

Two Kind

"B.K.B.S"

Visit "[B.K.B.S](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus]

To all my red hook niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And all my fort greene niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And all my bed-stuy niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And all my brownsville niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

To all my east new york niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And all my crown heights niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And all of my gowanus niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And all my wyckoff niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

[Verse One]

Y'all done forgot the 1st street commandment

Never floss what you gross

You'll get hit with some hot shit and tossed with the toast

Now ya ass is a ghost, cause you running ya mouth

Let me see you talk that shit with a gun in ya mouth

Make you deep throat the double barrel, "BLAOW" 1 in ya mouth

Leave ya conscience in the alley, then we run in ya house

Flash in front of hungry niggaz known for dunning out

Have everybody in the area go running out

Whenever it was time to bag up, we be tucking an ounce

Leave niggaz alone up in ya crib and they'll be fucking ya spouse

Put the sac on her tonsil, then we nut in her mouth

Leave an ounce of hot shit in her gut, get up and be out

Run up in ya house party, sticking everybody

In summer time rocking trench coats to hide the shotty

Flirtin like we want the number, then we strip the hottie

Try to scream for help, slap you upside ya bumba

nottie

[Chorus]

To all my farragut niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

To all my flatbush niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

To all my coney island niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

To all my sumner niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

To all my thompkins niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And my canarsie niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

To all my marcy niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And all my bushwick niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

[Verse Two]

Me and my brooklyn niggaz we be robbing to eat

Cause Guilliani'll have a nigga starve in the street

We rocked rubber gloves to bag shit we used to peddle

Never sold to white guys in plain clothes in the ghetto

We packed the heavy metal (leave you naked on the subway)

If the .44 jammed (then we doing shit the subway)

No fingerprints or evidence (mask and black glove shit)

Stick singers for their presidents (fast to clap up shit)

Even backstage the players rocking ice and baguettes

Will get pistol whipped and stripped

And dragged down a flight of steps

When we got beef, we don't be calling the police

Kiss niggaz on both cheeks and hold court in the streets

The same nigga that you'll bleed for'll knock in ya jaw

The same nigga that you feed'll pick the locks on ya door

Them shiesty niggaz, always skeem and move shady

Dress up like old ladies with .380's kidnap ya wife and babies

[Chorus]

To all my park slope niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And all my bay ridge niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And all my albany niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And all my kingsborough niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we on it

And all my vanderbilt niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit,

we on it
And all my roosevelt niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit, we
on it
And all my nostrand ave. niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit,
we on it
And all my franklin ave. niggaz, that brooklyn bullshit,
we on it

[Verse Three]

Every time you in a club, the majority is brooklyn
If you rocking jewelz you better believe niggaz are
looking
Catch you outside up in the parking lot
Follow that ass to the train station up the darkest block
Niggaz are quick to slap a willie with a nine millie
Strip his ass but naked in the club and leave him
looking silly
Cause on the really, we aint tryna starve
Y'all know the deally son it's time to rob
Ain't nothing change, aint nothing strange
A crackhead'll blow out ya brains at point blank range
for small change
Niggaz'll be disguised as "DEA", rush ya spot
Heist all ya work and put the shit back on the block
Have you looking down the barrel the a gun of a thief
A brooklyn nigga from the streets without a god damn
thing to eat
Or a fucking pot to piss in, hide them rocks if they
glisten
Cause when we bust shots, we not missing

[Outro]

That brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
That brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
That brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
That brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
That brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
That brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
That brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
That brooklyn bullshit, we on it! blup!!!!

Visit [Two Kind](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.