

Barbra Streisand

"LoB Sound"

Visit "[LoB Sound](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Verse One]

Nowhere to run nowhere to hide it's the Lordz of
Brooklyn Kings County do or die
Switchblades for the rumble we're Lordz we brass
knuckle
Graffiti never died I made my name in the tunnel
It's all about the fame I came to rain on you warriors
Lordz...Come out to play
You tried the rest try the best the L-O-R-D-Z of Brooklyn
Like the Dodgers not the bums but we're the bombers
There's a lotta sucker groups they be talkin' 'bout the
troops but we burn them
motherfuckers like tar beach on my roof
Cause I been around the block doin' proud by my pop
I said he worked on the dock busted chumps in his
shop

Cause when you're a Lord you're a Lord all the way
From your first cigarette to your last dyin' day

[Chorus]

Turn it up y'all
Here comes that sound
The Lordz of Brooklyn Sound!
Again and again and again and again and again and
again

[Verse Two: performed by ADMoney]

Organized freakin' crime dirty ducky boy
A hot 110 on you little dumb toys
Cause I crash ya bash ya straight up harass ya
Lemme tell ya something - Yo who the fuck asked ya?
It's the Lordz of Brooklyn hittin' hard with a bat
Here come the Lordz puttin' Brooklyn on the map
You can't get with that you can't get with this
The Lordz walk the tracks way deep in the Ridge
Take a lotta pride stay the fuck off my turf
I'm feelin' kind of tipsy yo somebody's gettin' hurt
From the Verrazano Bridge to the brawls in the park
Yo we claimed our mark bustin' heads in the bar
So step to the side I'm on the edge of suicide

Try to claim the fame I'ma snuff you in the eye
Give you a swift kick in the ass real fast
Mess with AdMoney I'ma put you in the past
I never pack a gatt cause I'd rather fight with a pipe
Just like a fuckin' Guinea bring a knife to a gunfight

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Cause you're listenin' to the Lordz of Brooklyn
Couldn't understand it till your shit got tookin'
Step on my block hardrock get dropped
Keep your mouth shut when you're talkin' to a cop
Hold it up hold it up L. O.B.'s at the door
Just another stick up everybody hit the floor
We're out Saturday night still stayin' alive
You can find the Lordz of Brooklyn gettin' drunk in
some dive
We're some pugilists not afraid to get our hands
twisted
Like the Duke got your grip put 'em up fight 'em bare
fisted
Strike picket make way for the union labor
Ticket tape parade I couldn't be no traitor

Cause when you're a Lord you're a Lord all the way
From your first cigarette to your last dyin' day

[Chorus]

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

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