

Styles P

"Nyc"

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[Intro]

Sounds Society, Poobs, Ghost, a lil' homage to New York

rap

I know I missed a couple of y'all I got ya next one

[Verse 1]

I'm gettin high with my fam Ron

Bitch you 'gon suck it or not?! I'm like Cam'ron

(Huh!?)

'Cause I'm ballin like Jones is

Bandana like Santana, where the zone is (AY!!)

Niggas lucky I ain't flip yet (LUCKY!)

I'm on my shit like DipSet (DIPSET! DIPSET!)

And I ain't rich like 50, but I know Many Men that really wanna hit me (Many Men!)

Top of New York like Yayo (G-G-G) Start it up like Banks do

Yeah I shoot you or shank you (I'll shoot you!)

And then after that thank you (Thank you bruh!!!)

Terror Squad like Joe Crack (TS!!!)

Hit you with a pack and you better bring that dope back!!!

(You better bring that dope back!) It's Flipmode like Busta (FLIPMODE!)

Light the Spliff one minute before I cut ya

[Chorus]

I ride and get high to N-Y-C (Ride!)

The illest competition the flyest colleagues (ILL!!!)

I was born here so why would I leave?! (Why?)

The mecca pf rap birth the God MC's (Birth!)

I ride and get high to N-Y-C (Ride!)

The illest competition the flyest colleagues (ILL!!!)

I was born here so why would I leave?! (Why?)

The mecca pf rap birth the God MC's (Mecca!)

[Verse 2]

Let's have a Minaj like Nicki, you know I get Red like Cafe (I Get Red!)

Gotta a Uncle that'll Murda and, all he do is play

B.I.G. and the Last Dayz
And Let It Fly like Maino (Let It Fly!)
Lil' nigga I'll make you drink Drano (DRINK THAT!!!)
I got Gunz like Corey, Godson with Fred but that's
another story (That's another story)
Cocaine City like Frenchy, Polo head, like Vado
Hell like Rell, wavy like Biggavell (Wavy)
Back on the Ave when I used to move them bottles
Anything to keep them lights on (Anything!)
Do a stretch, comin back, just like Mysonne
If I know you I never heard of you (Either or?!)
Cause I'm like Mook I'll Murda you

[Chorus]

I ride and get high to N-Y-C The illest competition the
flyest colleagues
I was born here so why would I leave?!
The mecca pf rap birth the God MC's
I ride and get high to N-Y-C The illest competition the
flyest colleagues
I was born here so why would I leave?!
The mecca pf rap birth the God MC's

[Verse 3]

I'm ill like Frank White, Nas, Jay-Z, Rae and Ghostface
(I'M ILL)
The Whole Wu-Tang, Black Rob and the old Mase
CNN, M.O.P, Mobb Deep too, or whatever whatever
nigga
when I.C.U (WHATEVER NIGGA!)
Fabolous, like Loso, like Ortiz Yo Yaaowa when you see
Po' Po'
Whattup now Y-O to Bucktown, I get it in like my niggas
that's on Bucktown
I got it in when McGruff was runnin Uptown (Uh Huh)
Or Big L, light a big L, lifestyle's mob style know
what the kids sell (Know that!)
The metal might part your chest from the ghetto
with Sheek and Jada and Dark Man X (YONKERS!!!)
Still Conscious like Kweli and Mos Def (CONSCIOUS)
A Kool G., no movie run the city like Diddy and I'm fly
go ask Groovy

[Chorus]

I ride and get high to N-Y-C The illest competition the
flyest colleagues
I was born here so why would I leave?!
The mecca pf rap birth the God MC's
I ride and get high to N-Y-C The illest competition the
flyest colleagues
I was born here so why would I leave?!

The mecca pf rap birth the God MC's

[Outro]

Friend or foe, competition or colleague, I salute ya
niggas, I love this city

I know it's alot of niggas I missed, I'll get you on
another one though

I just wanna salute where I'm from

Ride to this shit! Light a blunt to yout shit nigga!

I ain't forget all you old school niggas neither man I
salute y'all

I came up on y'all I got ya on another, another one too
you know

Fuck..I'm out.....

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