trapped, caught a slug in his cerebellum
We welcome, visitors with open arms, and firearms
And sick terrorists with bombs
And, when you slide through on the VI, son
Pack your bags and don't forget your nine and have a good time

Get your Mac, get your gat, head for 95
Stop, pick up your dogs, tell em, "Let's ride"
Throw in some du-op shit, lean in your car
Knowing you'll hear some new O.C. or Gang Starr
It ain't to far once you into VA
Fuck with your high-beams and see who's going your way
Keep your ??, so the man won't trap you
Now leadin the convoy to the Big Apple!
Tell your homies, "Fuck that thing" dip in the left lane
Make your Honda Accord perform like a plane
You in Delaware, you almost hear
The New Jersey Turnpike, is right there (right there)
Haul-ass, make your backwheels spin
Get in the wind, your under a hundered miles in
When you reach the Lincoln Tunnel, black, hit me on my box
We on the other side of that bitch with Cognac and glocks

Home, sweet home, nigga. Home team, nigga. Home team. Your home
nigga, your home, nigga. Come on back. Come on back. Mash Out P
osse.

Firing Squad. ?9, baby, ?9. Hiphop. Lock it down. One time for
your mind. Salute, salute. First Family.