

Jay-Z, 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 ford explorer

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 crack