

3rd Bass "Brooklyn-Queens"

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Real cool

Brooklyn's in the house
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Real cool, 'cause Brooklyn's cool
Friday doin' the last day of school
Girls steppin' to the mall to swing
Settin' up dollars for their summer fling

Cars on the avenue create gridlock
And there's girls like mad at the bus stop
Not waitin' on the bus but waitin' on the cash flow
Fellas are laughin', gassin' the past hoe

Girl steps to me and pushes issue
That knot you got, is that money or tissue?
Feelin' on the bulge, thinkin' it's her own
I tell her that it's money and she should move on

She says she's pure from legs to her thighs
And we should talk over some Chinese and fries
I tell her to step but hey, that's the scene
'Cause she ain't nothin' but the Brooklyn-Queen

We are looking for the Brooklyn
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State the rhyme, borough of Brooklyn
Otherwise known as Crooklyn
Freaks fortify flesh with gold
Ears hang trunk in a slave hold

Walk past, don't get the time of day
Played like a suede on a summer sway
Conversated till I made her laugh
Said, "I'm Pete Nice, you want my autograph?"

Oval Office closed as she heard this
She said, "From 3rd Bass? I could do this"
Listen closely, slowly took a swig of intoxicants
'Cause the Brooklyn Queen's a gold digger

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Squared away with my digits and tonight's plans
When I feel the crab, grab my right hand
Slapped her on the back, tried to calm her
Asking her, "What's the reason for the drama?"

Her next move was straight out of textbook
"Haven't we met before?" Giving me a sex look
"Yo Wisdom, your lyrics are in bad taste
So I'm forced to give you nothing but the gas face"

"You better go for hoppin' on the cab or bus
'Cause you're downtown and you're simply too
fabulous
But get this, ain't this a humdinger?"

She stepped to a retard sportin' a four-finger ring
Somewhere in the skin tight jeans
I'm gonna scoop the best of the Brooklyn-Queens

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Last exit to Brooklyn, I enter

Carefully the Queen holds my scepter
Gettin' numb like a derelict on scotch
I'm Dick Lewis, 'cause baby I'm watchin' you

Scheme on a brother for a knot
To choose between the have and the have-not
Do you doubt the shade of vanilla?
I'll play Elvis and you play Priscilla

Oh, he's no hero, better yet Billy Dee
Advertise cheap liquor for a fee
A Brooklyn-Queen, rushes Russell Simmons
That's like Tyson rushin' Givens

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