

# Jay-Z

## "Bk Anthem"

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B-I What up?

Long as I got a voice, you got a voice my nigga. Yessir

BK; stand up, Brooklyn; throw your hands up

If you wit me, lick a shot for biggie

Chillin in the spot in my b-boy stance

Don't make this four-fifth kick like bruce lee roy pants

You know I'm smarter than Spock, vulinicy more  
advanced

So this aluminum will foil your plans, that's how I'm  
doin em man

I Keep two in hand, in case I've been drinkin

Seein double; I got one for you and your twin

I got a nickel for your thoughts, make your blood trickle

Leave your smarts on the sidewalk, till the cops come  
and get you

The guns sprayin; with or without you

Make your body whistle without you. Young

I'm still official without you

Still that nigga all the bitches whisper about. Ooh

Hes so terreferic, his lyrics like its about you

You can't tell me that everything he spits that its not  
true

Im from the crack in the wall; a fighter with my back  
against it all

Took a lighter, left my name in the hall. Young

{BK; stand up, Brooklyn; throw your hands up

If you wit me, lick a shit for biggie}x2

Grew up on Lexington ave, my sights real high

Moved to the marcy project round the time I was five

Had a great-grandmother in the heart of the sty'

So on the fourth or July, we would always stop by

Man I ran through the bushes, bought pounds from tha  
dreads

They had the best beef patties and cocoa bread

Played the album square mall straight round the time I  
was gettin tall

Where niggas was snatchin pockets, leavin change on

tha floor  
18, regime roundin. Pink houses fort green niggas they  
aint blend  
Wasnt safe on the a train, d, g or the f  
They set the cards low like niggas snatch polo off your  
chest  
East new york, brushwick, fuck it, the whole BK  
Brownsville, where the warriors come out to play  
Nigga you better roll deep goin through coney island  
Cause theres one way out nigga, one way in nigga

{BK; stand up, Brooklyn; throw you hands up  
If you wit me, lick a shot for biggie}x2

Everywhere you go, brooklyns in tha house(if you soft  
up the chain)  
The crooks is in tha house, the jooks is in rout  
The dramas on tha way  
Standouts first, then tha llamas goin spray  
Mamas goin pray  
But we respect real, you act like a sheep, you goin be  
the next meal  
The wolves in on tha job  
Gotta get in where we fit in  
Not rid the show and the kids is growin  
Baby need new shoes, and you sitting on 22's  
And we got guns big as Samoans  
And you and the spot showin off like terrell owens  
Hella mornice nigga  
You better hold your ground, if you a strong house  
Then the fours will blow you down and its back to the  
home town. Yes

{BK; stand up, Brooklyn; throw your hands up  
If you wit me, lick a shot for biggie}x2

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