

# 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  
Westside nigga (Keeping it real)  
Yeah! (Keeping it real)

WESTSIIIIIDE!

Is Brooklyn in the house?!? (Check it out)  
What about Queens in the house?!? (INGLEWOOOOD!!!)  
Manhattan in the house?!? (South Central)  
Long Island in the house?!? (Check it out)  
Is the Bronx in the house?!? (Waddup)  
Staten Island in the house?!? (Woop woop)  
The West Coast is in the house sayin  
Why you talkin loud?!?  
What you talkin bout?!?

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 thru your borough  
Wit my Raider jacket and my jheri 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 buster ass critics from the N-Y-C  
Don't they know that I be from the I-N-G  
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, sportin colored bandanas

It's the Mister hoodsta, cap peeler  
Dusty ass New York critic killer  
Dumping and pumping the motherfuckin lead in their chest  
Because ain't none of them niggas ever gave it up for the West  
So now it's on and, the gauge in my pants got me limpin  
Fuck U-N-I-T-Y, I'm coast trippin  
Saggin as a Pelle, smashin 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 an East hip-hop monopoly  
But I've been writing gangsta shit since '83

When y'all was still scared to use profanity  
Now everybody wanna run and go and get triggers  
And blame it on these West Coast seven-figure niggas  
Just because we made it real niggas got to deal  
I hope blood ain't got to spill, I kill

It's like the battle of the sexes  
You wanna treat us like bitches cos we're platinum when we flex this  
With mic in hand, fans in the stands  
We make a mill-ion 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 nina's and sellin out arenas, niggas

You make me wanna holler, throw up both my Dubs  
And roll these niggas up, I got to beat em  
When I see me, T-Roller cut off his scrotum  
Leave em bleedin in particles for them biases articles  
I'm mashin and blastin so get the casket  
I bet you after this I get a fuckin hip-hop classic  
I'm banning you niggas from the scene  
Kickin over newstands, pouring 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  
Sellin 6-fo's to the dab, what you lookin at?  
With your Brooklyn hat and your pen and pad, nigga  
I got a pocket full of green busting at the seams  
Fuck your baggy jeans, fuck your magazines

Hey hey hey, what's happenin round tre?  
It's still M-Y critic K on mines all motherfuckin day  
It's a trip the script flipped from when you niggas was bossin  
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 Westside 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

AIIIIYO!!! Nigga fuck that shit  
I gotta, kill it kill it, fuck a New York critic  
He write about how I lived it, did it, plus I'm still with it  
Puttin it down on all these DJs, hate, fakin and flakin  
Never once played my record on their radio station  
No love for a New York critic or disc jock  
Matter of fact I'm blamin all y'all for fuckin up hip-hop

Is Brooklyn in the house?!? (Check it out)  
What about Queens in the house?!? (WESTSIIIIIIIDE!!!)  
Manhattan in the house?!? (And it don't stop)  
Long Island in the house?!? (YEAH! YEAH! Check it out)  
Is the Bronx in the house?!?  
Staten Island in the house?!? (Say what say what??)  
The West Coast is in the house sayin (Yeah)  
Why you talkin loud?!?

What you talkin bout?!?

Why talkin loud?!?

What you talkin bout?!?

WESTSIDE NIGGA!!!

Yeah, take it how you wanna take it, punk

We're gonna make it how

We gonna make it, punk

What y'all niggas talkin about?

Y'all ain't acquaintin and barkin on hip-hop

This Westside Connection

WESTSIIIIIDE!!!