

50 Cent, I Run New York

(feat. Tony Yayo)

[chorus - 50 Cent]

The walls have ears lil' nigga, I run New York,
Even when I ain't there lil' nigga, I run New York,
I said the walls have ears lil' nigga, I hear when you talk,
Let's get this shit clear lil' nigga, I run New York

[verse 1 - 50 Cent]

I wake up, stare at the ceilin',
I'm alive, what a beautiful feelin',
I put my vest on right after I put on my drawers,
It's a habit I'm always prepared for war,
See my life's like some shit, you seen in a flick,
Bitches act like pornstars when they sit on a dick,
When I was hit and out the game I said "one more flick",
Test my aim in the range I'm like "one more clip",
It's my brain, I'm insane, I be on some shit,
Man I run Interscope, Jada's tryna annoy me,
Nuthin' but another disgruntled employee,
He been in the game ten years and he still ain't rich,
Even his mama upset that he still ain't shit,
And he keep runnin his yap, like I'ma take all that,
One more word out his mouth I'll push Style's shit back,
See the nozzle on my tre pound is three inches long,
And the trigger on the fo' fo's extremely strong,
With a little tre douche is like pop, pop,
Chase his ass up the block til his bitch ass drop,
And the verses he be kickin' none of 'em hot,
Cos he ain't got none of that shit he says he got,
And he ain't did none of that shit he said he did,
And I ain't got time to be talkin 'bout this shit, (fuckin' faggot)

[chorus - 50 Cent]

I guess it's easy to see lil' nigga, I run New York,
Yeah I live in CT lil' nigga, but I run New York,
And I don't go to parties lil' nigga, but I run New York,
And I stay gettin Cs lil' nigga, cos I run New York
(Yayo, tell 'em I run New York)

[verse 2 - Tony Yayo]

My gun is longer than yours, nigga, call your recouster,
Locks made more money than them thin tiny suits,
The game around south, drugs and rappin,
Jada fuckin punchlines, my serp went platinum,
Style's and Sheek Louch went double plastic,
Yayo, Buck and Banks was puttin out classics,
A hundred shots, a hundred clips, y'all ready to die,
Fat Joe ain't a gangsta, he scared to fly,
Automatic mossberg, who want a piece of this punk,
I had Ja Rule buried and some high heel punk,
Feds stuck in a bullet-proof, man fuck that,
Homie, shoot up my whip, all you leave is a scratch,
Yo, I flip cocaine, in your project lobby,
And beat you wit my pistol like Kane did Charlie,
It's T.O.N.Y.Y.A.Y.O.,
My whole clique got dough, my Os on the fly hole,
C4s, we fly on linz,
And my rocks lookin like, flashlights yo' benz,

[chorus - 50 Cent]

When I'm down in DC lil' nigga, I tell 'em, I run New York,
When I'm out in Philly lil' homie, I run New York,
When I'm in VA I tell niggaz guess what, I run New York,

When I'm in NC niggaz holla at the moon, cos I run New York,
(Yayo tell 'em I run New York)

[50 Cent talking]

Now who the fuck told that lil' nigga he can talk to me like that? Catch my bottle up and roll him some me what's goin on. Want me to serve him somethin' for real, cos I'll serve, murder [laughing] eh, eh nigga I said get out the mirror for a second let me talk to him. Puffy da only nigga a muthafucka pop still ain't a coupe. Ah, nigga, you in da way. You owe money nigga, aw man, now why you make me shit, damn! I see yo' monkey ass in da paper, cos you ain't returnin them jewels you borrowed, you shit you be wearin yours. [laughing] We coulda kept this secret, nigga. These niggaz I'm supposed up, [laughing] that's what he gonna say, "they set me up, man." I ain't even go through t