

# New York, New York

## Tha Dogg Pound

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?

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

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 mind state  
Dre labels my vocabulary abusive  
I packs more knowledge than Confucius; I'm deadly  
Induce you like Medusa with thoughts to shed  
And niggas 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 motherfuckers 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' hos lives empty; the invincible emcee

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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

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Gimme a couple G's for every emcee 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 emcee with the slow flow  
Fo' sho', I takes it to you from the do'  
Motherfucker, mentally I go hardco' (you know!)  
I disconnect ya, corrupter; emcee to vocally  
Bore your whole molecular structure  
Catastrophic, mystic as mixelplix  
Hittin' emcees like picks the deadliest lyricist

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We live; tonight I serve two thousand emcees  
We live 'cause can't none fuck with the DPGs

We live (baby) because tonight I serve two thousand emcees  
We live (baby); none can fuck with the DPGs

DPGC, baby  
ABC the DPGs  
Baby

Everyday I bust rhymes and recite  
In ways that make emcees stop in daylight  
I'm the deadliest emcee 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