

# New York Shit (Feat. Swizz Beatz)

## Busta Rhymes

DJ Scratch, you sick for this one  
Woo, come on, New York we back, SwizzyIf you from New York, stand up, right now  
If you from New York, stand up, right nowGet it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it up  
Get it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it up  
Get it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it up  
Get it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it upYeah, yeah, I'm on my New York shit  
Hat to the back on my New York shit  
Yeah, I'm on my New York shit  
Tims with the shorts on my New York shitI'm on my New York shit  
Ridin' on the train on my New York shit  
Burner in the club on my New York shit  
Razor in my mouth on my New York shitYeah, I'm on my New York shit  
Got the world followin' the New York script  
Hustle with Tims and hoodies on my New York flip  
Rubber band stack money with my New York clickYeah, I'm on my New York shit  
I rep the Giants, the Jets, New York Knicks  
Tailor-made clothin' with my New York stitch  
My chick bangin', don't you see my New York bitchYeah, I'm on my New York shit  
You niggaz know we deserve the props we get  
Ridin' up in the range, I'm in my New York whip  
International chicks on my New York dickYeah, I'm on my New York shit  
See how I kill it with my New York spit  
Thanks to the boroughs, now, I'm New York rich  
The way I flood I'm thorough with my New York hitsIf you from New York, stand up, right now  
If you from New York, stand up, right nowGet it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it up  
Get it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it up  
Get it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it up  
Get it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it upYeah, yeah, I'm on my New York shit  
Kid Capri on my New York shit  
DJ Red Alert on my New York shit  
Funkmaster Flex on my New York shitWoo, I'm on my New York shit  
B.I.G. on my New York shit  
Big Pun on my New York shit  
Jam Master Jay on my New York shitBVD's and du-rags, nigga  
Stand on the corners, God build on five percent lessons  
Got a nickel crack, hand on hand, niggaz  
On a hustle rebellin', while the D's calculatin' who sellin'Sell drugs right in front of the deli  
Pancho know what we doin'  
And while we bubblin' our corner be brewin'

Introduce you to the new walk nigga and the new talk nigga  
That's how we do when we in New York, niggaz Yeah, yeah, I'm on my New York shit  
Every hood love me for my New York skill  
I got a lot of money on that New York strip  
Gully rock a scully with a New York fit Yeah, I'm on my New York shit  
Run up in The Tunnel, catch a New York vick  
O.D.B. reppin' New York sick  
Shit, you want the truth, take a New York trip If you from New York, stand up, right now  
If you from New York, stand up, right now Get it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it up  
Get it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it up  
Get it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it up  
Get it up, get it up, get it, get it, get it up

Songwriters

Kasseem Dean; George L Spivey; Douglas Lucas; Francois Edouard G Weyer; Trevor Smith Published by  
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