

Naz & Dev

"Cold New Yorkin'"

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Yo Shameek, what we're doin now, man?
Ahh - theme song for New York, man, we're tryin to find
one
How 'bout 'I want to be a part of it'?
Bust how we're not tryin to hear that...
Yo, forget it, we gonna kick it off like this:

(Ain't no doubt that we will
Y'all don't just understand)

(Let me ask you somethin
How much feelin do you have out there?
You got a lotta feelin, huh?
In that case y'all don't mind singin along
Come on, y'all)

[VERSE 1]

Cold New Yorkin, and yes, I can hold mine
If rhymes were gold, then I would have a gold mine
I diss your favorite MC, and the whole nine
I'm Universal, indeed I control mine
Like the master from an old kung-fu flick
Killin MC's with a lyrical death kick
Laid-back in the track like a cantor
Wonderin what they wanna quote 'word is bond' for
When they can't quote the power of god degree
They must wanna be down universally
In that case, I'm ready to start punishin
With many stripes I snipe you so astonishin
I leave a shine on your mind like a pledge
Push you off the edge if you don't know the ledge
As in the first step towards righteous
You look a bit hungry, please, don't try to bite this
Duplication will result in a violation
I have you payin for my summer vacation
Yo, put down your microphone, and just start walkin
I play you out, no doubt, when I'm just cold New Yorkin

(It ain't -
It ain't where you're from) 3x
It's w-w-w-where you're at) --> Rakim

[VERSE 2]

I'm blazin like fire, rippin through silk
Puttin rhymes to the rhythm like cookies in milk
You wanna taste it? You wrote a rhyme and I erased it
I said a line and like a crackhead you based it
After you smoked, did you fiend for another one?
When I resign, there could never be another Sun
Anyone could be the king, even a dog
But when I hear 'Sunborn', I leap like a frog
And you're the lillypath, you must be silly mad
I'm so rough, that when I'm good, I'm really bad
How many rappers does it take to beat me?
Well, I don't know, cause they're afraid to meet me
Some try to greet me, and then try to diss me
Behind my back when their girls can't resist me
It's only right that I get my props
Cause I drop hip-hop freestyles non-stop
This is comin from the east coast shore line
Your mother was on mine as soon as she saw mine
Tell your sister I said to stop hawkin
I never flirt with dirt, cause I'm just cold New Yorkin

(It ain't where you're from
It's where you're at)

(It ain't -
It ain't where you're from) 3x
It's w-w-w-where you're at)

[VERSE 3]

Now this goes out to every rapper in New York
Pop the cork and tell your DJ to walk
Mel-Ice the Sword is now on the job
Rollin like the mob in a Benz with Rob
From Zakia to Profile, just like before
Russell and Lyor makin sure I get paid more
Tables turn to accompany the tracks
Identify the talent of the Hollywood Impact
XI Posse is down with 8-4
The regulators to make sure you pay for
Any mistake, for the mercy you'll beg
After you're stomped out by junior regs
Try to make it Uptown, I don't know why
You'll be stopped in the '80s by the D.B.I.
And ehm, not to mention, the family is Ruthless
If you ain't bullet-proof, then you're useless
Like En Vogue I'm tellin you to 'hold on'
You play a role, and I bet you get rolled on
Five boroughs of death, now keep talkin
From Medina to the Pelan, cold New Yorkin

(It ain't -
It ain't where you're from) 3x
It's w-w-w-where you're at)

(It ain't where you're from, it's where you're at)

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