

New York Shit (Dirty)

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 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

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