

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•Źofâ•ŹStatenâ•Źback to theâ•Źheights uptown

Uptown baby,â•ŹBoogie 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

(Chorus)

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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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