

Candace Hill, Angelica Candace Hill % Angelica Gri

"New York, New York"

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[Chorus]

"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"
"I'm coming straight outta NYC" -> Big L - MVP
"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"
"The Bronx, The Bronx, The Bronx" -> Fat Joe
"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"
"I'm coming straight out .." "the Bronx"
"Representing .." -> Nas
"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"
Yo ..
"Terror Squad, from the boogie down" -> Big Pun

[Verse One]

Terror Squad, the bloodbath beast of my hart
Can't piece in the park we rule deep with beef in the
park
I'm ready to spark, aim and fire
Blow your brain with the same desire
Blow your frame when the game it's tied up
Keep it gangsta, never change size up
Rise up, like you a supersoldier
Get blown the fuck up like a super nova
Don't care who you run with, or used to know to
Soon as you crossed the lane is a flavoured foul
While your wife be giving me brain I'm laying it down
Took one for the team and got on base
No matter how you hate, Seis gon' carry ya weight
You can play it safe, and don't come to the hood
We up to no good with the guns and smoke wood
We single off the street and you seen of me
I'm talking money, getting lift of his motherfucking feet

[Chorus]

"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"
"The Bronx, Queens and Long Island sound"
"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"
"Straight from Crooklyn, better known as Brooklyn"
"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"
"Staten Island"
"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"
"And .. Manhattan"

[Verse Two]

Yo, yo ..

Through the think of this I sit back and click back the
mistle-tip

What's you flip; if my flow tight like my pistol-grip

Official shit, hoes in the crib, dovin' the pit

A hole in my click, challenge you than expose you the
bizz

We rollin' the miss, we showed you the blizz

Y'all punk motherfuckers still won't do shit

Give a fuck you why, give a fuck you high

Give a fuck if you end up in a box or get locked

You probably get raped by a cop or get shot

Who you anyway? We ain't make shit of the pity way

You a white boy, fake black nigger anyway

Front for your fellas, trunk what you tell us

What up, whatever you want, you can tell us

We go fist-to-fist or bust off like dicks

The truth is; you can be rich and still be shit

If you don't wanna share blood might as well go to
Chris

[Chorus]

"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"

"New York, where we talk to walk to walk" -> Fat Joe

"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"

"What's up New York?!"

"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"

"New York" "Represent to the fullest" -> Nas

"New York, New York" "Are you ready?"

"I'm livin' in a city known as New York state"

"New York, New York"

"The Bronx is the home for the hip-hopping"

"New York, New York"

"The dream"

"New York, New York"

"Hard to creep the Brooklyn streets"

"New York, New York"

"Staten Island"

"And .. Manhattan"

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