

Vixen

"NYMP"

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[Jay-Z]

Geyeah, NYMP the realest, uhh
This is educated thug MU-SIC, niggaz

Life's a battle, mean streets eat you alive
Blocks'll have you, tryin to maintain your course
through the potholes and gravel
Hot holes and what-have-you, tryin to clock dough
Foes tryin to pop shots through you by code
Pigs tryin to grab you and lock up your soul
Through the Hot Apple, nighttime shots crackle
(bucka bucka bucka) Fiends tryin to gaffle you
Not only cokeheads but the Feds in the Mercuray Topaz
after you, up the avenue
Tryin to give you big numbers, you got math to do
Tryin to make you miss summer, shit, that ain't cool
I caught smaller cases tryin to get cap or two
Up against the wall, tryin to pass through
Ghost-like, hear the cries from the tortured souls
Most nights, I hold my toast tight, and it goes like

Chorus: Jay-Z

N.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz
N.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz
Uhh, uh-huh-uh-UHH, N.Y.M.P. the realest
Marcy.. Brooklyn..

[Jay-Z]

Yo; I come through, gettin money, sittin on twenties
Niggaz throwin me shade, but ain't shit sunny
Hot shells only thing niggaz could get from me
Cocktails thrown in your living room, KA-BOOM
I'm so confrontational;
they shoulda never let me go on probation yo
I'm a hustler; except that..
no correctional facilities can correct that
I took a step back, I viewed myself, seen where my
head was at
It's where that dough is homey, gotta get that
Gotta get away, some try but head back

Uhh, street smart niggaz got left back
Some died, they left stacks
Me, I ball right, and on top of that I'm dog nice
Jigga been cold as fuck before ice
Not before Christ, but a long fuckin time
Get your mind right niggaz

Chorus: Jay-Z

N.Y.M.P., the realest
Uh-huh-uh-UHH, N.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz
Uhh uh-huh, uh-UHH, N.Y.M.P. the realest niggaz
Marcy.. feel me..

[Jay-Z]

I looked Death in the face years back
I held tears back, I gathered myself and stared back
I'm from where you don't crack, the weak don't live
You gotta bounce back homey, the streets don't give
I take and rape villages, who gon' stop him?
Not Rudy Guiliani, not Hillary Rodham
Still I still pop him
Shit I grassy knoll and hilltop him, it's all political now
I think big when I spit at you now
Between my dog and the figures, the four gonna
get'cha
Between life and death, they killed my spirit
So what little life I got left, y'all can expect me to ball
I? myself, teacher said I was a lost cause
cause I used to roam them halls
Still I spit knowledge, dropped out of high school,
skipped college
Who woulda thought I'd make it "Big" like Ms. Wallace?

Chorus: Jay-Z

Uhh, yeah, N.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz
Brooklyn, what? N.Y.M.P., the realest niggaz
Uhh, uh-huh-uh-UHH, N.Y.M.P. the realest niggaz
Marcy.. Brooklyn, N.Y.M.P. the realest, feel me

[Jay-Z]

Educated, thug mu-sic niggaz
This is Brooklyn, this is gangsta, this is project
Real shit, N.Y.M.P. the realest niggaz
Marcy, Brooklyn, stompin grounds
Fuck with me

