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Joe Budden f/ Royce Da 5'9" "New York, Jersey, Philly"

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[Chorus: Joe Budden] New York, Jersey, Philly, New York, Jersey, Philly, New York, Jersey, Philly You know I keep it filthy out in New York, Jersey, Philly, New York, Jersey, Philly, New York, Jersey, Philly Check it..... [Verse One: Joe Budden] Rockin spikes and a beater, beside me a diva I'm hearin all the talk of how you ride with a heater Make sure I don't survive but when I see ya, ya sleep with a broke heart Like you went and took advice from Alicia Tell me if you really wanna take it there Best in the world if you ain't remained aware Latest gear, love, no, hate it yeah You and your scared style a get aired out, start, stop and stare now Change the trucks grill yeah the car got veneers now 'Lot of rappers spittin shit, I don't wanna hear now They talkin Gucci but they shoppin at Sears now If you weren't prepared now? You ain't get the warnin yet So I'm a go hard early call it morning sex New York, Jersey, Philly, New York, Jersey, Philly, New York, Jersey, Philly Tinted up, rims silly If a nigga try and kill me chalk it up, had the brother wildin With mind playin tricks on you get off Shutter Island Showin you somethin you never would see, I'm gettin checks every week You tryin to meet your executive needs, I'm in executive suites consecutively Somebody had to body ya, guess the job was left to me So when I kill the track they can't charge me with double jeopardy They asked you if I'm a boss and you say no sir How you don't concur my golfer got a chauffer Standin on the couch in the club with a nympho Reppin Slaughterhouse see the blood on the window Let's see I get wealthy, being broke gettin healthy So I ain't tryin to buy whatever shit they try to sell me Got a broad up in the telly I could trust her what you tell me Still bringin Lunatics with me yeah I learned that trick from Nelly 'Cause I know it can get urgent, when they see you just splurgin Strip club, in the private room tryin to fix the curtains Wanna 'cause a big excursion run up on the kid squirtin Make sure the Mac ain't broke and you ain't buy the Knicks version Out in...... [Chorus: Joe Budden] New York, Jersey, Philly, New York, Jersey, Philly, New York, Jersey, Philly You know I keep it filthy out in New York, Jersey, Philly, New

York, Jersey, Philly, New York, Jersey, Philly Niggas gotta feel me [Bridge: Joe Budden] OWWWWWWWWWW!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Slaughterhouse gang!!! My brotha from another mother! Let's go to the D!!! Nickel!!!!!! Two: Royce Da 5'9] Blood on the speakers, puke in the booth Hard hats bazookas, poop on my boots You all laughin 'til you get hit shootin from my gun I am in Doublemint, condition like chewin gum Bum, you older than fuck A hop, skip and a jump from layin down holdin a cup And there's nothin more impressive than being in one of my sessions My views excitin like a dude viewin a warmin undressin And y'all must have lost y'all sense Ashton Mart dark dark tint The weed stankin like the moth ball scent Y'all bunch of pop lame ass niggas Lyricless Wacka Flocka Flame ass niggas I am it, there is none before me, hush your nigga mouth quick Like Benzino, after me and Joe we did 40/40 And you can tell that bitch nigga I will kill him You have no idea of what, y'all are dealin I'm a walkin solid hundred dollar bill and I am so fuckin fly Had to buy my fuckin house without a ceilin I am a apocalyptic pop a nigga trigger You might wanna stop it if you was the opposite of killer, a gorilla I'm like five percent killer, five percent Eminem The other ninety percent, cap pealer I'm that iller, my speech is dead Yucky like you lookin at Mo'Nique legs Sick man!!!! I go harder than you can withstand I'm on lean like Bacardi on a kick stand I'm at the party in your bitch pants I'll Kadeem Hardison six man you bitch fam!!! The A-R is the choice of weapon I am the voice of B-S and yes I'm Detroit reppin My whole ice, look like meow yen Her thighs, look like she's been practicin moy tai

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