

Destiny's Child F/ Master P

"New York City"

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[Chorus: repeat 2X]

New York City, we piss in it, we live in it
We die, we all take shits in it

[Kool Keith]

There's a million albums out there with that opera and
Shakespeare shit
I stuff my ears with cotton when you rap
I don't hear shit, you niggaz are excess waste
A hundred percent of the mainstream crowd, receive
pure shit
The hottest DJ's in New York spin it from the
wheelchairs
with cancer, my voodoo ready to roll
Ask Harlem Hospital, you can't cure shit
HMV at the cash register, girls tryin to make me buy
CD's
Soft jazz and homo R&B
I ain't payin for that Allure shit
Walkin by Bloomingdales before you see me put the
pep in it
I guarantee you get bad karma
Fly leather coat with the Coach bag
You step in shit, choose the Daily News
The newspaper's gonna take off a little off your soles
You got a lot around your feet motherfuckers not a little
bit
(Wipe that shit off your soles)

[Chorus] - 2X

[Kool Keith]

I'm straight up on the butt-ass transit
I don't give a fuck, I smell the piss in the subway
My Boss cologne suits me well on the New York City
mass transit
Women lookin scared, borin-ass statues
Bitch you need to get out the boroughs
and move to Kansas or Pittsburgh or somethin
Sittin up with braids in your hair like a fuckin Halloween
pumpkin

Smile motherfucker, put on some lipstick or do
somethin
Eat your breakfast muffin
My appearance shock your brand new motherfuckin
leather
I ain't say nothin
Cause in your panties secretly, I know you readin the
magazine comin
The freak on the train is bustin
I was sittin here first, you wasn't
I know you goin home to masturbate
Your girlfriend is messed up, datin her own fuckin
cousin

[Chorus] - 2X

[Kool Keith]
Y'all just reachin your damn horizons, so what?
You got your cellular phone, motherfucker you pre-paid
Girls and guys I'm not frontin
Y'all bullshittin talkin to nobody lookin good at the
dinner table
Runnin your fuckin bill up on Verizon
You ain't shoppin with a lot of Victoria's Secret bags
Monkeys treat you to Unos, retarded-ass herb niggaz
are thin
Girls are more insecure, I'm realizin
The datin and courtin shit got everybody hyped up and
sportin shit
The Bell system fraud
Dial on the spot or stand trial on the spot
Ladies don't invite me over
Just cover the mattress with the piss, and the cum spot
Don't blast the same lame-ass singin MC a lot
Now move the ticket off your window, Manhattan traffic
cop
You shoulda dipped, your shit in the parking lot

[Chorus] - 2X

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