

## **Kym Mazelle**

### **"Welcome to New York City"**

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[Jay-Z] Turn the motherfucking music up  
[Cam'Ron] Just Blaze, man. You owe me nigga  
[Jay-Z] Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Welcome to the Empire State.  
Home of the World Trade. Birthplace of Michael Jordan.  
Home of Biggie Smalls. Roc-A-Fella headquarters.  
Ladies and gentlemen, Killa Cam, Young Hov is definitely in the building  
Brooklyn, Harlem World  
(Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City)  
Stand the fuck up!

(Jay-Z)  
I'm a B.K. brawler  
Marcy projects hallway loiterer  
Pure coke copper, get your order up  
I bring em to Baltimore in the Ford Explorer  
It's gonna cost you more if I gotta get em to Florida  
Rucker game attender; with the bent parked  
on the sidewalk with temp plates on the fender  
I ain't hard to find you catch me frontin center  
At the Knick game, big chain and all my splendor  
Next to Spike and Pam's left to right  
I own Madison Square, catch me at the fight  
But damn once again if you pan left at the ice  
If you the man that write checks with the hand that don't write  
I go off the head when I'm rambling on the mic  
And I go off the feds when I'm srambling at night  
And if its off the set I brought hammers to the fight  
But we from New York City, right Cam? (Cam: Ya damn right)

(Chorus: Juelz Santana)  
It's the home of 9-11, the place of the lost towers  
We still banging, we never lost power, tell em  
Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City  
Y'all fuckin with BK's banger and Harlem's own gangster  
Now that's danger, there's nothing left to say but  
Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City

(Cam'Ron)

Yo, theres a war going on outside no man is safe from  
It don't matter if you three feet or eight-one  
You'll get eight from me, nine and straight blown  
Wig split, melon cracked, all that on day one  
Carry eight guns, two in the trunk  
Two in the waist, two in the ankle, two to just spank you  
You can jam with them jammers, blam with them  
blammers  
It's hot here, ask Mase he ran to Atlanta  
You think we know what life do, make on the motor-  
cycle  
Drinkers they so delightful, blinging with so much ice  
In front of sparks, body cops Dilano  
Block away watch by Gotti and Girvano  
It's la costra nostra, someone close approach ya  
They'll toast ya gopher, bread loaf with shofer  
Old coke they raise up and snort, blayze up ya fort  
Jay puff shine, cases was caught  
Midnight pick fights, they love a victim  
Watch him fore he watch you, Killa

(Chorus)

(Cam'Ron)

I'm from 101, west to Hunt 40th, this shit is live  
Fifth-floor, 56, you know the zip, district five  
You're on 22nd, you from two-one  
Thats on Lennox, 7th ave was news one

(Jay-Z)

Coverage I synesthesia  
Got rise from defending me  
Cause New York'll miss me if I'm locked in the  
penitentiary  
The judge said "Is this that thug, from the kit kat club?"  
But I got enough chips stacked up to make a bitch to  
pack up

(Cam'Ron)

Killa, I pinch that button, I grip that snub to hit that thug  
Lay up in a pitch black tug,  
You lookin at rich black thugs to get that love  
And we won't stop til I get back blood  
Holla at em Hov

(Jay-Z)

I'm from Flushing, Marcy, Nostrand, Myrtle and Park  
Niggas'll drive by in the day, murder you in the dark  
Thats why the Johnny gun I'm holding

Wet niggas up like the johnny-pump is open  
Homie, I play hard

(Chorus)

(Cam'Ron) Yall niggas man, yall can't fuck around man  
It's the ROC bitch, Killa, my nigga Jigga, Sigel, Beans  
Diplomats man, holla, Dash  
Get the fuck off our dicks  
I own this shit right now man, I ain't going nowhere

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