

## **Jones Keziah**

### **"Brooklyn Babies"**

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[Tiffany]

Bobby, I'm tired of yo' shit, nigga!  
I'm tired of you comin' in at 3 o'clock in the mornin'  
Nigga, you got a family here  
You act like you don't fuckin' know that shit  
Nigga, what the fuck?

[RZA {\*overlapped by chorus\*}]

Yo, yo, yo, yo..  
Growin' up in crazy Cali  
Yo, yo, yo..

[Chorus 1 - Force MD's]

Digital, these niggas should be crazy  
Growin' up as a Brooklyn baby  
Bedstuy, this is my life..

[RZA]

Yo, yo, yo..  
A Brooklyn baby, I was bron up in King's County  
Inside the womb seven months before the Queen found me  
Up in wroughty Brownsville with fiends around me  
Now roam gat in Staten with Cream Team around me  
They called me Bobby, cousin, really got the black Harley  
Taught his son how to spike cats like Lee Harvey Oswald, all's well that ends well  
My big brother Divine, he pushed the Benz well  
I got the cherry Range, broke and rockin' heavy chains  
I'm from the tribe of men who would bury Kings  
On the back of the A-train, my daydream  
Should I make a phat hit or should I take CREAM?  
From the Clan that taught you Cash Rules  
I make soul grind tracks, you grab ass too  
Give respect to the Prince when he pass through  
Might have a chocolate deluxe in a glass shoe  
Cousin Billy, known to strap the black uzi  
Two-two in front of the Jakes like Jack Ruby  
Live on TV where you see B-O-B-B-Y  
D-I-G-I-T-A-L, A-L, things ain't too well

[Chorus 1]

[Chorus 2 - Force MD's]

Digital, these niggas should be crazy  
Growin' up as a Brooklyn baby  
This is how I live my life..

[Masta Killa]

Yeah..

Peace Lafyetee, Stuyvessant, Malcolm X  
Shot dice on green, we live from Calasky y'all  
It's Fred Glassy, zig-zag-zig through traffic  
Get the herb, get the God, peace Ra'  
What's the word on things?  
Through the phone I heard the bangin' sounds  
in the background, layin' down  
I'm spittin' what the people missin'  
We extreme with the murder type theme  
Don't sleep, get ya head split to the white meat  
Big guns, down South we blaze  
Shippin' bodies back up North, it's the Weston  
Wild Texan, no trespassin'  
Long mics hit the dead arm  
Planet Earth, home of Islam  
Brooklyn, I was physically born, clothes torn  
Rough tacklin' the streets, Allah Math' spine Technics  
We bring heat to the block party, drinkin' Bacardi  
Baggin' shorties for the homies who ain't here

[Chorus - both to fade]

[Tiffany {\*overlapped by chorus\*}]

Bobby, that's right, you ain't shit, nigga  
You ain't shit, but a big dick and a mothafuckin' cheque  
All that fuckin' Brooklyn shit, Shaolin shit  
Nigga, grow the fuck up!  
What the fuck is up with you, nigga?  
You ain't shit, nigga  
Comin' in high off that shit  
What the fuck?  
I'm tired of yo' shit  
What the fuck is that shit anyway?  
What the fuck?  
And your cousin Billy, I'm sick of that mothafucka  
That mothafucka could never come up in this  
mothafuckin' house ever again  
He's a criminal mothafuckin' gangsta, see that shit?  
A criminal, I'm sick of that shit  
I'm sick of yo' shit, Bobby {\*echoes\*}  
Brooklyn this, Shaolin that

What the fuck, nigga?  
I don't know why I love your stupid ass anyway  
Pssh.. but I do love you Bobby

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