

Karl Moik

"Rumble in N.Y"

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"Name, nothing says your name" - sample, repeated throughout the song

[Shyheim]

I knew New York, before Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx

Manhattan and Staten Island, Shyheim, you know the kid from whilin'

Be up in the party, dusted, who got that shit?

Ya'll niggas know what time it is (Wu-Tang, nigga) ask 12 O'Clock

It's mad dusted, be up in the spot, you don't even want it

Who got shot, fuckin' with them kids that rep' 27

Words, niggas on they way to heaven

That's my word, son, for real, we keep it dirty

Like free Ol' Dirty, hold up son, free Ol' Dirty

Ya'll don't even want, free Ol' Dirty, fuck that, free Keith Murray

Niggas don't want it, so we keep it gully

In the spot, knowin' what time, it be the kid, Shyheim, freestylin'

Cuz ya'll niggas don't deserve nothin' written that's my word, I ain't kiddin'

Fuck that, give me mines, fuck that, give me Shyne Life, I rock three hundred on the grill

fuck that, I rock three hundred on the grill

Park Hill, Stapletiz, Now Born, the Brook

Port Richmond, Jungle Nilz, word up son, we bumpin' that dough

Bumpin' them grills, watchin' out for niggas like Lilz

Niggas like Guy, and niggas like Life

that rob niggas, and then take your life

So we take the heater, young niggas, please believe it

Cause we makin' believers, you don't want it? That's my word

I don't care about who you runnin' with

ya'll can all get it, that's my word to Twin

That's my word to Big L and Pun

For real, they can see me in the spot without a big ass gun

Start a lot of trouble
cause if I ain't use cocoa butter, my skin will bubble
Ya'll don't understand that though

[Interlude: Shyheim (Infamous Bluesteele)]
Jim Jay, shit ain't the same, 27, I love you for real
Wu-Tang, Shaolin, new get it (Yo, what you ask me son,
huh?)

[Infamous Bluesteele]
How you doin' Inf? Are you doing well?
Is your pocket full? Is your boot scuffed?
Is your clothes ironed? Then why you hoe hired?
Why you know guys in Shaolin Hill?
I'm a street nigga, who never was a prankster
I know street niggas, who never was a gangster
But still played that roll, I made that goal
And once I took it there, I was booked all year
I'm a rap nigga, you can ask 'Perb
And I'm gangster, nigga, you can ask 'Perb
Ran up on Ice Grillz, took off his mask, word
Looked up in his face, and said "Oh, that's herb"
And I'm treat your bitches, like oh, that's her
Fuck your hood nigga, I know that curb
Ya'll niggas ain't suppliers, ya'll niggas is fired
Biggie is unbelievable, ya'll niggas is liars
Niggas who whipped wires, steer my tire
Like why re-loop long, they're on fire
Cause we're on Maya, Angelow level
When I bare hand that paper, my hands a gold medal
Infa, man listen, ya'll better calm down
I got plans for kissin', I'm way beyond now
My shit is futuristic, and few can sniff it
You never leave a thug alone with the drug alone
And if I call your crib, to spit nigga, hug the phone
And scream, kick that shit, nigga, with your mother
home
I smash your whole grill piece with a steel piece
That I chiseled on, puttin' my lyrics on
And spittin' til your holy ghost see the spirit off
Ain't no bitch between us, how you gettin' home?
Don't fuck wit them Embassy, untouchable niggas
We good, got off the hook, be like, we love you niggas
All them other hood niggas, is rugged Wu niggas
Hood told us, that's why we can't fuck with you niggas
Cuz we so will, while ya'll so ill
Stay away from them, Blue stay away from them

[Outro: Shyheim]
Yeah, Wisdom Cypher Cypher Wisdom, yeah

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