

Joell Ortiz**"Brooklyn In The Building"**

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This cold flow got me chillin
Feeling like burn, Brooklyn we in the building
Feeling like burn, Brooklyn we in the building
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I got a ny aura with a milky way swag
And that flying saucer
I pulled up and got the sidewalk shorter
On fire lookin mami with her eye on the porsche
Weekend from the pg's, been chillin these days
Taking it easy, fucking the shit out of these freaks, hey
I'm the he say, she say, and he say
This dope flow just started a heat wave
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Bring the second verse back before I rap
I'm the future, know how you gonn react
Before it's spat
The rhymes I crumble up will make you plat
But make my fans go wild
Don't tell my nigga getting whacked
I'm I'll with a fresh pen, chill lil fresh man
I set the bar high like it was built for the jetsons
They said it ain't over till that fat lady singing
I'm nasty, I'm bout to fuck it, chubby milf in a second
Brooklyn taught me I gotta be hard
So y'all ain't got a chance like you lost monopoly
cards
Me and poverty's part, when my dad left mami with
scars
I stitch the ab with all these quality bars
I'm such a brooklyn life, open my book and write
Exactly what it's looking like
From my mountain bike under my hood at night
My gutter's not for fronting

Niggas is part with nothing,
You could get popped for nothing
A simple block discussion
Can leave the choppers busting
Crazy and you not just gushing
Maybe they can drop you off in time
At that spot on flushing
I be across the street and I hop with something poke
You might see yoshi drop a couple on the watch, it's
nothing
I'm extra 7 18, it's 187 or whoever disrespecting my
k
Speak louder when your creed yawer
Only knows that came from my A...to sting the vower

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