

2Pac "NY 87"

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DJ Quik:

Yo, this is DJ Quik

Taking a second out with Tha Dogg Pound to let ya'll
know something

If you're looking in the Source mag and don't see me
It's cause some niggaz on the East is the enemy
It's real

Kurupt:

I heard of Meth, Nas, and Red

I'm down with them

Indeed we all smoke weed and clown wit um'

Hung around wit um'

One man

I ran with his clan

There is only one land

Niggas down with me I can count on one hand

Come dumb I gets dumber

The double barrel pumper heat dumper

And I been rockin' mics since Funky Drummer

These adventures wreak Havok speak lavish lifestyles

I crack your clavical for the cabbage

Rhyme savage

Introduction to death

Murder MCs til ain't shit left

In the sector

Why must MCs flip like gymnastics

Just to get they whole ass whipped

Claim to be classic

But you don't set no classic examples

With ya

Fucked up beats

And ya fucked up samples

Your last verbal war

You won't survive no more

I turned the channel cause niggas you ain't live no
more

I used to follow

But now yous a legend like Sleepy Hallow

I shoot to kill the horse pill u can't swallow

There's no tomorrow

Nigga, it all ends

I been down with KRS since Boggie Down begins
That's my man
Now what's this I hear?
I was told to beware
I'm the inspirer
Dissed by a nigga I admired
Hell no this can't be
Now who the fuck is this I hear on the radio dissin' me?
B.I. double G.I. to the E
Shit scorchin'
Doing a video for a song
That got blew out of porportion
I found he's the deadliest force
In a world where it all about glamour fame and fortune
Nigga we Mob Deep
So fuck you, Jeru, and any Tribe that Quests to compete
We the elite
The psycho assassin is blastin'
And next time you hit L.A. nigga we mashin'

Deadly Threat:

Daz:
Eyo Threat I play the MC
Niggaz they played the mic
I bash motherfuckers from words that I recite
Tighter than the average MC
Trynna battle me
Tragedy is a must
As I crush N.Y.C.
Lately I been on some crazy shit
Imagine this
To make it 'til you die
Until you out of it
your hood from murders
Roaming through your house and murder
When you wake up in the morning
Your life will be over
I told ya
Dogg Pound ain't nathan nice
Sacrificing motherfuckers
From into mics
Twice
There's been a murder on your block
When he drop
Your homie thought he was nutty
What made him I roll a glock
You stop us
But when we started mashin' ain't no stoppin'
On and on more of your dogs keep droppin'

What was your homie ain't yo homie no mo'
Commit suicide and blow your brains on the floor
Don't ignore the fact
Grab the microphone and snap
Then react with the shit that jumped off that night

2Pac:

Callin' all dogs and phony rap stars
Who think they got me
I'm on some Superman shit now
They shouldn't have shot me
Uh
Cause I'm convinced that my squad is real
And God has blessed me with the power to be hard 2
kill
I got a mind that's full of murderous thoughts
When unleashed
I make them niggaz bow
Feel me now or be deceased
I ain't choosing sides
Hell no
Fuck everybody
It's Westside when I ride watch 4 dead bodies
Lyrics are colorful words and anesthetics
Problems are getting worked out faster than
calisthenics
I'm bullet proof
Blazed up on top of my man's roof
Hands on a fully AK so what'chu plan to do
Moon motherfuckaz 'til they feel me
It's West Coast nigga fuck New York
Now did everybody hear me?
You shot at my homies now Imma blast
Screamin' Thug Life muthafucka when I pass

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