

Angie Martinez, New York, New York"(feat. DJ Clue & Prodigy)

ANGIE MARTINEZ

Miscellaneous

New York, New York"(feat. DJ Clue & Prodigy

DJ Clue.. Desert Storm.. Angie Martinez.. Prodigy..

Live from New York nigga..

Uhh.. uhh.. yo-yo, uhh, yo

They say it ain't where you from that it's where you at

But where I'm from, y'all can tell, don't matter where I'm at

Born and bred in the streets of New York, New York

It's evident in the way that I talk-a-talk

I travel abroad by the Concorde, with a Clue tape (Clue!)

Stop in Sicily and tell 'em they pizza fake

And I keep the faith in the Knicks, them fuckers

And I'm quick to get slick with the lip and word to mother

love a dude with a doo-rag, from where we suffer

from growin up too fast, I'm a rude ass bitch when I need to be

But I'm cool as shit if you real with me, you feelin me?

I never sleep like my city when it's time to get this money

Got game, spot game, so don't act funny (hah hah)

We the block, we the ave, we the Bronx, we Manhattan

From Staten, to Long Island, we make it happen, out in

[Chorus: Prodigy + Clue {ad libs}]

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

The city, the buildings

The big rotten apple, old timers and children

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

We trendsetters

We gave birth to rap music, y'all niggaz know better

We NEW YORK, NEW YORK

The latest fashion, listen

We get our jewels from the Diamond District

Out in NEW YORK, NEW YORK

The brave, the great

The Eastside nigga, the Empire State

Nigga we gangsta, we dress to kill

We on some real live Mobb shit, pullin up in trucks flossin

The bosses, we scare 'em straight, it's not a game

how we bully shit, you fuck around and get your food ate boy

My razor make your face ke-loid

Then I throw my drink at you (woo!) just to make that shit burn

We make heads turn when we step in

You starin at my piece swingin, it might hypnotize you

Dunn, we never had to tuck our chains

Marquis diamonds all up in your face

We the hood, we the projects, we Brooklyn, we Queens

In the streets, our music is murder, ya heard me?

It's P (yeah) loud and clear, it ain't fair

how I keep droppin that shit that make you look stupid

Me and Angie, got the hottest shit movin on the block right now

Y'all bitches bow down, to..

Yo, we don't negotiate, we move on impulse

You try to insult me and my associates

So that note, we let the guns speak on our behalf

We got dough to keep dirt up off our hands

C'mon, we the M-O-B-B nigga
We the Mobb, who the fuck did you think it was?
Step aside youngbloods when you see New York niggaz come through
Silent murder, that's how we do

Out in NEW YORK, NEW YORK - where they tend to wild out
Who am I? Everything bitches pretend to be about
Angie, yeah baby, you thought it was me
Notoriously, N.Y.C. and y'all can see
I'ma be that chick you remember for life
I got, niggaz sick tryin to make me they wife
I'm in the 5 overdrive as I glide across the bridge
Rockin my sunglasses, signin pictures for the kids
I demolish from Tribeca to Hollis
+Sky's the Limit+ like Chris Wallace - you can't stop it
Comin through respect due cause I'm the people's choice
Stop actin new yo, cause you know I'm the voice of

Big shout to Queens, Brooklawn..
Uptown, the B.X., L.I., Shaolin, Y.O.
Nigga!

Desert Storm, Roc-A-Fella, it's William nigga.. Holla!
Hev. E Components nigga, we built like that!