

New York (feat. Fat Joe, Ja Rule & Jadakiss)

DJ Khaled

[Chorus: Ja Rule]

I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from New York (New York)
I got a semi-automatic that spits next time if you talk (you talk)
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, nigga I'm from New York (New York)
I got a semi-automatic that spits next time if you talk (you talk)

(And I know)[Verse 1: Ja Rule]

Why'all niggas 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 east 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 niggas that's runnin' their mouths
I might get my Brooklyn niggas 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 laid out, dead, in just a sport

Cause we ain't playin' up here in New York[Chorus][Verse 2: Fat Joe]

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 Ma\$e 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 niggas, 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, niggas fiend for that
And you already know the x is where the team be at[Chorus][Verse 3: Jadakiss]
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, 'til 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 niggas want to 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[Chorus]

Songwriters

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