

M**"New York Salute"**

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

Chorus: Lil' Fame

Primetime (New York, New York)

That's the place where the soldiers die (New York, New York)

That's the ghetto nigga's feelings (New York, New York)

That's the niggas that multiply (New York, New York)

[Lil' Fame] (Billy Danze)

Yo, where you from, nigga? (New York)

When you come through here (Fool, take your jewels off)

Cause these niggas is known for (Bumpin fools off)

And they takin over (If your crew's off)

You got thugs with machines, assault teams

Regulating things from Brownsville to Fort Green

Up in the Bronx where the people are fresh

People are blessed, with slugs that'll eat through your vest

Boriquas for heaters (Down to bust)

And them New Jers' niggas is down with us

I know you heard about that cop, trying to stop a felon

Got trapped, caught a slug in his cerebellum

We welcome, visitors with open arms, and firearms

And sick terrorists with bombs

And, when you slide through on the VI, son

Pack your bags and don't forget your nine and have a good time

Chorus: Billy Danze

[Billy Danze]

Get your Mac, get your gat, head for 95

Stop, pick up your dogs, tell em, "Let's ride"

Throw in some du-op shit, lean in your car

Knowing you'll hear some new O.C. or Gang Starr

It ain't to far once you into VA

Fuck with your high-beams and see who's going your

way
Keep your ??, so the man won't trap you
Now leadin the convoy to the Big Apple!
Tell your homies, "Fuck that thing" dip in the left lane
Make your Honda Accord perform like a plane
You in Deleware, you almost hear
The New Jersey Turnpike, is right there (right there)
Haul-ass, make your backwheels spin
Get in the wind, your under a hundered miles in
When you reach the Lincoln Tunnel, black, hit me on my
box
We on the other side of that bitch with Cognac and
glocks

Chorus: Lil' Fame and Billy Danze

Home, sweet home, nigga. Home team, nigga. Home
team. Your home
nigga, your home, nigga. Come on back. Come on
back. Mash Out Posse.
Firing Squad. '99, baby, '99. Hiphop. Lock it down. One
time for
your mind. Salute, salute. First Family.

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