

Lake f/ Cormega, Fat Joe

"Dirty NY"

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[Intro: Street hustler]

Yo, I go in the street do my thang, pa
I make it happen, I go out there man and I hustle, pa
I make it happen, I'm going through a lot of situation
right now as it is
But I'm gon' survive, because I'm strong, I been
through worst situation

[Verse One: Cormega]

New York went from excellence to desilance, right?
Ma'fuckas ain't reppin' it right
I been through hard days and treacherous nights
Clear it out right, pure raw, no stretchin' light
Blueviant white, I'm feelin' it
And I'm chillin' in Villas, in Carribeans
Reminiscin' my niggaz no longer wit us and in the pens
Niggaz want what I got, but lack discipline
And walk with me, our path's different
If we clash, I blast fifth's at them
Leave they ass period-less
Like exorcism, I'ma threat to niggaz
Been stressed ever since I bought the Lex from Nitty
Couldn't shine 'til the death for BIGGIE (uh)
I keep the heat near me
Like Shaquille, wear Evisu daily
This is nearly a preview, I hope the streets are ready
I know my breed is nearly extinct 'cause he's a 'raeli
Hard to find like a Bernard King jersey
I started slingin' early
No mama to raise me, my father ain't seen the cash
So I became a man, slingin', elevated to weigh a gram
Representin' and blazin' hammers (*gun shots*)
They made me stand up

[Verse Two: Lake]

I know the killings, but homey I gotta get it
The way BIG and them did it
But me and Mega would did it
I'm in it, to get us big, Aristotle Onassis
Bullet proof fabric, cartier on my glasses
My man we've been mashin' street wars, and shoot

dawgs
Seen forms, those wagons runnin' through the blocks
clappin'
Automatic, matched wit infrared, we scope
No shirts, heavy and put my Timbs up on a niggaz
throat
I pull it back, 'til it click-clack, and sit back
on with ski mask in a nigga crib
And if I'm done, I wait until done from one round
(Pull it out) start bangin', I be waitin' wit a smile
Goin' out like Salaisie did, I thrive for spit
One of a few niggaz that'll pop a pig
While he walkin' on his beads, I take money and count
it
Fake powder than menage it off in the shower

[Verse Three: Fat Joe]

Yea, yea, uh
Niggaz say I walk around wit a vest in my chest
Now that's a quarter mil, iced out, TS in my chest
I tried to told y'all niggaz (what?)
Will fold y'all niggaz (what?)
Come off that doe and will expose y'all niggaz (what?)
It's kinda scary how we weary the streets
Quick to bury ya, peace, you talkin' shit, now you inherit
the beef
And you don't want that, black man, Crack too crazy
Insane, now we even teamin' up wit Lakey
And that's a problem, however you call it
I want a dollar off every bottle that's sold in the hallway
Or even a bag, I sleep wit the mac
Keepin' a gat for any nigga thinkin' he bad
Schemin' on Crack, it's not gon' happen
No how, you fuckin' wit thorough niggaz ain't scared to
blow trial

[Outro: Street hustler]

If you have to go, you have to go
And I don't got a problem with that
That's one problem I don't got problem with
And thank God I got, you know, brothers that look out
for me
They keep me thinking for the future
I really want to say that's why it counts
Eventually I am, believe me I had a dream
And it's gon' come reality, pretty soon

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