

Frankie Vallie

"Kings County"

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Knowing what you're doing, being right, and following
through
And never stop following through on what you believe
in
And umh, if you have to defend it physically, verbally,
spiritually
whatever way you have to do defend it
Brooklyn people are always ready to pay the price for
what they believe in

Yes, we manifest
alleviate the tension and ya stress
Ming, FS
And on the flow, M'stro, maestro
Manny-One, person
Brooklyn

Regardless where I'm at in this life
regardless where I come roam Brooklyn forever my
home.
The street lights, the street life,
the dues I paid that keep me focused to write
it's like this place is my wife
Til death do us part
Our wedding reception was in the park after dark
where she gave me heart and soul
and told me our love would only grow as we got older
I told her I'll never leave
and if I did I'll be back that's word to me
I said it purposely, so she could understand her worth
to me
This is the county of kings
you can tell by the size of the medallions and gold
rings
Royalty dwells in sections we swing
Where the bush is flat, where the ville is brown
where the heights is crowned, where the fort is greene
where, the stuy's in bed
where New York is east and Coney is an island
connected
Sometimes the bush is wicked and parks are sloped

the bay is ridged and Benson is a Hurst
I'll forever be connected, partly, Bobby Johnson's in
Canarsie
God forgive us all for living harshly, that's home before
month nine
The umbilical cord line and when moms pushed and
space became time
See Brooklyn is a state of mind, my sunshine
It's King's County baby, where you at son?

(Chorus)

Where the bush is flat, where the ville is brown
where the heights is crowned, where the fort is greene
where the stuy's in bed, where New York is east
and Coney is an island connected
Where the bush is flat, where the ville is brown
where the heights is crowned, where the fort is greene
where the stuy's in bed, where New York is east
and Coney is an island connected

We street talk, but we flip it and bounce it
Speak dialect of herbalist, you speak nervousness
When congested check the herbalist
blood flow for real like Echinacea for golden seal to
ease internal turbulence
We say peace when we walk and half the population
don't eat pork
Peace to all points directional
Brooklyn where the thugs be intellectuals and God be
blessin' you
See, part of it's slum and part of it's ghetto
and part of it's suburban and part of it's meadow
Part of it's peace and part of it's concrete jungle
but on the whole it's mellow
That's my first love in my heart
From Prospect Park to the beaches that touch the
Atlantic
Dark brown, white, red, Moreno and Hispanic
and granted it ain't where you live, but it's love the
same
We stay hot so you can touch the flame
Plus the frame picture perfect we stick together
like glue that's the all-purpose
Call ticket master if you looking for the circus
This ain't the place for the week hearted, scared and
nervous
There's no place like home that's my word
I'll cut a vein and bleed verbs to be heard,
no need for reverb
I'm from the heart of the beast
The furthest point east

In peace I speak to reach peoples in the streets are
related

(Chorus)

See, part of it's slum and part of it's ghetto
and part of it's suburban and part of it's meadow
Part of it's peace and part of it's concrete jungle,
but on the whole it's mellow.

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