

Cam'ron "Welcome To New York City"

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[Jay-Z] Turn the motherfucking music up
[Cam'Ron] Just Blaze, man. You owe me nigga
[Jay-Z] Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Welcome to the Empire State.
Home of the World Trade. Birthplace of Michael Jordan.
Home of Biggie Smalls. Roc-A-Fella headquarters.
Ladies and gentlemen, Killa Cam, Young Hov is definitely in the building
Brooklyn, Harlem World (Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City)
Stand the fuck up!

(Jay-Z)
I'm a B.K. brawler
Marcy projects hallway loiterer
Pure coke copper, get your order up
I bring em to Baltimore in the floor to splore
It's gonna cost you more if I gotta get em to Florida
Rugged game attender
With the bent pole on the sidewalk with the tin plates on the fender
I ain't hard to find you catch me frontin center
At the Knick game, big chain and all my splendor
Match the spike and the pen left to write
I own Madison Square, catch me at the fight
But damn once again if you pan left at the ice
If you the man that write checks with the hand that don't write
I go off the head when I'm rambling on the mic
And I go off the feds when I'm srambling at night
And if it's off the set I brought hammers to the fight
But we from New York City, right Cam? (Cam: Ya damn right)

(Chorus: Juelz Santana)
It's the home of 9-11, the place of the lost towers
We still banging, we never lost power, tell em
Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City
Y'all fuckin with BK's banger and Harlem's own gangster
Now that's danger there's nothing left to shape up
Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City

(Cam'Ron)

Yo, there's a war going on outside no man is safe from
It don't matter if you three feet or eight-one
You'll get eight from me, nine and straight blown
Wig split, melon cracked, all that on day one
Carry eight guns, two in the trunk
Two in the waist, two in the ankle, two to just spank you
You can jam with them jammers, blam with them
blammers
It's hot here, ask Mase he ran to Atlanta
You think we know what life do, make wanna mold the
cycle
Drinkers they so delightful, blinging with so much ice
In front of sparks, body cops Dilano
Block away watch by Gotti and Girvano
It's la costra nostra, someone close approach ya
They'll toast ya gopher, bread loaf with shofer
Old coke they raise up and snort, blayze up ya fort
Jay puff shine, cases was caught
Midnight pick fights, they love a victim
Watch him fore he watch you, Killa

(Chorus: Juelz Santana)

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(Cam'Ron)

I'm from 101, west to Hunt 40th, this shit is live
Fifth-floor, 56, you know the zip, district five
You're on 22nd, you from two-one
That's on Lennox, 7th ave was news one

(Jay-Z)

Coverage I synesthesia
Got rise from defending me
Cause New York'll miss me if I'm locked in the
penitentiary
The judge said "Is this that thug, from the kit kat club?"
But I got enough chips stacked up to make a bitch to
pack up

(Cam'Ron)

Killa, I pinch that button, I grip that snub to hit that thug
Lay up in a pitch black tug,
You lookin at rich black thugs to get that love

And we won't stop til I get back blood
Holla at em Hov

(Jay-Z)

I'm from Flushing, Marcy, Notia, Myrtle and Park
Niggas'll drive by in the day, murder you in the dark
That's why the Johnny gun I'm holding
Wet niggas up like the johnny-pump is open
Homie, I play hard

(Chorus: Juelz Santana)

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(Cam'Ron) Yall niggas man, yall can't fuck around man
It's the ROC bitch, Killa, my nigga Jigga, Sigel, Beans
Diplomats man, holla, Dash
Get the fuck off our dicks
I own this shit right now man, I ain't going nowhere
Welcome to New York City!

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