

Cam'ron, Welcome To New York

[Jay-Z]

Turn the motherfucking music up

[Cam'Ron]

Just Blaze, man. You owe me nigga

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Welcome to the Empire State.

Home of the World Trade. Birthplace of Michael Jordan.

Home of Biggie Smalls. Roc-A-Fella headquarters.

Ladies and gentlemen, Killa Cam, Young Hov is definitely in the building

Brooklyn, Harlem World

(Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City)

Stand the fuck up!

[Jay-Z]

I'm a B.K. brawler

Marcy projects hallway loiterer

Pure coke copper, get your order up

I bring em to Baltimore in the floor to splore

It's gonna cost you more if I gotta get em to Florida

Rugged game attender

With the bent pole on the sidewalk with the tin plates on the fender

I ain't hard to find you catch me frontin center

At the Knick game, big chain and all my splendor

Match the spike and the pen left to write

I own Madison Square, catch me at the fight

But damn once again if you pan left at the ice

If you the man that write checks with the hand that don't write

I go off the head when I'm rambling on the mic

And I go off the feds when I'm srambling at night

And if its off the set I brought hammers to the fight

But we from New York City, right Cam?

[Cam'ron]

Ya damn right

[Juelz Santana]

It's the home of 9-11, the place of the lost towers

We still banging, we never lost power, tell em

Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City

Y'all fuckin with BK's banger and Harlem's own gangster

Now that's danger theres nothing left to shape up

Welcome to New York City, welcome to New York City

[Cam'Ron]

Yo, theres a war going on outside no man is safe from

It don't matter if you three feet or eight-one

You'll get eight from me, nine and straight blown

Wig split, melon cracked, all that on day one

Carry eight guns, two in the trunk

Two in the waist, two in the ankle, two to just spank you

You can jam with them jammers, blam with them blammers

It's hot here, ask Mase he ran to Atlanta

You think we know what life do, make wanna mold the cycle

Drinkers they so delightful, blinging with so much ice

In front of sparks, body cops Dilano

Block away watch by Gotti and Girvano

It's la costra nostra, someone close approach ya

They'll toast ya gopher, bread loaf with shofer

Old coke they raise up and snort, blayze up ya fort

Jay puff shine, cases was caught

Midnight pick fights, they love a victim

Watch him fore he watch you, Killa

[Juelz Santana]

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[Cam'Ron]

I'm from 101, west to Hunt 40th, this shit is live

Fifth-floor, 56, you know the zip, district five

You're on 22nd, you from two-one

Thats on Lennox, 7th ave was news one

[Jay-Z]

Coverage I synethetry

Got rise from defending me

Cause New York'll miss me if I'm locked in the penitentiary

The judge said "Is this that thug, from the kit kat club?"

But I got enough chips stacked up to make a bitch to pack up

[Cam'Ron]

Killa, I pinch that button, I grip that snub to hit that thug

Lay up in a pitch black tug,

You lookin at rich black thugs to get that love

And we won't stop til I get back blood

Holla at em Hov

[Jay-Z]

I'm from Flushing, Marcy, Notia, Myrtle and Park

Niggas'll drive by in the day, murder you in the dark

Thats why the Johnny gun I'm holding

Wet niggas up like the johnny-pump is open

Homie, I play hard

[Juelz Santana]

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[Cam'Ron]

Yall niggas man, yall can't fuck around man

It's the ROC bitch, Killa, my nigga Jigga, Sigel, Beans

Diplomats man, holla, Dash

Get the fuck off our dicks

I own this shit right now man, I ain't going nowhere

Welcome to New York City!