

# Clayborne Family, New York City

[Chorus]

Are you sure you wanna go - to New York City? (New York City)  
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[Kool Keith]

New York City's finest, the added attraction  
Next to your man, popular name  
I mark minus, negative  
Is that the best vocals you give?  
I passed your structure, you think its okay?  
Motown needs to see me, deliver your cassette  
Amateurs embarrass me, give me somethin' to play  
I'll sit in the big meetings with Damon Dash  
Urine on your shoulders, my delivery is arrogant, I expect cash  
Don't play anything cartoon in front of Mike Viv, ask Hiram Hicks  
I'll put my face on the console, my engineer sharp  
I thought you spit on hits  
Oh you Spike now, wearin' Allan's  
You sportin' Houston's kicks  
Since you parked West, you rhyme and practice  
While I hang out with the Dominican Republic  
I keep the Sony cam - between crotches, I tape all Spanish chicks  
International rapper on tight bars with the Spanish mix  
Hittin' Spanish licks

[Chorus]

[Jacky Jasper]

Statues, buildings, street killers living  
Could be heaven, pimps through thugs - nothin' givin'  
Driven - to penthouse, lookers, dope cooks, jookas  
The highest price hookers, gamblers, pushers  
Thug ways, no way  
Cabs some days, town call always, high all day  
Honest but dishonest, regardless  
I'm heartless cause money is endless  
Not hard to get clip, you trip you'll get clipped  
The weak will slip, hit is what they get  
Peeps walk, avoid the jack, don't talk, guns spark  
All money, shark fin, New York  
Money's fast, the city ain't slow, the pay slow  
With all those Burroughs, yo

[Chorus]

[Marc Live]

Yo, yo, I love the dirty blocks  
My thugs at the corner movin' that stuff, controllin' the spot  
I like the city yo, we move quickly  
Where the streets talk a lot, yo... (yeah)  
And if you snitch them kids'll get you at the chicken spot  
And rock big leathers, and match the Tims up  
Lace the kicks up, a new fitted  
A long chains make the chickens get real hot  
Stop playin' this the Big Apple, we take a bite out  
Conference calls, blow ten thousand (yeah) - on just a night out  
The Westside Highway I test my heat out  
Five deep, we move fast and blow the seats out  
The streets peek out, they like the Clayborne's  
Come through (yo), we make the streets stop, I know your head bop  
New York City, where cats wil' out and jacks just go out

[Chorus] - 2X