

N.O.R.E.**"Up Top New York"**Visit "[Up Top New York](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(A+)

Yo it's on tonight

Jump in my whip

Feeling right

Pick my man up from off of the strip

We take flight

What the dilly fella

Aint nothing really

Getting money

Before we hit up top

Let's hit the spot and cop a twenty

Hit the southern states

So we can bounce

Regulate

Throw a tape in

Join this new joke

Smoke escaping

Windows tinted

They coming down cars on my horn

It's my mom on the other end singing a song

When the clock aint a ???

You at a spot to perform

Kid I'm down with getting paper

Pulling capers like storm

No doubt

Hang up the phone and continue to murk

Ghetto star in the game put a name on my shirt

Got this one chick on the ? I stop to see

Runs with a team of chicks living 1-6-3

They be buying it playing space playstation and all

I thought I heard the cops saying I'm going to give them a call

Get some juice play some hard

Yo I'm spinning my yards

Get my lines lined up

Smell good for the guards

Get my shine

Shine my baby

Then I'm making my flash

Lay my hand on shorty rest until it's time to make cash

Call her up on her cell

What's the deal on your half
I'm just ????? up for chickens
I just got out the bath
I'm around the corner baby
Is there something you need
Just bring yourself now say no more

(Mr.Cheeks) Hook 2x
????????????? We do this all night
Got fellas spending money shorties looking right
Either twist the cap or pop a cork
This is how we getting down up top New York

(A+)
We on the couch chilling
Everybody getting right
Complimenting shorty
Spandex fitting tight
Press the power down
Grab the sticks
Hit us on
Cause I'm sick of hearing my man singing that same
song
Yo I'm going to bring it to you live
Mad 98
I'm going to get up in that ass
Shorty fix me a plate
Fried chicken french fries cold pepsi with ice
A minute left and I ?????????????????? night
My only shorty
You wouldn't believe it with a bun in her hair
Said she want to hit the cut
That's music to my ears
Hit the bedroom
Shorty smelling like perfume
Grabbed the condom out my pocket because it's on I
assumed
Seen her face blown out
Time to lay down my law
Lights down
Music on
Perfect time to score
Victoria secret's ??????
You know how I'm feeling
When you laid up with a shorty getting money and
chilling
Got a show in an hour
So I jump in the shower
My man napping
He know that we got to make it happen
He in the zone caught in the mix

Oh damn
Can't be mad at situations that me and my man dig
Well it's your luck shorty
Go wake his ass up
Got a move to make can't afford to pass up
So go tell your to go
Tell my man let's roll
It's all said and done
Jump in my whip
Take flight
As I switch lanes
Throw on my signal light
Fake rappers get they ass ate up

Hook 2x

(A+)
Smoke everyday
Yelling my name
I rip a show
Peep shorty and her friends assing out in the front row
Spilling mo'
Grabbing my jeans
Yelling my name
I'm used to it now guess it's all part of the game
Let me explain how I grab the mic
Move and finesse
Shorty in the blue dress
Body screaming caress
Took her to the rest
Lay her body down on my nest
It's deep in the this game
Why she got my name on her chest

Hook 3x

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