

Big Daddy Kane

"Brooklyn Style... Laid Out"

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Come on y'all and feel the groove
Get on down and make your move
Welcome to the funkier
Brooklyn style, laid out like this

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I kick the flavor good, to represent the neighborhood
Where I come from, and that's the place of Brooklyn
Where the grimies are born and bred
And bullets are like eyeballs, two to the head

Well is it Brownsville? Time to represent for the map
where the peeps smoke blunts and like to wear mad
gold caps
The party addict about to explode
From the 1-1-2, the double-3 ill zip code

Parlayin' on the corner, drinkin' 40's shootin' Cee-Lo
It's a Brooklyn thing, aight? You know our steelo
And for those who just don't know how it go
Play like a substitute teacher and act like you know

So yo, who wanna set it? You better kick your best G
You and your whole entourage couldn't test me
I represent for the fo' main
And if you're not a booty bandit, then niggaz can't
hang

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Now, let's get straight down to the point
I represent for this Brooklyn joint
Baby pah, where we're takin' it to
Makin' a few dollars don't mean you gotta forget
Where you come from and try to be someone

That you're really not and front with what you got

You're gonna be looked at as a black man still so keep
it real

What type of mission can I say you on?
Because you musta done changed to some Grey
Poupon, heh
I'm really happy to see you blew up

But always remember my man you grew up
In the PJ's all your life, in a broken home
Well alright now
Up in the PJ's all your life, keepin' it strong, what

I be the Louis Ave livin', live long lastin' lover
Bonafied black brother, word to the mother
Skilled at trades at hand with those who made
The man with support and always stayed a fan

My dialectic style is perfected
In ways you can't imagine rap bein' accepted
Funk'll slam like a doper jam, pops
I'm takin mine like taxes with Uncle Sam
So check out the Asiatic type of flow
Like water in the Nile, but it's Brooklyn style

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Brooklyn style, laid out like this

Yo, this is Big Scoob, no practice
I'm flippin' on niggaz like little kids on that mattress
You know my style, Baby Pah from the PJ's
My lyrics so dope, they too fat for local DJ's

So hear me out, no doubt, no need for screamin'
My boys in the back, clockin' your jewels, and they
schemin'
Why did they step to me, I hit 'em, bow, bu-dow
Knocked out his fronts 'cause the kid was mad fragile

No need for beef chief I'm rollin' mad deep
So pick up your teeth, I got him shakin' like a leaf
Not tryin' to scare you, I just wanna aware you
I bet you won't even look at my face
(What, what, what)
I dare you

Yo nigga please, yo I'm nice with these
While you're guardin' your grill

I'll be beatin' up your kidneys
Me and my boys with the fat tec 9's
with my joint cocked back, in case a punk tried to take
mines

Where I'm from there's no need for hesitation
We cock and squeeze, now where's the doctor for this
patient?
He's drippin' blood and now he's down to his last
breath
But he won't make it, cause he knows that my joint is
def

The ill, type of Brooklyn artist
who rocks the har-dest, regard-less
who you know and where you're from I pull your file
(How?)
Brooklyn style

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