

## **Cox Peter**

### **"Where BK At?"**

Visit "[Where BK At?](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

(Biggie Sample)

Where BK at? Where BK at?

(Repeat 4x)

Verse 1:

We gon' blow off the roof ya'll  
I cop somethin' from the juice bar  
holdin', rollin' in a new car  
BK be my borough, mad thorough  
make sure that cash double  
gats blast through your ass muscle  
I got the pieces to the puzzle  
my Dogs don't wear leashes or muzzles  
everyday's a hustle  
we used to roam the streets, hoppin' trains, back of the  
bus too  
play stick ball  
now we stick ya'll  
out to get it all, been through it and did it all  
wit' it all, plan to cop a new World and split it all  
been rich, been poor  
spendin' ends in the Benz store  
shittin' like Diarrhea  
with enough cash to buy Aaliyah  
buy her some weed, drive high speed, take her to the  
projects and beat  
her  
my name Mill, pack Millimeters  
silver heater, tracks kill the speaker  
ill speaker, ill wisdom leaker  
build from the street up  
real from my feet up  
Mill 'bout to heat up a meal you can eat up  
I'm from the streets where them crooks is at  
what you lookin' at?  
Where Brooklyn at?

Chorus -

Where ya at? where ya at?

(Where Brooklyn at? where Brooklyn at? Where  
Brooklyn at?)

(Repeat 4x)

Verse 2:

Brooklyn, Brooklyn, funky funky fresh  
I be the greatest entertainer since Dough E. Fresh  
bring the pain like my Man Kane  
Gucci frames like Dana Dane  
it ain't a game, but things change  
still spit flames, lyrical flame  
lyrical rain, my slang bang and injure your brain  
with minimal game rap individuals get slain  
go get your crew  
whoever you bring is gonna lose  
officialist dude  
who wants a lyricists fued?  
I'll make lyrical food out of you gimmickal fools  
give him some weed, give him some dust, give him  
some booze  
he ain't ballin', he fallin', better give him some room  
he him up, split him up, let his bodyguards get him up  
we party hard in Brooklyn and we don't give a fuck  
of course money, I floss money like Sauce Money  
pop Cris' and poor bubbly 'till we all ugly  
I'm a Mack, chicks all love me  
whether on the train or in a Porsche buggy  
I get brain lovely  
4.6 Range, keep the change money  
Jigga, Bleek, and Dame is doin' they thing Money  
M.O.P.'s a friend of me, Buckshot's the energy  
Cocoa Brovaz a kin to me, O.G.C.'s the entity  
I'm a real MC, somethin' most pretend to be  
but you get fried in the end when you pretend to  
be....from them streets  
where the crooks is at  
what you lookin' at?  
Where Brooklyn at?

Chorus -

Verse 3:

Rap cats wanna screw me  
who me? my crew be unruly like B.I.G. thats why I brung  
Uzi's  
who wanna move me?  
I'll send shots through your Coogi  
hop in a Benz drop Coupe smoothly  
dippin' through blocks when I lick shots  
rippin' through drops  
Sinister plots  
sinnin' to deminish your spot  
criminal niggas with knots

glistenin' watch, Linen's is hot  
keep lyricists fearin' to rock  
mission is stopped  
we gon' do it like this to the top  
twistin' the pot  
don't get it twisted or I'm twistin' your knot  
pickin' the lock  
what I spit leaves your sick in your socks  
kickin' the box, mad rappers lookin' at Ox  
I smash rappers  
stocked in this market, I crash rappers  
slash rappers, they nothin' but garbage so I trash  
rappers  
front on me and be ass backwards  
I got it mastered, pack gats to blast Bastards  
I'm from the streets where them Crooks is at  
what you lookin' at?  
Where Brooklyn at?

Chorus

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.