

Tony Yayo

"Nyc, Where I'm From"

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(feat. Lloyd Banks)

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

How real is this? New York City, How real is this? New
York City
America welcome to the land of the brave
America welcome to the land of the slave
Where they do anything for money the consequences
is the cage
Follow the path of a dummy hop a fence into they grave
You could either live to regret or benefit from your
ways
The enemies get what they deserve the innocents get
disgraced
Everything ain't all gravy baby niggas subject to
change
And it gotta be the paper cause niggas is actin strange
I wake up to my medicine, head throbbin, heart full of
rage
Feelin dirty from haze as strong as thirty grenades
When it comes to ammunition theres 30 30s and Kays
And them Trays hold me down like that Du Rag thats on
ya waves yo

[Eminem Talking:]

Aiyo, you're listening to DJ Whoo Kid right now
The official, the biggest bootlegger on the planet, the
biggest bootlegger
On the planet, He will bootleg anything and everything
If you have a couch at home he will bootleg it
It will be sold in China Town at your local bodega
It doesn't matter, he is DJ Whooooooooooooo
Kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiid

[Verse: Lloyd Banks]

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ya waves bro
America welcome to the land where they kill
America welcome to the land where they steal
Where niggas'll call ya bluff 'till you let 'em know shit is
real
And material shit'll make bitches head over heels
Where drama appeals to most of the kids so they watch
Where they shoot at cops, and most little niggas don't
know they pops
Where peer pressure comes on you smoke weed, get
bent to be cool
Where the girls lose they virginity in elementary school
Where ambulances are late, club floors get left with
stains
Over stepped on sneakers, nigga what set you claim
Where niggas are ghetto fabulous pullin them nice
whips
Where cops'll fuck you up with flashlights and night
sticks whoa
America welcome to the land where they frame you
America welcome to the land where they hang you
Where it doesn't pay to live without sin don't be a angel
In a regular day just chillin a bullet can reaarange you
Where cats'll stab you the first time they get the chance
too
The envious ways of a coward won't do nothing but
amp you
I'm from South Side Jamaica where convicts and stars
are born
Where you can wake up in the morning and ya brand
new cars gone
Where niggas that you grew up with are speedin and
smokin crack
Play Russian Roulette with they dreams and theres no
way to get 'em back
Where the hood rats'll surround you to concentrate on
ya stack
Its kinda hard to keep ya cool when theres constant
heat on ya back

[Chorus: Lloyd Banks]

New York City that's where I stay
Where every day is foul play
We got ours so you should have yours
Cause it won't be no warnings when it's time to go to war
New York City that's where I'm from
I got my vest I got my gun
And you should run
If you ain't got one
Cause it won't be no warnings when them niggas' fours come

[Verse 2: Tony Yayo]

Yo Banks, let me shine
I got *Timberwolves in Minnesota*
And got them *New York Knicks* up in that baking soda homie
I cross over with Rutgers in *Vancouver when it's grizzly*
In a *Portland Trailblazer* if your ass don't hit me
You get shot in your *cavs in Cleveland*
Start bleedin', and now you wanna bitch and can't ball all season
Yo I'm rollin' *Phillies up with the 76ers*
And got my *heat up in Miami* on the beach with my niggas
And them hos from *Atlanta is hawkin'*
Cuz they see them *Denver nuggets* on my neck while my ass is walkin'
Stash the gun
Now I'm in *Phoenix sun*
Cuz I'm a *Golden State warrior* that stay on the run
I'm in the truck
Countin' up *Milwaukee bucks*
And I stay with the wratchet cuz that's what's up
I got a *wizard in DC* that chef up o's
So I'm livin' like a *king in Sacramento*
When I'm out in *Chicago I'm on some bullshit*
You know semi automatic I stay with a full clip
With them *Houston rockets*
Baby nine in my pocket
Hypnotic and balm chronic
Bang you with the *sonics*
I'm that nigga that'll *Los Angeles clip you*
Slow your *pace in Indiana* when you countin' them figures
Yo I'm out in *New Orleans whoadie duckin' them warrants*
You get stung by my Mac like a batch of hornets*
Time to splurge like the *San Antonio Spurs*

I got rings like a *Laker* bubble *celtic birds*
Disappear like *magic, Dallas mavericks* in the gat
And I'll *Detroit piss* on you while you lyin on your back
Strip shorty out her bra you know I get ass
Cause the kid big ballin' like the *Utah Jazz*
Toronto Raptors style Yay is a vet
I move like a *Net*
So cut that check nigga

[Tony Yayo talking:]

Its the playoffs nigga, ya'll niggas ain't think I could rap
like that huh?

I got Lloyd Banks with me, Blue Hefner nigga, Its the
Talk Of New York,

Matter fact I'll change my shit to top of New York nigga,
Thoughts Of A Predicate Felon, June

Ya'll niggas can't rap ya'll ain't got no money

Broke ass niggas

Its the real Talk Of New York

Niggas tryin to bite my name and shit while I'm gone ha
ha

Top Of New York nigga I'm changin' my shit, a.k.a. 12
12's 58 58's nigga

I did that just cause the playoffs is right now

You bumass niggas

Curtis "Interscope" Jackson, nigga

He shootin a million, a 60 million,

Matter fact a hundred million dollar movie right now

My man Buck, G Unit South, Buck Marley, Sha Millions
nigga

Talk Of New York Tony Yayo, Olivia, It don't stop

We got video games, movies, liqour deals and ya'll
niggas is mad huh?

You bumass niggas

I hear these bumass niggas rhymin on freestyles

Ya'll niggas is fuckin trash

I just did that to show ya'll niggas how to rap

Tony Yayo, blueprint I follow 50's blueprint nigga yeah

I'm poppin' shit nigga

Cause my mixtape is better than ya fuckin album,
pussy, fuck

And niggas better.. My date is June 27th if you ain't
know

If you come that month you better push back

Cause my shit is straight crack nigga

I might call myself Tony Crack no no Tony Dope

Nah Tony Yayo nigga ha ha yeah

G Unit, better ask somebody nigga

