

Crosby, Stills & Nash

"Where BK At?"

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(Biggie Sample)

Where BK at? Where BK at?

(Repeat 4x)

Verse 1:

We gon' blow off the roof ya'll

I cop somethin' from the juice bar

holdin', rollin' in a new car

BK be my borough, mad thorough

make sure that cash double

gats blast through your ass muscle

I got the pieces to the puzzle

my Dogs don't wear leashes or muzzles

everyday's a hustle

we used to roam the streets, hoppin' trains, back of the
bus too

play stick ball

now we stick ya'll

out to get it all, been through it and did it all

wit' it all, plan to cop a new World and split it all

been rich, been poor

spendin' ends in the Benz store

shittin' like Diarrhea

with enough cash to buy Aaliyah

buy her some weed, drive high speed, take her to the
projects and beat

her

my name Mill, pack Millimeters

silver heater, tracks kill the speaker

ill speaker, ill wisdom leaker

build from the street up

real from my feet up

Mill 'bout to heat up a meal you can eat up

I'm from the streets where them crooks is at

what you lookin' at?

Where Brooklyn at?

Chorus -

Where ya at? where ya at?

(Where Brooklyn at? where Brooklyn at? Where
Brooklyn at?)

(Repeat 4x)

Verse 2:

Brooklyn, Brooklyn, funky funky fresh
I be the greatest entertainer since Dough E. Fresh
bring the pain like my Man Kane
Gucci frames like Dana Dane
it ain't a game, but things change
still spit flames, lyrical flame
lyrical rain, my slang bang and injure your brain
with minimal game rap individuals get slain
go get your crew
whoever you bring is gonna lose
officialist dude
who wants a lyricists fued?
I'll make lyrical food out of you gimmickal fools
give him some weed, give him some dust, give him
some booze
he ain't ballin', he fallin', better give him some room
he him up, split him up, let his bodyguards get him up
we party hard in Brooklyn and we don't give a fuck
of course money, I floss money like Sauce Money
pop Cris' and poor bubbly 'till we all ugly
I'm a Mack, chicks all love me
whether on the train or in a Porsche buggy
I get brain lovely
4.6 Range, keep the change money
Jigga, Bleek, and Dame is doin' they thing Money
M.O.P.'s a friend of me, Buckshot's the energy
Cocoa Brovaz a kin to me, O.G.C.'s the entity
I'm a real MC, somethin' most pretend to be
but you get fried in the end when you pretend to
be....from them streets
where the crooks is at
what you lookin' at?
Where Brooklyn at?

Chorus -

Verse 3:

Rap cats wanna screw me
who me? my crew be unruly like B.I.G. thats why I brung
Uzi's
who wanna move me?
I'll send shots through your Coogi
hop in a Benz drop Coupe smoothly
dippin' through blocks when I lick shots
rippin' through drops
Sinister plots
sinnin' to deminish your spot
criminal niggas with knots

glistenin' watch, Linen's is hot
keep lyricists fearin' to rock
mission is stopped
we gon' do it like this to the top
twistin' the pot
don't get it twisted or I'm twistin' your knot
pickin' the lock
what I spit leaves your sick in your socks
kickin' the box, mad rappers lookin' at Ox
I smash rappers
stocked in this market, I crash rappers
slash rappers, they nothin' but garbage so I trash
rappers
front on me and be ass backwards
I got it mastered, pack gats to blast Bastards
I'm from the streets where them Crooks is at
what you lookin' at?
Where Brooklyn at?

Chorus

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