

# Ja Rule

## "New York, New York"

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[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)

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 east 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

[Fat Jo:]

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 (bx bx)

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)

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

[Jadakiss:]

I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga I'm from  
New York (New York)  
(Ruff Ryde), and (D-Blockin') 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)  
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 low  
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  
(Aha)  
I got a hundred guns, a hundred clips, Nigga I'm from  
New York (New York)  
Ruff Ryder, D-Block and shit, Nigga fuck what you  
thought (you thought)

And you cant take shit for granted coz life is too short  
(too short)  
Got a hundred guns a hundred clips, Nigga I'm from  
New York (Aha)  
And this is how we do.

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