

Artist: mmo

Title: Eye love N.Y.

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"4... 3... 2... 1..." - repeated throughout song

[Intro: Itchy-Fingas]

Yo, yeah, love New York  
Love New York, yo, yo

[Itchy-Fingas]

I sit pretty in the city of lights, cameras and action  
Highway car chases, rappers beatin' body cases  
I ask no questions, so don't give me no answers  
N.Y.C., home of the Yankees and Giants  
Rappers alliance, capitol of drugs and violence  
Biggest projects in the world, it's Queensbridge and the Hook  
Federal crooks that took, crazy money this year  
White collar the crime, and I ain't get a company dime  
I hustle and grind, until I get what's rightfully mine

[Chorus: Triggnomm]

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, I flip a pie from Bed-stuy to C.I.  
E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, on the B.Q.E., from B.K. to Q.B.  
E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y...

[Triggnomm]

It's money and muscle, my M1's and my duns  
All strapped for gunplay, I pops in Kay Slay  
To we New York from the talk down to the walk  
Down to layin' down, white gowns and chalk  
What ya'll thought? Coney Island niggas don't get out?  
Pearl Handle flip out, spit a half a clip out  
Where ya'll been? Ya'll never seen, thugs this clean  
Spit sixteen's, still flippin' morphine  
And who says we can't live a life of Spalding  
Cop a Wallgreen, and make all green clean

[Chorus: Triggnomm]

E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, I flip a pie from Bed-stuy to C.I.  
E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, on the B.Q.E., from B.K. to Q.B.  
E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, reppin' the B.X., while puffin' 'dro in Y-O  
E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, be with Red and La, on the low in L.I.  
E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, and money makin' Manhattan, straight gun clappin'  
E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, with the Clan, wildin', representin' Shaolin  
E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, we take it there, we take it anywhere, go there  
E-Y-E, L-O-V-E, N-Y, we take it there, we take it anywhere, go there

[Bam Bam]

Word is bond, yo, what's up with ya'll dudes?  
I treat ya'll like roaches and clap ya'll fools  
One by one, I'll impress ya'll dudes  
Big water bug thugs, I eat ya'll food  
What, who want it with the bad men? The act up man  
Got big things to back up, man  
Ya'll never listen 'til I have to clap up man  
Strap up man, load 'em up and pack up man  
Now you want war? You don't want nothin'  
Cause on the streets, my peeps keep the heat  
And leave all beef well done  
You act brolic, but you frail, son  
You better bail, son, mess around, make this hammer leave you nail, son  
I be the Bam Bam, Bronx style bad man  
Bald head black man, ready for the action  
Meet if you want, I pump holes in ya'll  
I love N.Y. 'til the day it's over, ya'll

[Chorus]