On My New York Shit

Cuban Link

(Hook)
(NEW YORK!)
New York, New York, big city of dreams
Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?
Making moneyâ€ inâ€ Manhattan and weâ€ spend it in Queens
Everybody's thorough butâ€ Brooklyn's the borough
I'm brown, from The Boogie Down
From the Islandâ•Ÿofâ•ŸStatenâ•Ÿback to theâ•Ÿheights uptown
Uptown baby,â•ŸBoogie Down baby
Y.O., Long Island, check the sound baby

(Chorus)
(NEW YORK, NEW YORK)
Yeah, I'm on that New York shit
Empire State of Mind got me New York lit (New York lit)
Karats on the Cuban got the 2-4 drip (2-4 drip)
Ain't nothing in the world like a New York chick

(NEW YORK, NEW YORK)
Yeah, I'm on that New York shit
See us pull up to the club in them 2 door whips (2 door whips)
Yeah, we about to run it on some full court shit (full court shit)
Have the team (BALLIN') like the New York Knicks

(Verse One)
(Now you can tell by my walk that I'm) I'm so New York with it
Hoodie with the Tims and my New York fitted
Taught to go and get it by the New York spirit
You could lose or win it all in a New York minute
Talk it like I walk it, spit it how I live it
Even in my losses I take it how I give it
It costs to be the boss, so I bought off my percentage
Started off in The Bronx so in New York I'mma finish
Call up all the critics, let 'em hear and see the latest
Cuban got The Apple back, shiny, full of flavors
Saluted by the bravest, rooted by them natives
The way I'm moving got 'em saying "Cuban, you the greatest"
Forty Deuce got me lit up like Vegas

Call me Cu-Pac the way I'm spittin' at these haters
Shorty asked to hook her up, I like doing favors
But if I don't feel the vibe, I'm slidin' in my gators

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(Verse Two)
(I'm on fire) I make it sizzle, get it hella hot
That's why I'm in the middle of the melting pot
A hood dweller with that Goodfella cheddar plot
This money getter got a nose that could smell a cop
(I could smell it!) From the top of the Empire State
Grab the torch of Liberty and make New York my fire place
Let the fire blaze burn the entire stage
Smoke it up, you should've never opened up the lions gate
Violators get the treatment for beefin'
Leave 'em in the New York strip, with a New York strip
Well done like a New York strip
Tell them they're welcome to take a New York trip
Or we can skip all the violence, start none, won't be none
I'd rather have fun instead of wildin'
Taking pics smilin', see that money pilin' in silence
Chillin' in a villa on an Island

(Hook)
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Uptown baby, Boogie Down baby

Y.O., Long Island, check the sound baby

Ayyo Queens!

Go Brooklyn!

Uptown! Uptown!

Staten Island! Boogie Down!

Y.O.!

Strong Island! Strong Island!

Yeah!

It's that New York thing

(Chorus)
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Lyrics Submitted by G-TEE The Royal Master

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