

## **Michael Lloyd % Le Disc**

### **"New York, New York"**

Visit "[New York, New York](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Yo B (turn your speakers up man)  
Turn your speakers up money!  
Yo God! (Yo God?)  
Yo I got mad skills.  
Isn't that money?

Chorus: Snoop

New York New York big city of dreams  
And everything in New York ain't always what it seems  
You might get fooled if you come from out of town  
But I'm down by law, and I'm from the Dogg Pound

Verse One: Kurupt

It's the incredible, the lyrical  
You can't be me like Niece, to see me is gonna take a miracle  
I'm driving motherfuckers hysterical, with a touch of this twister, stylistic mixture  
What I create pulsates, there is no escape  
Annihilate your mental mindstate  
Dre labels my vocabulary abusive  
I packs more knowledge than Confuscious, I'm deadly  
Induce you like Medusa, with thoughts to shed  
And niggaz throughout this hemisphere, far and near  
Prepare, catch me chillin like the winter  
Up against the number one contender, as I enter  
Cause I gets heated like friction  
Motherfuck your whole jurisdiction, react this fact not fiction  
Telepathic addiction, to this homicidal recital  
Dangerous and vital to all my rivals  
Suicidal, brainwaves conveys  
To the average motherfucker's minds these days  
I'm all ready to put work in  
Take ten steps and turn to shoot the first nigga smirkin  
Give a FUCK, what's your name, what you claim  
Or why you came, motherfucker don't explain  
Simply, don't tempt me, cause I'm simply  
Layin hoes lifes empty, the invincible MC

## Chorus One

## Chorus Two: Snoop

Too much, I serve too many people, too much  
It's too much, I serve too many people  
And when I finish servin ain't gon be no sequel

## Chorus One and Two

## Verse Two: Kurupt

Gimme a couple G's, for every MC, I knocked to his  
knees  
Verbally useless, oh you got the juice? I squeeze you  
juiceless  
The barbaric, versatile, you're no kin to me  
So how the fuck you inherit my style?  
Now, out the clear blue sky, I can't deny  
Not a day goes by, don't get high, don't ask why  
Tonight's the night for me to rip microphones  
Into bits and pieces lyrical telekinesis  
Gets me into verbally vindictive  
Violent vocabulary bobs to existence  
Catch me in the pitch black path  
I sit and let the sick thought pass through my mental  
till I hear an instrumental  
And detrimental verbals get to spittin  
The highest in intellect, try connectin with the written  
Now they faced with the forbidden, vocally chosen  
To explore new terrain, then remain unseen,  
throughout the war  
Dips like a low-low, with my verbal fo'-fo'  
The cocoa complexion MC with the slow flow  
Fo sho', I takes it to you from the do'  
Motherfucker, mentally I go hardco' (you know!)  
I disconnect ya, Kurupter, MC to vocally  
bore your whole molecular, structure  
Catastrophic, mystic as Mixelpix  
Hittin MC's like picks the deadliest lyricist

## Chorus One and Two: repeat 2X

[Kurupt]

We live... tonight I serve two thousand MC's  
We live... cause can't none fuck with the DPG'z

[Daz]

We live (baby) because tonight I serve two thousand  
MC's

We live (baby) none can fuck with the DPG'z

[Snoop]  
DPGC, ba-by  
ABC the DPG'z  
Ba-by...

Verse Three: Kurupt

Eryday, I bust rhymes and recite  
In ways that make MC's stop in daylight  
I'm the deadliest MC you wanna see on the streets  
Invincibility is what makes me complete, compete  
Nah you can't even fade me  
I fuck, you, your momma, your auntie, and your lady...  
\*bzzt to static\*

Visit [Michael Lloyd % Le Disc](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.