

Intro

Masta Killa

New York, New York, New York, New York, he he, yeah...
New York, New York, New York, New York, yo!

My devastating hot East New York mentality
Keep me on point for my million dollar salary
Heavy weight lyrics never lost one calorie
Fat stacks, drug dealing styles the black AC
Nickel-plated macs, We pack the chrome tecs, yes
From one single idea, everything appeared here
Understanding makes my truth crystal clear
A yo, snap out of Candy Land kids, the old rumor is

Blacks become immune to shit, we never did like
Cross color clothes crossing over, getting crossed out
Criss crossing we bossing all cross breeds
I'm a knowledge seed, I want action, that's what I need
Never no doubt in my mind, it's the rhyme
Olympic torch flaming, we burn so sweet
The thrill of victory, defeat, it's not meant for me
Victorious with no opponent that blast through components
Jamel Irief raising hell with the flavor
Smoking on the mic like smoking Joe Frazier