

Angie Martinez

"New York, New York(feat. DJ Clue & Prodigy)"

Visit "[New York, New York\(feat. DJ Clue & Prodigy\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Clue]

DJ Clue.. Desert Storm.. Angie Martinez.. Prodigy..
Live from New York nigga..

[Angie]

Uhh.. uhh.. yo-yo, uhh, yo
They say it ain't where you from that it's where you at
But where I'm from, y'all can tell, don't matter where
I'm at
Born and bred in the streets of New York, New York
It's evident in the way that I talk-a-talk
I travel abroad by the Concorde, with a Clue tape
(Clue!)
Stop in Sicily and tell 'em they pizza fake
And I keep the faith in the Knicks, them fuckers
And I'm quick to get slick with the lip and word to
mother
love a dude with a doo-rag, from where we suffer
from growin up too fast, I'm a rude ass bitch when I
need to be
But I'm cool as shit if you real with me, you feelin me?
I never sleep like my city when it's time to get this
money
Got game, spot game, so don't act funny (hah hah)
We the block, we the ave, we the Bronx, we Manhattan
From Staten, to Long Island, we make it happen, out in

[Chorus: Prodigy + Clue {ad libs}]

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

[P] The city, the buildings

[P] The big rotten apple, old timers and children

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

[P] We trendsetters

[P] We gave birth to rap music, y'all niggaz know better

We NEW YORK, NEW YORK

[P] The latest fashion, listen

[P] We get our jewels from the Diamond District

Out in NEW YORK, NEW YORK

[P] The brave, the great

[P] The Eastside nigga, the Empire State

[Prodigy]

Nigga we gangsta, we dress to kill
We on some real live Mobb shit, pullin up in trucks
flossin
The bosses, we scare 'em straight, it's not a game
how we bully shit, you fuck around and get your food
ate boy
My razor make your face ke-loid
Then I throw my drink at you (woo!) just to make that
shit burn
We make heads turn when we step in
You starin at my piece swingin, it might hypnotize you
Dunn, we never had to tuck our chains
Marquis diamonds all up in your face
We the hood, we the projects, we Brooklyn, we Queens
In the streets, our music is murder, ya heard me?
It's P (yeah) loud and clear, it ain't fair
how I keep droppin that shit that make you look stupid
Me and Angie, got the hottest shit movin on the block
right now
Y'all bitches bow down, to..

[Chorus]

[Prodigy]

Yo, we don't negotiate, we move on impulse
You try to insult me and my associates
So that note, we let the guns speak on our behalf
We got dough to keep dirt up off our hands
C'mon, we the M-O-B-B nigga
We the Mobb, who the fuck did you think it was?
Step aside youngbloods when you see New York
niggaz come through
Silent murder, that's how we do

[Angie]

Out in NEW YORK, NEW YORK - where they tend to wild
out
Who am I? Everything bitches pretend to be about
Angie, yeah baby, you thought it was me
Notoriously, N.Y.C. and y'all can see
I'ma be that chick you remember for life
I got, niggaz sick tryin to make me they wife
I'm in the 5 overdrive as I glide across the bridge
Rockin my sunglasses, signin pictures for the kids
I demolish from Tribeca to Hollis
+Sky's the Limit+ like Chris Wallace - you can't stop it
Comin through respect due cause I'm the people's
choice
Stop actin new yo, cause you know I'm the voice of

[Chorus]

[Clue]

Big shout to Queens, Brooklawn..
Uptown, the B.X., L.I., Shaolin, Y.O.
Nigga!

Desert Storm, Roc-A-Fella, it's William nigga.. Holla!
Hev. E Components nigga, we built like that!

Visit [Angie Martinez](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.