

# NY NY (feat. Tony Yayo)

## Lloyd Banks

(Chorus - Lloyd Banks)

Don't talk tough talker 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 f\*\*k 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  
? so they blow up the building

(Chorus - Lloyd Banks)

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And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play(Verse 2 - Lloyd Banks)

I roll up cause it's a hold up  
Aint nothing funny stop smiling  
It be the reason 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(Chorus - Lloyd Banks)  
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And pray, them G-Unit boys don't play(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 dieing coke  
I'm back baby, mad hype like a crack baby  
Ask Slim Shady, my gun game crazy(Chorus - Lloyd Banks)  
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Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>