

Lloyd Banks "New York New York"

Visit "[New York New York](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Lloyd Banks Intro-
Hey...
Eh yo ??Hash??...
You did it again...

Lloyd Banks Chorus-
Don't talk tough talk unless you walk the walk
we grimey we dirty we New York New York
Let's ball around here they don't care about cord
You take a pack and bring it back don't come up short
'cause any day can be your day so don't play
Yay got the Yay Fame got that Mufuckin AK
You scared get the fuck out the way
And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play

Lloyd Banks Verse-
Yeah..
Now i can't play Sac's or pull a rabbit out a hat
but i cock back and blow your bladder out your back
take that, i show you lil' niggaz how to rap
i'm crack, that snowy white powder on the track
i told 50 i was gon' take it to the top
get close and get popped like hot bacon out the pot
and my goons are loony they'll strip you naked on the
spot
ain't nobody scared in South Jamaica but the cops
and speakin' of cops, you bitches better stop squealin'
and if i get knocked, i'll lay bread on your head by the
million
call up the Laden's have 'um Taliban the buildin'

Lloyd Banks Chorus-
Don't talk tough talk unless you walk the walk
we grimey we dirty we New York New York
Let's ball around here they don't care about cord
You take a pack and bring it back don't come up short
'cause any day can be your day so don't play
Yay got the Yay Fame got that Mufuckin AK
You scared get the fuck out the way
And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play

Lloyd Banks Verse-

Uh..

I roll up 'cause this a hold up, ain't nuttin' funny
stop smilin', and be the reason at the crime palon
don't complain, and die over a chain
bang bang, gang green neighbourhood gang
you know me, house slippers and baggy sweats

i throw a bitch out the crib like Jazzy Jeff
all the haters sidelinin' and they mad he next
'cause i got the bunnies with the fatties yes
i ride thumpin', talkin', fuck stuntin'
it'd be repeated dumpin' if my finger push the button
uh, just for bluffin', head for nuthin'
you can buss him, it don't matter the vehicle's custom

Lloyd Banks Chorus-

Don't talk tough talk unless you walk the walk
we grimey we dirty we New York New York
Let's ball around here they don't care about cord
You take a pack and bring it back don't come up short
'cause any day can be your day so don't play
Yay got the Yay Fame got that Mufuckin AK
You scared get the fuck out the way
And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play

Tony Yayo Verse-

Yo..

I'm from New York New York i'd die for the cheese
i air your house out like a can of Febreeze
at ease, ease up soldier, i pull up in a Rover
click clack, your whole life over
bakin' soda in your work, they gon' buy it, nope
'cause them fiends gettin' tired of that diet coke
i'm back baby, mad hyped like a crack baby
ask Slim Shady, my crack game crazy, YEAH!

Lloyd Banks Chorus-

Don't talk tough talk unless you walk the walk
we grimey we dirty we New York New York
Let's ball around here they don't care about cord
You take a pack and bring it back don't come up short
'cause any day can be your day so don't play
Yay got the Yay Fame got that Mufuckin AK
You scared get the fuck out the way
And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play

G-G-G-G-G-G-G GOD DAYUUUMMM..!!!

Visit [Lloyd Banks](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

