

# NY NY (feat. Tony Yayo)

## Lloyd Banks

Don't talk tough talker unless you walk the walk  
We grimy, we dirty in New York, New York  
Blood spill around here and don't care about court  
You take a pack and bring it back, don't come up short 'Cause any day can be your day, so don't play  
Yay got the yay, Fame got the \*\*, okay  
You scared, get the f\*\*\* out the way  
And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play Nah, I can't play sacs or pull a rabbit out a hat  
But I can c\*\*\* back and blow your blather out your back  
Take that, I'll show you n\*\*\*\*\*z how to rap  
I'm c\*\*\*\*, that's snowy white p\*\*\*\*\* on the track I told 50 I was going to take it to the top  
Get close and get pop like hot bacon out the pot  
And my goons are loony and strip you naked on the spot  
Ain't nobody scared in south, Jamaica but the cops And speaking 'bout cops, you n\*\*\*\*\*z better stop quelling  
And if I get knocked, I'll make bread on your head by the million  
Crawl up the ladder tattle tattle be in the building Don't talk tough talker unless you walk the walk  
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You take a pack and bring it back, don't come up short 'Cause any day can be your day, so don't play  
Yay got the yay, Fame got the \*\*, okay  
You scared, get the f\*\*\* out the way  
And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play I roll up 'cause it's a hold up, ain't nothing funny  
Stop smiling, it be the reason the crowd piling  
Don't complain and die over a chain  
Bang, bang, gang green neighborhood game You know me I'm slipper as them baggy sweets  
I throw a b\*\*\*\*\* out the crib like Jazzy Jeff  
All the hate is sidelining and they mad he next  
'Cause I got the bunny's with them fatties, yes My ride thumping, talking s\*\*\*, stunting  
It will be repeated thumping if my finger push the button  
Just for bluffing, hit for nothing  
You can bust him, it don't matter the vehicle's custom Don't talk tough talker unless you walk the walk  
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You scared, get the f\*\*\* out the way  
And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play I'm from New York, New York n\*\*\*\*\*z die for the cheese  
I air your house out like a can of Fabreeze, at ease  
Ease up soldier, I pull up in the rover  
Click clack, ya whole life over Baking soda and your work they go' buy it, nope

'Cause them fiends getting tired of that dieing coke  
I'm back baby, mad hype like a c\*\*\*\* baby  
Ask Slim Shady, my g\*\* game crazy Don't talk tough talker unless you walk the walk  
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