

Beverly Knight

"Brownsville"

Visit "[Brownsville](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Brownsville's the place where crews seem the livest
Cops get knocked down body counts' only rising
Them streets look - Full to ya!
Villains look - Poor to ya!
Them niggas'll - Slaughter ya!
For your goose Nautica
You got jewels? Stash 'em son
Cause there's a thousand niggas broke
And we all got guns!
And you know what that means
Niggas be open like they smoking caffeine
Looking to do a quick stick, move, and swift
With your ___ on your hip
Ready to flip
Whenever you empty your clip, dip
And get the fuck up out of Dodge
That's if you know what's up kid
Niggas is getting Mandela time
Plus the crackers is corrupted
But then you got them clockers down at 73rd
That was drug associated since the 70's, word
It's kinda skeptic
Living these crazy ways unprotected
Every day is a jam
So expect the unexpected
Crime time!
1-718 Brownsville, Brooklyn
The housing property be getting taken
So we're intended
Be under pressure getting blackmailed
Villains using their dealings
Making killings off of crack sales
The theme song of murder
Nobody's kidding,
These fools are forbidden
Automatics just be spittin'
And devastating, and profound
You get lumped up soon as you jump up
Or get gunned down in Brownsville

Young bucks got guns

(Now that's a damn shame)
Everybody claim they represent and do they thing
_____ toting in cases hard to believe
The firing squad'll throw your whole borough under
siege
Beyond twin chrome and farmers
Nigga it's Billy Danze
And when I'm double clutching my hands
Them fuckers won't jam
So my man, if your seeking an advance to your grave
It's the land of the drama lord
And the home of the fucking brave
It's hard to trust us cause it's mad ruckus
We toe tax with mufflers for small time hustlers
It's blue steel concealed under my sweater
To calm down whoever
Duke, I move clever
I must keep it stepping, hops
When shit be getting' hot
I step and bop
While I stroll with my weapon cocked
The hill that's real, we kill at will
Clack Clack! Clack Clack!
Clack Clack! Clack Clack!
Mad guns in your grill
In the 'Ville

Brownsville! (Yeah)
Killings here only bring retaliation
No crying
See dying's an everyday thing
Swing 25 niggas down by my battlegrounds
I'll move in with 8 thugs that love busting rounds
You know the deal
In my streets your heater be ready to blaze
Keep cash in your stash
In case you gotta be Swayze
For twisting a nigga cap back
That's that work of M.O.P.
Who we be? Firing squad of 11233
Clack Clack!
Whole clips in your back
That's thug style
Turning a small section of Brooklyn
Into the OK Corral
Now, news flash
Razorfied lead
One grazed Ted
Two paralyzed
Three dead
Gunmen fled the scenery

With heavy automatic machinery
Niggas ain't got nothing to lose
And yo it seems to be
Ill nigga
Kill or be killed
In the 'Ville nigga
All up and down Mother Gaston
They blasting steel
Blow your stacks and chips
In AC's with rims
We be living good
With a MAC and black Tims
Keep this in mind
And they might not find you in the river
With the next guy
That fly shit that Brownsville deliver, nigga

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

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