New York

Dj Khaled

I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from New York
I got a semi automatic that spits next time if you talk
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from New York
I got a semi automatic that spits next time if you talk
And I know
Y'all niggaz is pussy, poonani, vagina
Your monologue's getting tired, now it's time to ride
You're print distrified, you're no longer desired
So take off them silly chains, put back on your wire
I'm on fire, holly dipped in octane
Let each coast bang, let west coast bang
And Rule gonna bring the ghetto gospel
To every hood possible, pushin' through in the sky blue
Back with the Gods you now, preferably the 4 pound
Slugs flyin' at the speed of sound
Tryin' to catch the ears of niggaz that's runnin' their mouths
I might get my Brooklyn niggaz to run in your house
I don't really understand what the runnin's about
But we're hunters, we take pride in airin' our prey out
Leavin' 'em layed out, dead, in just a sport
'Cause we ain't playin' up here in New York
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from New York
And you can tell the way the homie spit, that nigga, I'm from New York
I got a hundred ways to make a grip, yes, I'm from New York
And you can tell I get real ignorant, 'cause nigga, I'm from New York
And this is how we do
Nigga, I can see the coke in your nose
This ain't a movie, even he got his head blown on the globe
And I was just about to find God
But now that maze is back, I think I'd much rather find a menage
And everybody talkin' crazy how they're AK spit
But we know this investigatin', and they ain't spray shit
Not me, I'm the truth homie, got the industry shook like
"Naw nigga, Joe gonna let 'em loose on me"
True Story, I'm bringin' the T back
Even Roy Jones was forced to lean back
My nigga Dre said grind cook
Now we killin' them Howard niggaz
Who said I must of found Pun's rhyme book?

Got bitches on top of the Phantom
And the Pinky got bling, like the ring around Saturn
Cook coke, crack, niggaz fiend for that
And you already know the X is where the team be at
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from New York
Ruff Ryde, and D block and shit, nigga fuck what you thought
And you can't take shit for granted, because life is too short
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from New York
And this is how we do
I swear it couldn't be sweeter, life's a bitch
Depending on how you treat her, you might get rich
It's guaranteed you gonna die, you might get missed
For maybe 2 or 3 hours, till they light their spliffs
And that coke will get you a long time
But when I let 'em know the dope is out, it's like America Online
Wise has awoken, and you know they say that
"You deserved it whenever you die with your eyes open"
I still hold a title, because I'm in the hood like them little motorcycles
Stick up kids, hoppin' out with them old rifles
Just doin' shit for nothin, it's so spiteful
Ha I'm just like you
Word that niggaz wanna murk you is in the air
A double shot of yak and the purple is in the air
And I'm not cocky, I'm confident
So when you tell me I'm the best it's a compliment
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from New York
And you can tell the way the homie spit, 'cause nigga I'm from New York!
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from New York
I got a semi automatic that spits next time if you talk
And this is how we do!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/