

## **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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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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