

## New York Salute

M.O.P.

Primetime (New York, New York)  
That's the place where the soldiers die (New York, New York)  
That's the ghetto nigga's feelings (New York, New York)  
That's the niggas that multiply (New York, New York)

Yo, where you from, nigga? (New York)  
When you come through here (Fool, take your jewels off)  
Cause these niggas is known for (Bumpin fools off)  
And they takin over (If your crew's off)  
You got thugs with machines, assault teams  
Regulating things from Brownsville to Fort Green  
Up in the Bronx where the people are fresh  
People are blessed, with slugs that'll eat through your vest  
Boriquas for heaters (Down to bust)  
And them New Jers' niggas is down with us  
I know you heard about that cop, trying to stop a felon  
Got trapped, caught a slug in his cerebellum  
We welcome, visitors with open arms, and firearms  
And sick terrorists with bombs  
And, when you slide through on the VI, son  
Pack your bags and don't forget your nine and have a good time

Get your Mac, get your gat, head for 95  
Stop, pick up your dogs, tell em, "Let's ride"  
Throw in some du-op shit, lean in your car  
Knowing you'll hear some new O.C. or Gang Starr  
It ain't to far once you into VA  
Fuck with your high-beams and see who's going your way  
Keep your ??, so the man won't trap you  
Now leadin the convoy to the Big Apple!  
Tell your homies, "Fuck that thing" dip in the left lane  
Make your Honda Accord perform like a plane  
You in Deleware, you almost hear  
The New Jersey Turnpike, is right there (right there)  
Haul-ass, make your backwheels spin  
Get in the wind, your under a hundered miles in  
When you reach the Lincoln Tunnel, black, hit me on my box  
We on the other side of that bitch with Cognac and glocks

Home, sweet home, nigga. Home team, nigga. Home team. Your home  
nigga, your home, nigga. Come on back. Come on back. Mash Out P  
osse.

Firing Squad. ?9, baby, ?9. Hiphop. Lock it down. One time for  
your mind. Salute, salute. First Family.