

Jay

"Brooklyn's Finest"

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Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, Ay Yo peep the style and the way the
cops sweat us

The number one question is can the Feds get us
I got vendettas in dice games against ass betters
And niggas who pump wheels and drive Jettas, take
that with ya

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Hit ya, back split ya, fuck fist fights and layin scuffles
Pillow case to your face, make the shell muffle
Shoot your daughter in the calf muscle
Fuck a tussle, nickel-plated
Sprinkle coke on the floor, make it drug related, most
hate it

[Jay-Z]

Can't fade it, while ya'll pump willy, I run up and stunt
silly
Scared, so you sent your little mans to come kill me
But on the contrilli, I packs the mack-milli
Squeezed off on him, let the paramedics breath all soft
on him
What's ya name?

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Who shot ya? Mob ties like Sinatra
Peruvians tried to do me in, I ain't paid them yet
Tryin to put 700's, they ain't made them yet
Rolex and bracelets is frostbit
Rings too, niggas round the way call me Igloo, Stick
who?

Chorus: Jay-Z

What, what, what, Jay-Z, Big Smalls, nigga shit ya
drawers
Brooklyn represent ya'll hit, ya fall
Ya crazy, think a little-bit of rhymes can play me
I'm from Marcy, I'm varsity, chump, your JV

(Jigga) Jay-Z

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Nigga baby, My Bed-Stuy flow's malicious
Delicious, Fuck three wishes, made my road to riches
From 62 gem stars, my moms dishes
Gram choppin, police van dockin, D's at me doors
knockin

[Jay-Z]

Keep rockin, No more Mista Nice Guy
I twist ya shit the fuck back with the pistols
Blazin, hot like cajun, hotter than leaving holding work
at the Days Inn
With New York plates outside, get up outta there, fuck
the ride

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Keep ya hands high, shit gets steeper
Here comes the Grim Reaper
Frank Wright need the keys to your Integra
(That's right)
Chill homie, the bitch in the Shownies told me
Your holding more drugs than a pharmacy
You ain't harmin me, so pardon me
Pass the safe before I blaze the place and hit six shots
just in case

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, for nine six, the only MC with a flu
Yeah I rhyme sick, I be what your tryin to do
Made a fortune off Peru, extradite, china white heron
Nigga please, like short sleeves I bear arms
Stay out the way from heron
(Clear) gone

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Nea Gutter had two spots
The two for five dollar hits, the blue tops
Gotta go, Coolio mean it's gettin Too Hot
If Faith had twins, she'd probably have two Pac's
Get it, Tupac's

[Jay-Z]

Time to separate the pros from the cons
The platinum from the bronz
And butter soft shit from the leather on the Fonz
The S1 diamond from my eye class don
A Chan Don sipper from a Rosay nigga, huh

Brook Na, sippin on

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Cristal forever, play the crib when it's mink weather

The M.A.F.I.A. keep canons in they Marc Buchanans

Usually cuatro cinco, the shell sink slow, tossin ya

Mad slugs through your Nautica, I'm warnin ya

Chorus

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