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Lloyd Banks f/ Tony Yayo "NY NY"

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[chorus-Lloyd Banks] Don't talk tough talker unless you walk the walk We grimy, we dirty in New York, New York Blood spill around here and don't care about court Take a pack and bring it back and don't come up short Cause any day can be your day, so don't play Yay got the yay, Fame got the AK, OK You scared, get the fuck out the way And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play

[Verse 1- Lloyd Banks] Nah I cant play sacs or pull a rabbit out a hat But I can cock back and blow your blather out your back Take that, I'll show you niggaz how to rap I'm crack, that's snowy white powder on the track I told 50 I was going to take it to the top Get close and get pop like hot bacon out the pot And my goonys are loony and strip you naked on the

spot

Ain't nobody scared in south, Jamaica but the cops And speaking' bout cops, you niggaz better stop quelling

And if I get knocked, I'll make bread on your head by the million

Crawl up the ladder tattle tattle be in the building $\hat{a} \in |\hat{a} \in$

[chorus-Lloyd Banks]

Don't talk tough talker unless you walk the walk We grimy, we dirty in New York, New York Blood spill around here and don't care about court Take a pack and bring it back and don't come up short Cause any day can be your day, so don't play Yay got the yay, Fame got the AK, OK You scared, get the fuck out the way And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play

[Verse 2- Lloyd Banks] I roll up cause it's a hold up Aint nothing funny stop smiling It be the reason the crowd piling Don't complain and die over a chain Bang bang gang green neighborhood game You know me I'm slipper as them baggy sweets I throw a bitch out the crib like Jazzy Jeff All the hate is sidelining and they mad he next Cause I got the bunny's with them fatties yes My ride thumping, talking shit, stunting It will be repeated thumping if my finger push the button Just for bluffing, hit for nothing

You can bust him, it don't matter the vehicle custom

[chorus-Lloyd Banks]

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[Verse 3- Tony Yayo]

I'm from New York, New York niggaz die for the cheese I air your house out like a can of fabreeze, at ease Ease up soldier, I pull up in the rover Click clack, ya whole life over Baking soda and your work they go' buy it, nope Cause them fiends getting tired of that dieing coke I'm back baby, mad hype like a crack baby Ask Slim Shady, my gun game crazy

[chorus-Lloyd Banks]

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