

# Kool Keith, New York City

[Chorus x4: singer]

Are you sure you wanna go, to New York City (New York City)

[Kool Keith]

New York City's finest, the added attraction next to your man  
Popular name, I'm Mark Minus  
Negative, is that the best vocals you give  
I pass the structure, you think it's okay, Motown needs to see me  
Deliver your cassette, amateurs embarrass me  
Give me somethin to play, I 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 Biv  
Ask Hiram Hicks, I put my face in the console  
My engineer's sharp, I thought you spit on hits  
Oh you Spike now, wearin Allen  
You sportin Houston's kicks, Central Park West  
You rhyme and practice  
While I hang out with the Dominican Republic  
I keep the Sony Cam, between crushes  
I take all Spanish chicks, international rapper  
On tight bars with the Spanish mix  
Hittin Spanish licks

[Chorus]

[uncredited rapper]

Statues, buildings, street killings, living could be heaven  
Pimps {?} thugs, nothin given driven  
The Penthouse look is dope cooks jokers  
The high price, hookers gamblers pushers  
Subways no way, cab some days  
Town call always I all days  
Honest but dishonest, regardless  
I'm heartless, cause money is endless  
No heart to get clipped you trip you'll get clipped  
The weak will slip, hit is what they get  
Heat spark avoid the jack don't talk gun spark  
All money sharks in New York  
Money's fast, the city ain't slow  
The papes low, in all those boroughs, yo

[Chorus]

[uncredited rapper]

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 (uh-huh, yo)  
And if you snitch them kids'll get you at the chicken spot  
And rock big leathers, and match the Timbs up  
Lace the kicks up, the new fitted (new fitted)  
A long chains make the chickens get real hot  
Stop playin, it's the Big Apple  
We take a bite out, conference calls blow ten thousand (yeah)  
Bungalo six baby, on just a night out (woo!)  
The Westside highway, I test my heat out  
Five deep, we move fast and blow the seats out  
The streets peak out, they like the Claybornes  
Come through, yo we make the streets stop  
I know your head bop, New York City (New York)  
Where cats wild out and jacks just go out

[Chorus x2: to fade]