

Lloyd Banks, NY NY

[chorus: Lloyd Banks]

Don't talk tough talk unless you walk the walk
We grimy, we dirty in New York, New York
Blood spill around here and don't care about court
Take a pack and bring it back and don't come up short
Cause any day can be your day, so don't play
Yay got the yay, Fame got the AK, OK
You scared, get the fuck out the way
And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play

[Verse 1: Lloyd Banks]

Nah I cant play sacs or pull a rabbit out a hat
But I can cock back and blow your bladder out your back
Take that, I'll show you little niggas how to rap
I'm crack, that's snowy white powder on the track
I told 50 I was going to take it to the top
Get close and get pop like hot bacon out the pot
And my goons are loony they'll strip you naked on the spot
Ain't nobody scared in south, Jamaica but the cops
And speaking of cops, you niggas better stop squealing
If I get knocked, I'll lay bread on your head by the million
Call up the Ladens have 'em taliban the building
On a good day so they don't blow up the building

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[Verse 2: Lloyd Banks]

I roll up cause it's a hold up
Aint nothing funny stop smiling
It be the reason that the crime piling
Don't complain and die over a chain
Bang bang gang green neighborhood game
You know me, house slippers and baggy sweats
I throw a bitch out the crib like Jazzy Jeff
All the haters sidelining and they mad he next
Cause I got the bunny's with them fatties yes
My ride thumping, talking shit, stunting
It will be repeated dumping if my finger push the button
Just for bluffing, hit for nothing
You can bust him, it don't matter the vehicle custom

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[Verse 3: Tony Yayo]

I'm from New York, New York niggaz die for the cheese
I air your house out like a can of Febreeze, at ease
Ease up soldier, I pull up in the rover
Click clack, ya whole life over

Baking soda in your work they gon' buy it, nope
Cause them fiends getting tired of that diet Coke
I'm back baby, mad hype like a crack baby
Ask Slim Shady, my gun game crazy

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