

Nicki French

"New York Minute"

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(New York, New York, New York, New York)
(New York, New York, New York, New York)

Chorus:

In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)
Everything can change
In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)
Things could get pretty strange
In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)
Everything can change
In a New York minute
(Whoo-oooo-oooh-oooh)
(In a New York, New York, New York, New York)

Verse 1

French Montana:

You can get your neck broke, face cracked, laid flat
And give everything that you made back, 8 clap
Make a sunvisor out ya wavecap
Pray that New York Minute'll bring Mase back
Shame that Remy took 8 flat, you know the game wack
And every last rapper here tryna bring the name back
It ain't rap, niggaz better stay strapped
Or you could call the stick-up boys, try to get your chain
back
(In a New York minute)
They thought the game was over
When B.I.G. died, then the homie Hov took it over
(In a New York minute)
They shot Pac 5 times
Years later, them boys took Shyne
(In a New York minute)
That ain't even the least
Akon signed the hottest nigga in the streets
We gave swagger to the game
Still and all, everything can change

Chorus:

In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)
Everything can change
In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)

Things could get pretty strange
In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)
Everything can change
In a New York minute
(Whoo-oooo-oooh-oooh)
(In a New York, New York, New York, New York)

Verse 2

Lil' Cease:

New York, shit's rockin' in the Big Apple
Nicky Barnes got his whole shit shackled
Play like a New York Giant then you can get tackled
The Big Apple is a story
He said let his son dry, bag it up in 40
Broke a little dime out and mixed it up with all the
Haha, and I'm from Brooklawn
Where niggaz even look wrong, niggaz get hooked on
(In a New York minute)
The home of The Lox (D-Block)
Even in LA they killed BIG Pop
(In a New York minute)
They killed Sean Bell
And I still think they killed John Gotti in the cell
(In a New York minute)
Where Pac got shot
Waitin' on Gutta, we just got back Roc
(In a New York minute)
We'll bring New York back
Drop Hypnotize, then see how New York act
(In a New York minute)

Chorus:

In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)
Everything can change
In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)
(In a New York, New York, New York, New York)

Verse 3

Mic Geronimo:

Nigga you can get ya stash took, cuff, booked
Waitin' in the bulb, and all of this over niggaz who been
talkin'
Rob while ya walkin' and cash ya check
But get the chain and the piece took from off ya neck
From the coupe to the coffin, laying in the morgue
Kuz envious nioggaz didn't get enough from extortion
Lost in the jungle
Tears over rappers who died like Freaky Tye, Big L, and
Stack Bundles
(In a New York minute)
Shit, rappers ain't hot no more

Jay don't even fuck with Fox no more
(In a New York minute)
Yeah, what you never thought of was the Eastcoast
dyin'
These other niggaz get more love
(In a New York minute)
Label execs turning to rich ass junkies
Fuckin' the same moneys
(In a New York minute)
Niggaz who forgot about
I spit 16 like Mikey bringin' the chopper out

(In a New York minute, minute)

Verse 4

N.O.R.E.:

So fix ya face when you speak of the Mecca, from
Tribeca

The left rack, rock a mad hat, they expect that
I rep that, respect that, you can get sent back
Your jaw left on the sidewalk wit' a wet back
I'm a chef with the cocaine cookies, make 'em look
pretty

Show you on a DVD with Cocaine City
Yo, Fat Cat, Pappy Mason, 'Preme nigga, my borough
Money Bagz, Chad, Lamar Odom owns my borough
(In a New York minute)

It's like we the most thorough
Orange tops, blue tops, even sold green and yellow
(In a New York minute)

In a New York minute
I'ma rep New York until I finish
(In a New York minute)

Don't use no gimmicks
Catch me on the block drinkin' New York Guinness
(In a New York minute)

Makin' New York spinach
I done did a bid, did a New York sentence

Chorus:

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Everything can change

In a New York minute

(Whoo-oooo-oooh-oooh)

(In a New York, New York, New York, New York)

Verse 5

Chinz Drugz:

You can get ya dreams hurt, seed murked, eat dirt
Get manned down the very second the bleep chirp
Middle of a drought, it's hard to find cheap work
Wrong move be the face on a nigga t-shirt
Now runtellat, get knocked, where my bail at?
From where them faggot ass cops did Sean Bell at
(Queens)

It's where the murderers act humble
I'm from the same hood where they killed Stack
Bundles

(In a New York minute)

Yeah it's foul, but that's rap, that's that
Pray for the day the appeal'll bring Max back

(In a New York minute)

Get ya kidnapped, wrist yapped, whip wrapped
Out the M double, a fleet of shells get dispatched

(In a New York minute)

You don't walk outside without the thing on
Narcs like bees, they dyin' to get they sting on

(In a New York minute)

Our job for music, don't make ringtones
I'm still waitin' for the Knicks to bring us a ring home
(That's right)

Chorus:

In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)

Everything can change

In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)

(In a New York, New York, New York, New York)

Verse 6

Nicki Minaj:

Look back, fightin' for the spot but I took that
Now all the kids with a Nicki Minaj bookbag
Bitch I been hard since my car had a zig-zag
Low pink Volvos, these bitches is bozos
Oh-nos, eatin' them ding-dongs and hohos
I was just tryna bubble, get past slow-mo
I ain't even ask for them XXL promos
I remember how it felt when them Twin Towers fell
I was in the Trump Towers lookin' for some shower gel
(In a New York minute)

Rappers are just beef
Stack Bundles'll be deceased

(In a New York minute)

Brought my man down
Before they even get a cap and a damn gown

(In a New York minute)

And there gotta be a heaven
Kuz Sean Bell'll never get to make it to his weddin'

(In a New York minute)
But a star will arise
And still originate from the streets of Southside

Chorus

{Nicki Minaj}:

In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)
Everything can change
In a New York minute (Whoo-oooo)
(In a New York, New York, New York, New York)
{Everything done changed}

Verse 7

Jadakiss:

You could get your wig clapped, kidnapped, bitch-slapped
A 2 to 4 could turn into a 6 flat, if that
C-4 to your moms front door, gift-wrapped
Whole fanbase could start thinkin' that your shit's wack
You could be at the gas station and get ya whip jacked
Get yapped, pay a nigga bread, get ya shit back
Right back, everything could change, just like that
Get pulled over on your way bringin' that white back
(In a New York minute)
Rappers stopped sellin'
Kim did a year and a day for not tellin'
(In a New York minute)
Fox went deaf in one ear too, shortly after that she did
a year or two
(In a New York minute)
I beat the case, not enough evidence
Get ready to see a black President
(In a New York minute)
You can download a whole album
Now you see where these niggaz get their style from

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