

# Az, New York

(feat. Ghostface Killah, Raekwon)

[Intro: AZ (samples)]

Yeah... "the city"

This is serious, here "number one"

New York! It's beyond the 5 boroughs "keep it real" "I get ill"

"Number one" This will rock! "the city" "I gotta get in"

[AZ]

This is that, Riker's Island, not slipping rap flows

For them box bitten bing monsters, sniffin' that blow

Block covers know the style, triple that dough

Forty cal. for them cock suckers, sittin' back slow

What y'all know about coke pies, give 'em that low

I mouth them before the bowtie resemble cash flow

Rap NY, no lie, my side is back Ghost, so hot

Crooked cops are searching your asshole, it's the drop

That freeze niggaz right where they stand for the gwap

Niggaz'll play Pac and pop with they man, it don't stop

We up top, but we locked and landing

He roadblock, he flow shots, get Ghost and scam

Gingerbread niggaz on the run from feds

Shit is sick, pretty chicks'll put a gun to ya head

Never a vic', either think quick or end up dead

Cuz when we flip, what's left to be said? New York

New York, New York, New York

[Chorus x2: samples \*scratched by DJ Premier\*]

"New York, New York"

"Number One"

"New York, New York"

"Keep it real" "I get ill"

"New York, New York"

"Number one"

"New York, New York"

"The city" "I gotta get in"

[Raekwon]

You know the town stupid, this is all authentic ground

You can get poked, grabbed and choked, then shot up, for product

Bank holders stay in the lab, too many dumb niggaz is scheming

You can get murked up in the cab

Shout out to niggaz that be jerking tags, rollin' in Jags

Good boy leathers, hood boys'll blast you

Niggaz that carry ones and hit grass

And love hip hop, the shit that bring money outta ziplocs

Protect your dome, I'm warning you, what harm I do to the kid

I have you on the floor with ya armor loose

Break the raw down and sign truces

Then switch the next muthafuckin' date, fuck all excuses

When you see me it's real, I'm just a natural born hustler

The castle where they wrap you in plastic, duke

So every soldier that's armed, remind your general

It's critical, you might stay a night, if you pretendable

[Chorus x2]

[Ghostface Killah]

Yo, we was raised in the dead arm district

Before guns was called biscuits, Stapleton was on that hood shit

Live from the New York borough, keeping it thorough

Bunch of snakes in the grass, stay creepin' like squirrels

Cuz a snitch gon' crack that nut, don't give a fuck

Did ten hours long and try to wrap us up

He dry snitching, post up in the whip with a fly wisdom  
Hopped out to get a dutch, but he left with his wig splitten  
We from New York, my city never sleeps (No)  
We runnin' with a hundred heats  
When beef pop off, we ain't the one to speak  
Dressed in all black, driving six feet hurses  
With sixteen niggaz, dropping sixteen verses  
Big faces, bolgin' outta big green purses  
Stuck ya man for his vegi's and his lame ass circus  
So I dare niggaz act up, y'all niggaz act up  
Now like cars in reverse, y'all better back up

[Chorus x2]