

Best things come to those who wait
It's time to go get it

I said I'm so New York, Weezy probably don't like me (3x)
La-dada-da-da-da-daaaa

For my city, emphasis on my city
You got to go to L.A. if your looking for Diddy
You gotta check C.T. if your looking for Fitty
Niggas in Paris, but what about the city?
I'm so N.Y. like the folks who make Playstation
Hope ya'll enjoyed your summer vacation
I been on that medicine, all y'all sick patients
Time to come for Sugar Hill, word to Ray Nathan
I'm coming for the belt and I stay H'ing
Coming for your Idol, word to Clay Aiken
Pause- in case they take it the wrong way
And bitch nigga always take it the wrong way
Still spitting, I'm the city's saliva
Want the keys to it like the designated driver
Sometimes I listen to my old rhymes, it feels like I had the fucking
keys the whole time
Ain't gotta give me credit, I take cash
(Brooklyn) Yeah we take cash
Those old niggas trying to live off their old bodies
These young niggas think they killing shit, with no bodies
But this ain't about old school, new school
Cause my old school look better than your new school
And I drive my new school like my old school
Just to wave at the teachers from my old school
In Flex We Trust I let him do my old schools
The girl used to brain me, you love my old school
Stop playing, you boys grew up on me
I fed you, burped you, until you threw up on it
I gave these niggas style, they never had a Clue
But they heard the freestyles yea they had the Clues
Been doing this a while, probably had your boo
She probably came back had a little attitude
Gun charge, oh yea I had like two
My black lawyer beat them, never had a Jew
I done had a few, never use, had them new
So I'm Pac, in a white suit, I Ain't Mad At You
No Diddy, no Dupri, no Dr. Dre
No Cash Money from Baby, and no Rocs from Jay
And I'm still here, I'm still here!
I'm so New York that I'm still her

[Hook]