

## 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

```
(adsbygoogle = window.adsbygoogle || []).push({});
```

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