

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
Urrinate 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, nothing given driven
The Penthouse look is dope cookers 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]