

Nymp

Jay-z

Yeah, N.Y.M.P. the realest, uhh
This is educated thug music, niggazLife's a battle, mean streets eat you alive
Blocks'll have you, tryin' to maintain your course
Through the potholes and gravel
Hot holes and what have you, tryin' to clock dough
Foes tryin' to pop shots through you by code
Pigs tryin' to grab you and lock up your soul
Through the Hot Apple, night time shots crackle
Bucka, bucka, bucka, fiends tryin' to gaffle youNot only cokeheads, but the feds in the Mercury Topaz
After you, up the avenue
Tryin' to give you big numbers, you got math to do
Tryin' to make you miss summer, shit, that ain't cool
I caught smaller cases tryin' to get cap or two
Up against the wall, tryin' to pass through
Ghost-like, hear the cries from the tortured souls
Most nights, I hold my toast tight and it goes likeN.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz
N.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz
Uhh, uh huh uh uhh
N.Y.M.P, the realest
Marcy, BrooklynYo, I come through, gettin' money, sittin' on twenties
Niggaz throwin' me shade, but ain't shit sunny
Hot shells only thing niggaz could get from me
Cocktails thrown in your living room, ka-boom
I'm so confrontational
They should've never let me go on probation yo
I'm a hustler, accept that
No correctional facilities can correct thatI took a step back, I viewed myself, seen where my head was at
It's where that dough is homey, gotta get that
Gotta get away, some try but head back
Uhh, street smart niggaz got left back
Some died, they left stacks
Me, I ball right and on top of that I'm dog nice
Jigga been cold as fuck before ice
Not before Christ, but a long fuckin' time
Get your mind right niggazN.Y.M.P, the realest
Uh huh uh uhh
N.Y.M.P, the realest niggaz
Uhh uh huh, uh uhh
N.Y.M.P, the realest niggaz

Marcy, feel me I looked Death in the face years back
I held tears back, I gathered myself and stared back
I'm from where you don't crack, the weak don't live
You gotta bounce back homey, the streets don't give
I take and rape villages, who gon' stop me?
Not Rudy Giuliani, not Hillary Rodham
Still I, still pop him
Shit, I grassy knoll and hilltop him, it's all political now I think big when, I spit at you now
Between my dog and the figures, the four gonna get'cha
Between life and death, they killed my spirit
So what little life I got left, y'all can expect me to ball
I pat myself, teacher said I was a lost cause
'Cause I used to roam them halls
Still I spit knowledge, dropped out of high school, skipped college
Who would've thought I'd make it big, like Ms. Wallace? Uhh, yeah,
N.Y.M.P, the realest niggaz
Brooklyn, what?
N.Y.M.P, the realest niggaz
Uhh, uh huh uh uhh
N.Y.M.P, the realest niggaz
Marcy, New York, Brooklyn
N.Y.M.P, the realest, feel me Educated, thug music niggaz
This is Brooklyn, this is gangsta, this is project
Real shit, N.Y.M.P, the realest niggaz
Marcy, Brooklyn, stompin' grounds
Fuck with me

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