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Fat Joe "New York"

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JA RULE (f/ Fat Joe, Jadakiss) LYRICS

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]

l got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga l'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]

l got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga l'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)

l got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga l'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] 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)

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