

J-Live

"Brooklyn Public"

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It's dedicated to
Bed-Stuy
It's representing of
Brownsville
It's representing of
Bushwick
It's dedicated to
Fort Greene
A matter fact I hold
Brooklyn
Or better yet the whole
New York
Or better yet the whole
America
It's going out to all
Worldwide

[Refrain]

Welcome to Brooklyn Public
One of the hardest places to work
So please don't apply
Unless you really love it

It's nine to five or rather eight to three
It's really five to nine, A to P
If it's your job place nothing above it

You make more in other places
With higher property tax and less faces
But if that's what you covet
You ought to ask yourself if this is where you want to be
To help you by I'll try to paint a picture of it

One class, 31 students, 32 chairs, 25 desks
I guess they gotta share
19 textbooks and most are missing pages
Junior high: three grades, but six different ages

Teaches and janitors double as deans
Deans double as security guards and crime scene
investigators

Older teachers need respirators. At elevators
The bad odors from the back stairs are made of
Gutter (garshavegas?) used condoms and puddles of
piss
Try not to slip there in a fire drill

Every now and then a scandal might reach the paper
For every story, there's thirty in the category
Hard work and progress are on display in the hallways
Demoralized and vandalized every day

Lessons cut short to prep for tests that only test how
well you prep
Man, no wonder why the score's a mess
Knuckle-heads begging for detention or suspension
Truthfully told, they really only crave attention
Some kids showing up unprepared and dirty
'Cause their parents gotta punch in by seven thirty
Shit, some other parents seven thirty
They put the wrong kids on pills to be still
Fiending for refills

Principals with no principles
Priorities political
Pedagogical planning is pitiful

Low on tolerance, high on ridicule
Even the infirmary's inhospitable
Assembly required
Metal detectors seeming unjust but inspired by shots
fired
Terms like zero-tolerance and lock-down
Aging out, if you ask me, does not sound
Like education
But I suppose that's a 'cause and effect'
When the city spends more on incarceration

[Refrain]

Grown-up, roam the halls with me
So many characters
Some sweet some shifty
Some loud some quiet
Some trusting, some don't buy it - don't try it
Some'll try to squash beef and some start riots
Some are motivated some are lazy
Some are geniuses some are crazy
The line between is hazy
Some'll love you some'll hate you
Some'll need you some'll spite you
Some are thankful, some are ungrateful

Yo, some are there and really care
About what's being learned and taught
They fought through it when they got stuck
Some are there 'till the bell rings
Run through the day without thinking
'Cause they really don't give a fuck
Some'll run some'll fight
Some'll tell, some might change the world
Some are early to the grave or jail

Some are so complicated, some are so simple
Some are students, some are teachers
Some are principals

[Refrain]

Come upstairs, keep roaming the halls with me
Some many characters, some sweet some shifty
Like I said, some are complicated some are simple
Some are students, some are teachers
Some are principals
The littlest thugs walk like they are invincible
Comical, just look at little Dexter
Yo, he got the type of Napoleon complex to
Step in front of Devon, twice his size, just to get him
vexed but
Devon's a gentle giant
Thirteen, five foot eleven
His mom's a nurse and his dad's a reverend
Every now and then he gets irreverent...

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