

LL Cool J

"New York New York"

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[Intro] (Broadway sample & LL Cool J ad-libs)

It's up to you! New York!

Neeew Yoooooork!

New Yooooooooooooork!

It aint a movie

Ayo Suits!

Probably gon' want some pasta after this one ya'meen?

Not to Spicy

[Broadway sample w/ (LL Cool J)]

New Yooooork!, New Yooooork!

The Cityyyy that doesn't sleep, New Yooooork!

New Yooooork!, New Yooooork!

The Cityyyy that doesn't sleep, New Yooooork!

(Cause sleep is the cousin of death)

[Verse 1]

Let me tell you what's up with all these New York cats

They got too rich and lost they grip on rap

They let the country boys take over the soundtrack

And blow the Superman kid straight off they back

Now everybody know where all the flavor is at

And if theres any drama, I'll be handlin' that

I gotta switch to singles and walk to fall back

Late-night conference calls and all that

Not the next Denzel, I'm the first LL

I remember where I came from, hot since day one

Queens in the building, I spank these children

For not seeing that I switch styles like chameleon

A lot of wanna-be kings but I'm the real one

All these cats playing dumb, they know the deal son

Use rap like caps, I will peal one

And ya reign is over nigga, here it come

[Chorus 2x]

New Yooooork!, New Yooooork!

The Cityyyy that doesn't sleep, New Yooooork!

(Cause sleep is the cousin of death)

[Verse 2]

Listen party people now here's the situation

All these cats is lyin' they have huge imaginations
Aint freestyling, them niggas is free-basing
It's like a epidemic the beats they keep wasting
Feels like the 80's again, back to basics
Hit 'em with the raw shit, niggas is gon' chase it
And get addicted to how I spit it
I treat my beat like a blunt, lick and split it
My shit's wicked, fiends can't forget it
Take it in ya lungs, ya done, ya get lifted
Too many debates about what Mister Smith did
What can I say nigga? God's god I'm gifted
But I won't hit you with the same old money rap
Cause most of the money rappers need to give you ya
money back
I'm just ya man next door, sharp hood cat
I want the crown back boy, ya don't deserve that!

[Chorus 2x]

New Yoooork!, New Yoooork!
The Cityyyy that doesn't sleep, New Yoooork!
(Cause sleep is the cousin of death)

[Verse 3]

Just when ya thought that I was calmin' down
I pulled a George Bush and I bombed the town
I got 'em runnin' for cover, ducking, running around
Like L's on the radio, "wow how does it sound?"
Never been afraid to set it off on these clowns
Especially with all the hyped up trash they puttin' out
This is for the cats that consistently hold me down
Arguing in barbershops from Queens to Up-Town
I went to Hollywood and let 'em borrow the crown
But they got too cocky, I'm back to check these clowns
I dare one of yall to disrespect me now
And I'll die before that happens so inject me now
And I'm the best period, fuck pound-for-pound
When shit gets serious, I rock the crown
Matter of fact, where my real niggas at?
I got you, New York is on my back
Lets Go!

[Chorus 2x]

New Yoooork!, New Yoooork!
The Cityyyy that doesn't sleep, New Yoooork!
(Cause sleep is the cousin of death)

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