

[Chorus - Lloyd Banks]

Don't talk tough talker unless you walk the walk
We grimy, we dirty we 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 blather out your back
Take that, I'll show you niggaz 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 goonys are loony and strip you naked on the spot
Ain't nobody scared in south, Jamaica but the cops
And speaking' bout cops, you niggaz better stop quelling
And if I get knocked, I'll make bread on your head by the million
Crawl up the ladder tattle tattle be in the building
call up the ladens so they 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 crowd piling
Don't complain and die over a chain
Bang bang gang green neighborhood game
You know me I'm slipper as them baggy sweets
I throw a bitch out the crib like Jazzy Jeff
All the hate is 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 thumping 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 fabreeze, at ease
Ease up soldier, I pull up in the rover
Click clack, ya whole life over
Baking soda and your work they go' 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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