

Welcome To New York City (ft. Jay-Z)

Cam'ron

Turn the motherfucking music up
Just Blaze, man. You owe me nigga
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Welcome to the Empire State.
Home of the World Trade. Birthplace of Michael Jordan.
Home of Biggie Smalls. Roc-A-Fella headquarters.
Ladies and gentlemen, Killa Cam, Young Hov is definitely in the building
Brooklyn, Harlem World
(Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City)
Stand the fuck up!

(Jay-Z)

I'm a B.K. brawler
Marcy projects hallway loiterer
Pure coke copper, get your order up
I bring em to Baltimore in the Ford Explorer
But it's gonna cost you more if I gotta get em to Florida
Rucker game attender; with the bent parked
on the sidewalk with temp plates on the fender
I ain't hard to find you catch me front and center
At the Knick game, big chain and all my splendor
Next to Spike if you pan left to right
I own Madison Square, catch me at the fight
With Cam, once again if you pan left the device
It be the man that write checks with the hand that don't write
I go off the head when I'm rambling on the mic
And I go off the feds when I'm srambling at night
And it was, off the set I brought hammers to the fight
But we from New York City, right Cam? (Cam: Ya damn right)

(Juelz Santana)

It's the home of 9-11, the place of the lost towers
We still banging, we never lost power, tell em
Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City
Y'all fuckin with BK's banger and Harlem's own gangster
Now that's danger, there's nothing left to say but
Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City (Cam'Ron)

Yo.

Theres a war going on outside no man is safe from
It don't matter if you three feet or eight-one
You'll get eight from the nine-m, straight "blum"!
Wig split, melon cracked, all that on day one

Carry eight guns, two in the trunk
Two on the waist, two in the ankle, two to just spank you
You get jammed with them jammers, blam with them blammers
Hot here, ask Mase he ran to Atlanta
You think we know what life do, Mink on the motor-cycle
Trinkets they so delightful, blinging is so much ice boo
In front of sparks, body Castellano
Block away watched by Gotti and Gravano
It's "La Costa Nostra", someone close approach ya
They'll toast ya gopher, bread loaf your chauffeur
Old coke they raise up and snort, blaze up ya fort
Jay, Puff, Shyne, cases was caught
Midnight pit fights, they love a victim
Watch him fore he watch you, Killa()(Cam'Ron)
I'm from 101, west a Hun' fortieth, this shit is live
Fifth-floor, fifty-six, you know the zip, district five
You're on 22nd, yet you from two-one
Thats on Lennox, 7th ave was news one(Jay-Z)
Courage I synastry
Got (lawyer name?) defending me
Cause New York'll miss me if I'm locked in the penitentiary
The judge said "Is this that thug, from the kit kat club?"
But I got enough chips stacked up to make a bitch to back up(Cam'Ron)
Killa, I pinch that bud, I grip that snub to hit that thug
Lay up in a pitch black tub,
You lookin at rich black thugs that get that love
And it won't stop til I get back Blood
Holla at em Hov(Jay-Z)
I'm from Flushing, Marcy, Nostrand, Myrtle and Park
Niggas'll drive by in the day, murder you in the dark
Thats why the Johnny gun I'm holding
Wet niggas up like the johnny-pump is open
Homie, I play hard()(Cam'Ron) Yall niggas man, ya'll can't fuck around man
It's the ROC bitch, Killa! My nigga Jigga. Sigel! Beans!
Diplomats man, Hoffa! Dash!
Get the fuck off our dick - no homo
Pause, this is all i wanted to say for 2 minutes man
I own this shit right now man, I ain't going nowhere
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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