

Prodigy "Dirty New Yorker"

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

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah
Uh, uh, uh, yeah

Baby, mama, let's roll, here we go, cheerio, cereal
Killa with the flow and the blow and the dro'
And the gun go ring, hit 'em all in a row
AK-47, .40-glock, .44, let 'em know from the door

How it go, it's not a joke, there's gon' be a homicide
I'm a ride, I'm a rep me a nigga up in the box
And send 'em to his folks, his bloods, his kin
The drama it don't end, bust a gun

Bust a nigga's face open with the hand
Tell 'em go tell a friend, tell a cop, tell the FEDS
I don't give a mothafuck, you niggas in the Ps
I'm a let the world see you, you're a bitch, you're a
snitch

I'm a Mobb Deep gangsta, Infamous soldier
If you got a cold heart then my shit just froze over
Range Rover, Chevy Suburban, the bullet proof trim
The windows on the crib, bullet proof them

You're fucking with a Dirty New Yorker
Quens in this bitch fall back or get roped up
You're fucking with a Dirty New Yorker
Quens mothafucka, move and get smoked up

Ay' baby mama let's slide on the floor
I'm a pro with the flow
I can go on forever tell me when to stop yo
My first album Head Nigga In Charge it went gold

With my next shit I'm just trying to seel a lil mo'
I won't be mad if it's less, I'm still filthy rich
We going on a permanent tour and never coming back
I'm a vet not a pet, you gon' see when I flip

Niggas trip fall on their face and bust their own shit
Come for me you gon' run up to a wall of cement
Certain niggas not to be touched and I'm one of 'em

Pop to bub me, crack open the Goose and the Gin

You gon' get real fucked up in memory of them
I'm a cop some more ice, houses and whips
Why they mad? 'Cause they can't spend money like this
180 on the wrist, 190 on the six-speed
Porsche with the turbo and shatter proof tenth

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.