

## Jay-Z F/ Foxy Brown

### "New York"

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[Intro: Kool Keith]

Yo, you know what?

You could go to all the states in the world

See girls with long hair, flat stomachs

Goin' back and forth to the gym, workin' out

And they be talkin' to you

You get in New York... girls be frontin'

They have a little bit of tiny hair on they head

Or some just walk around with braids

You can't tell 'em nuttin'

Yo... they be killin' me

[H-Bomb]

Easy mon, blood clot, blood cleat with gold teeth

He peekin' at Kool Keith, Marc Live, and me

We - fly LAX to JFK, take it one way

You twisted, Jacky J ain't plan to stay

I'm on a one way, beamin' a poor chick in L.A.

Play - these chickens, break rules

I pack steels, do big drug deals

You in tennis shoes, where's your heels?

And you expect me to pay for these meals

Where's your spouse?

You live with your moms, is that a mouse

I'm breakin' out bounce, my man Ice-T got a penthouse

Four deep hits, scores, V.I.P.

We fingerbang chickens in lace, no space - fast race

Big Lonnie on Webster Ave with a screw face, briefcase

Three ki's taste with a rusty screw driver and waste

Your right hand man got replaced

You chase - baby makers, parts, heart breakers

Want papers - yes, them Murray gators huh?

You're man work in Manhattan up in Houlihan's as a  
waiters, later

You worship them slave owners on green papers,  
haters

I'm back in L.A. with three hoes in a Wilshire  
skyscrapers

[Chorus] - X 2

New York belongs to me!

(Not him, or yooouuuu)  
New York belongs to me!  
(Not him, or yooouuuu)

[Marc Live]

I walk through your city like a juggernaut  
You kids is astronauts, all in space  
Right to your face, no welcome mats just welcome caps  
A community of big city kids in black hats  
Catch me in a New York strip club slappin' a phat ass  
You don't get no pass, it's the big three - H, Marc, and  
Keith  
Top general chiefs, no games, forget the friends baby  
Let's go straight to the brains, an even exchange  
No heated exchange, we show the hotel the after party  
Lot of Bacardi and Limon, heavy smoke and plenty of  
grindin'  
I left L.A. real quick to see who's rhymin' -  
Who's talkin' mess and who's lyin'  
Who shippin' weight express mail, no Greyhound - we  
flyin'  
Forty-two street triple X, we buyin'  
Hot 97 nigga gon' play us some new shit, or we gon'  
start ridin'  
Me and Blaze up that spot, you know who we are  
High profile, we not buyin' the bar, real grimey  
One E & J, one Philly, and jake behind me... BX

[Chorus] - X 1.5

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[Kool Keith]

I'ma tell you New Yorkers on lock down, the city is my  
boo  
You shoulda called up Clue and made appointments  
I'm qualified in the Metropolitan area  
I shoulda been on the professional too  
None of y'all rappers don't have a rule  
Marketing plan out there, y'all know what to do  
What up nizza?, with tight beats on destinctive tracks  
like the RZA  
On four DAT's, computer sequence my formats  
I step on MC's like subways, rest my feet on rats  
8,000 rappers comin' out this summer posin' hard,  
rhymin' like pussycats  
Y'all don't shoot nobody, half of y'all like to scratch -  
Like kittens in a batch, most of y'all scared to light a  
match

Blow birthday candles, y'all dealin' with girls with love  
handles  
Better yet, guys still standin' in front of Fat Beats  
lookin' for samples  
I laught at you holdin' champagne tryin' to walk in the  
club like Rambo

[Chorus] - X 2  
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