I Run New York

50 Cent

[chorus - 50 Cent]
The walls have ears lil' nigga, I run New York,
Even when I ain't there lil' nigga, I run New York,
I said the walls have ears lil' nigga, I hear when you talk,
Let's get this shit clear lil' nigga, I run New York[verse 1 - 50 Cent]
I wake up, stare at the ceilin',
I'm alive, what a beautiful feelin',
I put my vest on right after I put on my drawers,
It's a habit I'm always prepared for war,
See my life's like some shit, you seen in a flick,
Bitches act like pornstars when they sit on a dick,
When I was hit and out the game I said "one more flick",
Test my aim in the range I'm like "one more clip",
It's my brain, I'm insane, I be on some shit,
Man I run Interscope, Jada's tryna annoy me,
Nuthin' but another disgruntled employee,
He been in the game ten years and he still ain't rich,
Even his mama upset that he still ain't shit,
And he keep runnin his yap, like I'ma take all that,
One more word out his mouth I'll push Style's shit back,
See the nozzle on my tre pound is three inches long,
And the trigger on the fo' fo's extremly strong,
With a little tre douche is like pop, pop,
Chase his ass up the block til his bitch ass drop,
And the verses he be kickin' none of 'em hot,
Cos he ain't got none of that shit he says he got,
And he ain't did none of that shit he said he did,
And I ain't got time to be talkin 'bout this shit, (fuckin' faggot)[chorus - 50 Cent]
I guess it's easy to see lil' nigga, I run New York,
Yeah I live in CC lil' nigga, but I run New York,
And I don't go to parties lil' nigga, but I run New York,
And I stay gettin Cs lil' nigga, cos I run New York
(Yayo, tell 'em I run New York)[verse 2 - Tony Yayo]
My gun is longer than yours, nigga, call your recouster,
da Locks made more money than them thin tiny suits,
The game about da south, drugs and rappin,
Jada fuckin punchlines, my serp went platinum,
Style's and sheek louch went double plastic,
Yayo, Buck and Banks was puttin out classics,

A hundred shots, a hundred clips, y'all ready to die,
Fat Joe ain't a gangsta, he afraid to fly,
Automatic mossberg, who want a piece of this punk,
I had Ja Rule buryed and some high heel punk,
Feds stuck in a bullet-proof, man fuck that,
Homie, shoot up my whip, you only leave a scratch,
Yo, I slip cocaine, in your hotel lobby,
And beat you wit my pistol like Kane did Charlie,
It's T.O.N.Y.Y.A.Y.O.,
My whole clique got doe, my Os on the fly hole,
C4s, we fly on linz,
And my rocks lookin like, Flex likes yo' benz,[chorus - 50 Cent]
When I'm down in DC lil' nigga, I tell 'em, I run New York,
When I'm out in Philly lil' homie, I run New York,
When I'm in VA I tell niggaz guess what, I run New York,
I'm in NC niggaz holla at the moon, cos I run New York,
(Yayo tell 'em I run New York)[50 Cent talking]
Now who the fuck told that lil' nigga he can talk to me like that? Catch my bottle up and roll him somewhere, [laughing] D.Y. wanna talk to me, wanna tell
me what's goin on. Want me to serve him somethin' for real, cos I'll serve, murder [laughing] eh, eh get Puffy on the phone, tell him I said, tell the
nigga I said get out the mil for a second let me talk to him. Puffy da only nigga a muthafucka pops, tell him I won't buy the nigga Jadakiss pokes. Nigga
still ain't a coupe. Ah, nigga, you in da way. You owe money nigga, aw man, now why you make me put yo' business in da street. Now niggaz know you ain't
shit, damn! I see yo' punk ass in da paper, cos you ain't returnin them jewels you borrowed, you better give 'em back, you dirty nigga. Ain't none of that
shit you be wearin yours. [laughing] We coulda kept this secret, nigga. These niggaz I'm supposed to beef wit. Aw man, this fight is fixed, you been set
up, [laughing] that's what he gonna say, "they set me up, man." I ain't even go through that

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