

# Dirty New Yorker

## Prodigy

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah

Uh, uh, uh

Yeah...

Baby mama let's roll, here we go, Cheerio, cereal

Killa with the flow and the blow and the dro'

And the gun go ring, hit 'em all in a row

AK-47, .40-glock, .44, let 'em know from the door

How it go, it's not a joke, there's gon' be a homicide

I'ma ride, I'ma rep me a nigga up in the box

and send 'em to his folks, his bloods, his kin

The drama it don't end, bust a gun

Bust a nigga's face open with the hand

Tell 'em go tell a friend, tell a cop, tell the FEDS

I don't give a mothafuck, you niggas in the Ps

I'ma let the world see you, you're a bitch, you're a snitch

I'ma Mobb Deep gangsta, Infamous soldier

If you got a cold heart then my shit just froze over

Range Rover, Chevy Suburban, the bullet proof trim

The windows on the crib, bullet proof them

() Prodigy X2

You're fucking with a Dirty New Yorker

Quens in this bitch fall back or get roped up

You're fucking with a Dirty New Yorker

Quens mothafucka, move and get smoked upAy' baby mama let's slide on the floor

I'ma pro with the flow

I can go on forever tell me when to stop yo

My first album Head Nigga in Charge it went gold

With my next shit I'm just trying to seel a lil mo'

I won't be mad if it's less, I'm still filthy rich

We going on a permanent tour and never coming back

I'ma vet not a pet, you gon' see when I flip

Niggas trip fall on their face and bust their own shit

Come for me you gon' run up to a wall of cement

Certain niggas not to be touched and I'm one of 'em

Pop to bub me, crack open the Goose and the Gin

You gon' get real fucked up in memory of them

I'ma cop some more ice, houses and whips

Why they mad? 'Cause they can't spend money like this

180 on the wrist, 190 on the six-speed

Porsche with the turbo and shatter proof tenth() Prodigy X2  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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