

**411****"Brooklyn Bullshit"**Visit "[Brooklyn Bullshit](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Brooklyn is in the house and  
Brooklyn is in the house and  
Just wave your hands in the air  
And wave them like you just don't care, care

[Joell Ortiz:]  
Yes I am on that Brooklyn bullshit  
That's where I was born and raised nigga  
It's 718 nigga  
It's a genuine borough nigga  
Greezy niggaz man  
Chea, check, uh  
(Joell Ortiz) check

[Verse 1:]  
So what I act for an ace on your sigarette  
On the first and third I'm happy cuz all the fiends get a  
check  
So what I still go up to the roof to bone  
With a bird from the p's who gives ruthless dome  
So what I'm still chipping for a bag of weed  
And if that L looks skimpy I leave half the seeds  
So what it's the second day I wore these jeans  
I was chilling yesterday, they don't stink, ya'mean?  
So what I get a shape up when I need a cut  
I ain't woofing that bad, I can use these 5 bucks  
So what I get a beer on credit, from my corner store  
I be going there for years goddammit  
So what I lose my re-up in dicegames  
In the mall I'll be scheming to find me a nice chain  
So what exit dinner when I don't feel like cooking  
I ain't my fault I'm on that bullshit, I'm from bullshit

[Chorus:]  
E'time you come around your face turn to a frown  
You see us 'bout to go down That's that Brooklyn  
bullshit!  
They won't let us in the spot cuz last time they let us  
rock  
The party came to a stop That's that Brooklyn bullshit!  
Fitted over your eyes your shirt double your size

Your belt hugging your thighs That's that Brooklyn  
bullshit!  
Looking up and down the block with work tucked in your  
sock  
Dodging and weaving the cops That's that Brooklyn  
bullshit!

[Verse 2:]

So what I ask my man for a piece of chicken  
When it ain't yours for some reason it always taste  
different  
So what we five deep in a two door whip  
We gotta get where we going if you fit you fit  
So what I still reside in my moms crib  
Now fuck that, I'm rhyiming to get outta there kid  
So what, yes I do have two baby mothers  
Yes they do stay two buildings away from eachother  
So what I only had one job in my life  
And that friday I got my check is the friday I took flight  
So what I skip lines in front of the club  
The niggaz quiet, the bitches is always like "that's  
fucked up"  
So what my cable box in the hood is still hot  
And my whole fam be silent everytime they knock  
So what I spent a couple nights in the bookings  
I ain't my fault I'm on that bullshit, I'm from bullshit

[Chorus:]

E'time you come around your face turn to a frown  
You see us 'bout to go down That's that Brooklyn  
bullshit!  
They won't let us in the spot cuz last time they let us  
rock  
The party came to a stop That's that Brooklyn bullshit!  
Fitted over your eyes your shirt double your size  
Your belt hugging your thighs That's that Brooklyn  
bullshit!  
Looking up and down the block with work tucked in your  
sock  
Dodging and weaving the cops That's that Brooklyn  
bullshit!

[Verse 3:]

So what every now and then I hop out cabs  
Papi took the long way, papi think I'm ass  
So what I cop blue Hawaiians instead of a bottle  
I'll catch Brooklyn drinks if they close the Apollo  
So what I got my mans shirt on my back  
I had this shit for 4 months, he don't want this back  
So what when we 20 deep, I act up  
Yo best better be easy, don't get clapped up

So what these ain't real rocks up in my watch  
When the sun hit the face this shit still looks hot  
So what I rob you blind if your ass ain't looking  
I ain't my fault I'm on that bullshit, I'm from bullshit

[Chorus: x2]

E'time you come around your face turn to a frown  
You see us 'bout to go down That's that Brooklyn  
bullshit!

They won't let us in the spot cuz last time they let us  
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