

M.O.P. "New York Salute"

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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

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

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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 [unverified], 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 Delaware, you almost hear
The New Jersey Turnpike, is right there, right there

Haul-ass, make your backwheels spin
Get in the wind, you're under a hundred 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

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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, hip hop,
lock it down
One time for your mind, salute, salute, First Family

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