

Total

"New York, New York"

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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 Confuscus, 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 Mixelplix
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

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