

## G-Unit "New York City"

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[Intro: Young Buck] (?)

No I'm not Jay-Z, 50 or P. Diddy  
Nas and DMX or Brooklyn's own Biggie  
I'm a dirty south soldier I hope y'all hear me cause  
(Heart and soul of New York City!!!!)  
Never met Big L or Big Pun  
We only got big dreams where a nigga come from  
Even with all the beef shit still look what I done  
(Heart and soul of New York City!!!!) Here we go  
again!!!!

[Chorus: ?]

I can feel it, comin in the air tonight  
Oh loooooord!!! (Heart and soul of New York City!!!!) Oh  
loooooord!!!  
I can feel it, comin in the air tonight  
Oh loooooord!!! (Heart and soul of New York City!!!!) Oh  
loooooord!!!

[Verse 1: Young Buck] (?) (\*Young Buck's adlibs)

I'm back, still got my Mac and my switchblade  
No love to them niggas actin bitch made  
(\*Fuck 'em) It's 0-8 all I'm thinkin 'bout is gettin paid  
Big yachts, mansions, buyin real estate (COME ON!)  
My young buck'sgot gun premiers  
So I'm invitin niggas to try some dymb shit (Yeyyy!)  
Now all of these celebrity hoes wanna get me cause  
(Heart and soul of New York City!!!!)  
The streets fuck with me (Yeah!) I get in they blood  
I give 'em reality rap and the shit for the club (AYY!)  
You think Buck goin bankrupt?! Kill yourself!  
The only thang we all have in common is death  
(DAMN!)  
The last one left like my nigga Bun B  
My son in these streets of the N.Y.C.  
Even if I get caught and the feds come get me  
(YEAH!!!)  
(Heart and soul of New York City!!!!)

[Chorus: ?]

I can feel it, comin in the air tonight  
Oh loooooord!!! (Heart and soul of New York City!!!!) Oh

loooooord!!!  
I can feel it, comin in the air tonight  
Oh loooooord!!! (Heart and soul of New York City!!!!) Oh  
loooooord!!!

[Verse 2: Young Buck] (?) (\*Young Buck's adlibs)  
Gotta take what's mine make up for lost time  
My kind is designed for the grind, we all wanna shine  
Loyalty is hard to find  
You got love for your dog nigga show him a sign  
(Yeah!)  
Can't hold him in the grind if you wanna see him ball  
Niggas build you up just to watch you fall  
Now all of these celebrity hoes wanna get me cause  
(Heart and soul of New York City!!!!)  
King of my own castle, I'm a master (HEY!!!)  
Stop and I'll fly right past ya, you knwo what I'm after  
until I get captured  
When Im in the casket like Ol' Dirty Bastard  
Used to be a dream now it's me on the big dream while  
my homey never sae sixteen  
So if I see Pac when the lord come get me I'm a tell 'em  
that  
(Heart and soul of New York City!!!!)

[Chorus: ?]  
I can feel it, comin in the air tonight  
Oh loooooord!!! (Heart and soul of New York City!!!!) Oh  
loooooord!!!  
I can feel it, comin in the air tonight  
Oh loooooord!!! (Heart and soul of New York City!!!!) Oh  
loooooord!!!

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