

Ill Al Skratch "The Brooklyn Uptown Connection"

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Yeah, 1 2, get ready, 'cause this is how we do it
We got my man Soundwave in the house, Alien Nation
To my nigga, the low-down dirty drop out from high
school, Big Ill
And me Mr. Raspy, Al Skratch
To my nigga LIC representin' Conspiracy
Yeah, Soundwave, break 'em off

You say you never heard the sound
I'm about to break 'em off somethin' right now
Open up your mind and let me in
Knock, knock, who speaks in the voice of sin?

Must drop to your knees, please just listen
A tale of four black men reminiscin'
I hover in the heavens like a celestial guardian
The one who blocks the bullets when you're wildin' out
partyin'

Believe in the MC, 'cause you can see me not
Soundwave, faster than the dot on the Glock
Non-stop cyber-funkin', let me tell you somethin'
'Bout that guy named Al Skratch, the Mack Big Ill, LIC
This is virtual reality

A rap fantasy of the life of four beings
Seen through the eyes of the one foreseeing
Funkin' 'em up, come on to the right
I'm funk'in' 'em up, come on to the left
The Uptown Connect gonna funk you to death

Who wanna fuck around, who wanna clown
With two niggas from the Brooklyn Uptown
underground?
Well, it's the backstabber, the double-crossin' alki
Stagger as I'm babblin', so nigga please don't doubt
me

When I was ten they took my flick at the precinct
Back in the days I was a juvenile delinquent
So don't fuck with me 'cause I'm psychotic
I kick the hard shit and let my man get melodic

Aiyo, I'm rollin', rollin', rollin'
I'll lump you up and leave you swollen
The mic that I'm holdin' is golden

Patrollin' straight out the fiery pits
I turn a page as my diary gets
Deeper, I see this Mack type figure, who is he?
Bitches wanna know, so Ill get busy

I got the latest news, ask Conny Chung
Tu madre [Incomprehensible]
That means your mama wanna suck my dick, fagot
The bitch is a hoe so you know I'm gonna bag it

We makin' moves over funky fat grooves
And to crews that don't paid dues we bad news
So who wanna gang bang, tell me who can hang slang
Is what I kick, stay off my dick, chitty-bang-bang

With the glock you could swing on my block
And I'll knock the shit out of your ass with the quick fast
Who wanna fuck around, who wanna clown
With two niggas from the Brooklyn Uptown
underground?
Who wanna fuck around, who wanna clown
With two niggas from the Brooklyn Uptown
underground

Here it is, steppin' to my biz with the free flow steelo
Headcrackin' niggas like celo
Comin' from below the gutter, I'm quick with my cutter
For a fronter tryin' to front, word to mother

On a microphone alone in a zone of danger
With rhymes written on my bullets in a chamber
Word up, you never heard of one murder one felon
Bustin' more slugs in thugs indulge in drug-sellin'

I stack greenbacks from the wizzacks
Give up raw facts for niggas fakin' jacks
Rhymes come in all flavors, I'm makin' crazy papers
Cuttin' suckers with razors in faces, beatin' body cases

LIC, I'm givin' lashes, slashes
Holdin' classes, controllin' masses, bustin' asses
Just when I put the ambush to spots
Bustin' my mics like Glocks, robbin' niggas for they
props

The flow is on point, on target, sharp, accurate

Lyrical gun clips I pack you with, then clap you with
Rhyme after rhzzyme, time after time
Like a career criminal committin' crime after crime

A gun-clapper [Incomprehensible] type of rapper
LIC, code name come-off-the-head master
Flowin' at a high velocity possibly
MC's might snitch, call the cops on me

But it's aight 'cause I got my peeps here with me
LIC representin' Conspiracy
One love, baby, the Uptown connection
Ill and Al Skratz and the whole muthafuckin' crew
I'm out

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