2 Fabiola

"New York"

[Hook - 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]
Yall niggaz 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 each 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 niggaz that's runnin their mouths
I might get my Brooklyn niggaz 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 layed out, dead, in just a sport
'cause we ain't playin up here in New York

[Hook - Fat Joe]
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga I'm from New York (New York)
And you can tell the way the homie spit, That nigga, I'm from New York (New York)
I got a hundred ways to make a grip, Yes, I'm from New York (New York)
And you can tell I get real ignorant, 'cause nigga, I'm from New York (New York)
(And this is how we do)

[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 niggaz, 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, niggaz fiend for that
And you already know the x is where the team be at

[Hook - Jadakiss]
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga I'm from
New York (New York)
+Ruff Ryde+, and +D-Block+ and shit, Nigga fuck
what you thought (you thought)
And you can't take shit for granted, because life is too
short (too short)
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga I'm from
New York
(Aha, and this is how we do)

[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 niggaz wanna 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

[Hook - Jadakiss]
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(Aha, and this is how we do)