

Brian McKnight F/ Eightball

"New York City"

Visit "[New York City](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

Are you sure you wanna go - to New York City? (New York City)

Are you sure you wanna go - to New York City? (New York City)

Are you sure you wanna go - to New York City? (New York City)

Are you sure you wanna go - to New York City? (New York City)

[Kool Keith]

New York City's finest, the added attraction

Next to your man, popular name

I mark minus, negative

Is that the best vocals you give?

I passed your structure, you think its okay?

Motown needs to see me, deliver your cassette

Amateurs embarrass me, give me somethin' to play

I'll sit in the big meetings with Damon Dash

Urinate on your shoulders, my delivery is arrogant, I expect cash

Don't play anything cartoon in front of Mike Viv, ask Hiram Hicks

I'll put my face on the console, my engineer sharp

I thought you spit on hits

Oh you Spike now, wearin' Allan's

You sportin' Houston's kicks

Since you parked West, you rhyme and practice

While I hang out with the Dominican Republic

I keep the Sony cam - between crotches, I tape all Spanish chicks

International rapper on tight bars with the Spanish mix
Hittin' Spanish licks

[Chorus]

[Jacky Jasper]

Statues, buildings, street killers living

Could be heaven, pimps through thugs - nothin' givin'

Driven - to penthouse, lookers, dope cooks, jookas

The highest price hookers, gamblers, pushers

Thug ways, no way
Cabs some days, town call always, high all day
Honest but dishonest, regardless
I'm heartless cause money is endless
Not hard to get clip, you trip you'll get clipped
The weak will slip, hit is what they get
Peeps walk, avoid the jack, don't talk, guns spark
All money, shark fin, New York
Money's fast, the city ain't slow, the pay slow
With all those Burroughs, yo

[Chorus]

[Marc Live]

Yo, yo, I love the dirty blocks
My thugs at the corner movin' that stuff, controllin' the spot
I like the city yo, we move quickly
Where the streets talk a lot, yo... (yeah)
And if you snitch them kids'll get you at the chicken spot
And rock big leathers, and match the Tims up
Lace the kicks up, a new fitted
A long chains make the chickens get real hot
Stop playin' this the Big Apple, we take a bite out
Conference calls, blow ten thousand (yeah) - on just a night out
The Westside Highway I test my heat out
Five deep, we move fast and blow the seats out
The streets peek out, they like the Clayborne's
Come through (yo), we make the streets stop, I know your head bop
New York City, where cats wil' out and jacks just go out

[Chorus] - 2X

Visit [Brian McKnight F/ Eightball](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.