

# Ja Rule Feat. Fat Joe & Jadakiss "New York"

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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  
(And I know)

Y'all 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

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)

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 Mase 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

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)

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 till 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

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(New York)  
Ruff Ryde and D-Block and shit  
Nigga fuck what you thought  
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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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