

Naz & Dev**"NY Love"**

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"You goin overboard with all that, "fuck New York shit"
trying to dis Brooklyn, but the Boogie 'bout to talk shit
and ain't no fun, if the Dula can't get none
risin in the East, I'm bout to set it on the West, son
Listen, I ain't even down with who you dissen
far as I'm concerned NY been ass -kissen
for the longest, on the live side I'ma dead it
you aint a trooper, I know that's all super-unleaded
gas you inhaled from all your record sales
cause you went to California and blew up, but you fail
tryin to dis the big apple, I aint supposed to wanna
battle

for a million dollar raffle? You gettin gaffled
soon as I see you got a million
after the battle, I be like "oooh what a feeeeelin"
Toyota will be selling me they biggest Landcruiser
money green so ngas could fiend like drug users
winners slap users like pimp slap hoes
and we know Suge is pimpin them hoes on Death Row
you actin like you wanna beef, but talkin below me
you ain't a real thug, you a real CaliPhoney

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Who Shot Ya? No it wasn't me and my peeps
you're talking bout New York, wordup, like something
sweet

don't fool yourself, this ain't New York Undercover
it's real like the history of your father and mother
I'm sayin, think about that shit that you did
had a shootout in NY, raped a bitch, did a bid
like you proud of that, then let the world know it
happened

first of all you fuckin up for other nga's rappin
how you makin movies, selling records, doin tours,
then be up in Denemora (sp), scrubbin other ngas'
drawers?

the whole point in being criminal is gettin paid
son, you paid already, actin Crazy like Eddie
Fuck a Thug Life, ngas die being unlawful
let that peer pressure stress ya somethin awful
with the world in ya hand, fuck a man, be a King
you aint even a man cause you under the wing

Heltah Skeltah from the shelter, need protection
now you're one of Suge Knight's sons, runnin for
election
against Snoop Dog for that top dog spot
Death Row, Prisoner-of-the-month on lock.

Now everybody know you from them roles you be
playin
so all that make a record shit aint even worth sayin
west coast rappers go platinum in a second
cause west coast ngas go out and buy records
but east coast rappers be on conceited shit
the wack emcees here make repeated hits
they get star-struck and stop giving a fuck
and lyrically, half these ngas suck, and what
just put the real rappers in the ring
let your man bring the beats and whoever do they thing
fuck a record sale, fuck a phoney reputation,
fuck a pimp record label and them suck-dick stations.
Show skills, how ya flow skills, rock a party-
live from the heart, in front of everybody
without a shotty, ain't no need for all that
get your stupid ass some rikers & tracks, fuck the gats
my people out in Cali aint got nothin to do with this
you on your own dick, "POTNA", and you new to this
I could never dis my peeps in the west
but, that dissin Biggie shit, we still ain't impressed...

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