

Dobie Gray

"E.Y.E. Love N.Y"

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"4... 3... 2... 1..." - repeated throughout song

[Intro: Itchy-Fingas]

Yo, yeah, love New York

Love New York, yo, yo

[Itchy-Fingas]

I sit pretty in the city of lights, cameras and action

Highway car chases, rappers beatin' body cases

I ask no questions, so don't give me no answers

N.Y.C., home of the Yankees and Giants

Rappers alliance, capitol of drugs and violence

Biggest projects in the world, it's Queensbridge and
the Hook

Federal crooks that took, crazy money this year

White collar the crime, and I ain't get a company dime

I hustle and grind, until I get what's rightfully mine

[Chorus: TriggnoMM]

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, I flip a pie from Bed-stuy to C.I.

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, on the B.Q.E., from B.K. to Q.B.

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y...

[TriggnoMM]

It's money and muscle, my M1's and my duns

All strapped for gunplay, I pops in Kay Slay

To we New York from the talk down to the walk

Down to layin' down, white gowns and chalk

What ya'll thought? Coney Island niggas don't get out?

Pearl Handle flip out, spit a half a clip out

Where ya'll been? Ya'll never seen, thugs this clean

Spit sixteen's, still flippin' morphine

And who says we can't live a life of Spalding

Cop a Wallgreen, and make all green clean

[Chorus: TriggnoMM]

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, I flip a pie from Bed-stuy to C.I.

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, on the B.Q.E., from B.K. to Q.B.

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, reppin' the B.X., while puffin' 'dro in
Y-O

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, be with Red and La, on the low in

L.I.

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, and money makin' Manhattan,
straight gun clappin'

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, with the Clan, wildin', representin'
Shaolin

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, we take it there, we take it
anywhere, go there

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, we take it there, we take it
anywhere, go there

[Bam Bam]

Word is bond, yo, what's up with ya'll dudes?

I treat ya'll like roaches and clap ya'll fools

One by one, I'll impress ya'll dudes

Big water bug thugs, I eat ya'll food

What, who want it with the bad men? The act up man

Got big things to back up, man

Ya'll never listen 'til I have to clap up man

Strap up man, load 'em up and pack up man

Now you want war? You don't want nothin'

Cause on the streets, my peeps keep the heat

And leave all beef well done

You act brolic, but you frail, son

You better bail, son, mess around, make this hammer
leave you nail, son

I be the Bam Bam, Bronx style bad man

Bald head black man, ready for the action

Meet if you want, I pump holes in ya'll

I love N.Y. 'til the day it's over, ya'll

[Chorus]

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