All The Critics In New York

Westside Connection

Goddamn! New York City!
Skyscrapers and everything!
Back in the day, we used to respect y'all, niggas
We used to be down with y'all, niggas
All you have for the West Coast is criticism and disrespect
So I say to you and your city
Y'all niggas will never get our respect again
West Side nigga! Keepin' it real
Keepin' it real
Is Brooklyn in the house? What about Queens in the house?
Manhattan in the house? Long Island in the house?
Is the Bronx in the house? Staten Island in the house?
The West Coast is in the house sayin', "Why you talkin' loud?
What you talkin' about?"
Fuck all the critics in the N.Y.C.
Who wants to rock the microphone after me?
Think of who you are and who you be
My energy holds it down like the NFC
I'm going thorough thorough your borough
Wit my Raider jacket and my jerry curl
Gangstas rule the world on the west nevertheless W/S
We got the bomb and you niggas got the stress
You couldn't have said it no better, homeboy
With my automatic toy, I kill and destroy
These bust ass critics from the N.Y.C.
Don't they know that I'lI be from the ING?
My peeps play for keeps deep crews
Pay dues by murder ones and twos
Rip riders and Damus choose
To stay gangsta, you never ever ran us
We bustin' clips like bananas, spottin' colored bandanas
It's just the hoodsta cap peela
Dusty ass New York critic killa
Dumpin' and pumpin' the mothafuckin'
Led in their chest 'cause ain't
None of them niggas ever have it up for the West
So now it's on and the gauge in my pants got me limping
Fuck unity while I'm coast tripping
Sagging as a Bell East smashing tape recorders

This is 187 on a New York reporter
New York, New York
New York, New York
New York, New York
New York, New York
Fuck all the critics in the N.Y.C.
Tryin' to get a East hip-hop monopoly
But I've been writin' gangsta shit since '83
When y'all was still scared to use profanity
Now everybody wanna run and go and get triggers
And blaim it on these West Coast 7 figure niggas
Just because we made it real, niggas got the deal
I hope blood ain't got the spill, I kill
It's like the battle of the sexes, you wanna treat us like bitches
Because we're platinum when we flex this
With mic in hand, fans in the stands
We make a mill yan from California to Japan, bitch
Went overseas, seen D's how we done it
88's to 100's to let me know who really run it
This West Coast gangsta shit got it crackin' or we jackin'
Packin' ninas and sellin' out arenas, niggas
You make me wanta holla, throw up both my Dubs
And roll these niggas up, I gotta beat 'em
When I see 'em T-roll 'em, cut off his scrotum
Leave 'em bleeding in particles, for them bias all articles
I'm mashin' and blastin' so get the casket
I bet you after this I get a fuckin' hip hop classic
I'm bannin' you niggas from the scene
Kicking over newstands pourin' gasoline on your magazines
To the West, my niggas, to the West
To the West, my niggas, to the West
To the West, my niggas, to the West
We the best, my niggas, don't stress
Fuck all the critics in the N.Y.C.
And your articles tryin' to rate my LP
Fuck your backpacks and your wack ass raps
Sayin' we ain't real because we make snaps
Selling 6-4 with a dab, what you lookin' at
With your Brooklyn hat and your pen and pad
Nigga, I got a pocket full of green bustin' at the seams
Fuck your baggy jeans, fuck your magazines
Hey, hey, hey, what's happenin' round Trey
It's still MT critic K on mines all mothafuckin' day
It'a trip, the script flipped from when you niggas was bossing
Got to flossin', fell off and got the nail in the coffin

Who wanna regret fuckin' with my set
I be a 24 year street West side Connect Vet
You niggas better watch how you greet us when you meet us
We packin' heaters and the only way you beat us is cheat us
Ay no, nigga, fuck that shit, I've got to kill it, kill it
Fuck a New York critic, he write about it
I live it, did it plus I'm still with it putting it down
On all these DJ's hatin' fakin'
And faking never once played my record on their radio station
No love for a New York critic or Disc Jock
Matter of fact, I'm blaming all y'all for fuckin' up hip hop
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