

2Pac

"New York Olympic Games"

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[Talking]

L-Fudge, L-Fungus
coming amongst us like Columbus
New York...ain't no hurdlin' in
Murderin' burglarin' in
Crack fiends servin' 'em in
All dreams burnin' 'em, yo, yo

Verse 1:

New York Olympic games cause it's a forty yard dash
It's drug triathalons, street gymnastics deep gashes
Battle scars from goin' up against the competition
gold medals won, for the character I'm preferably hung
On the next is those who earn respect from wavin' they
techs recruited
Illegal aliens from the boat that still wet
The tight teamers bond, crews dedicated
Flippin' dough wid money machines and the pointy
looks, animated
The plush life, ain't enough right?, so you get uptight
You can get blasted and left in a position that's upright
Every person in ya team represents you
You have to all hit the same all slang ya caine at the
same level
Fuck javelins when daggers being swung at ya
structure
Havin' confrontations wid teams that see more cream
than Russia
You shine like flashlights we wave our ushers at the
anus
Get money percentages go up like escalators
Growin' up in drug areas buildin' on mass hysteria
Death claims specific names playin' in Olympic games,
yeh..
Death claims specific names playin' in Olympic games

Hook (x2):

New York Olympic games ain't no hurdlin' just
murderin'
burglarin' swervin' in and on asphalt
Breakin' into black cars, crack fiends servin' em

Officially, hurtin' em, all dreams burnin' em

Verse 2:

New York Olympic games consist of batons bein' set up
for the most worthy

In case ya have to close shop early something's gotta
give

Switch negative energy to positive

Invest ya money businesses and rock wid it

Use it for washing machine purposes

Cleanin' up any dirt that surfaces

Our money's strictly used for splurgin' wid

If not, prepare for ya whole click to fire up

and watch the murderin' guages instantly shoot higher
up

The fact is, b-boys is hot

There's alotta talk runnin' around the street now the
noise won't stop

Peoples ain't satisfied wid there share and arose a plot

Almost put you in a box attached to ropes ready to drop

Does that make sense?, take a step back away from the
game

matter of fact take ten...you don't belong here..

Hook (x2)

Ain't no hurdlin' in, New York Olympic games

Murderin' burglarin' in, New York Olympic games

Crack fiends servin' em in, New York Olympic games

All dreams burnin' em in, New York Olympic games

(x2)

Hook (x2)

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