

## Lordz Of Brooklyn "Lob Sound"

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[Verse One]

Nowhere to run nowhere to hide it's the Lordz of  
Brooklyn Kings County do or die  
Switchblades for the rumble we're Lordz we brass  
knuckle  
Graffiti never died I made my name in the tunnel  
It's all about the fame I came to rain on you warriors  
Lordz...Come out to play  
You tried the rest try the best the L-O-R-D-Z of Brooklyn  
Like the Dodgers not the bums but we're the bombers  
There's a lotta sucker groups they be talkin' 'bout the  
troops but we burn them  
Motherfuckers like tar beach on my roof  
Cause I been around the block doin' proud by my pop  
I said he worked on the dock busted chumps in his  
shop

Cause when you're a Lord you're a Lord all the way  
From your first cigarette to your last dyin' day

[Chorus]

Turn it up y'all  
Here comes that sound  
The Lordz of Brooklyn Sound!  
Again and again and again and again and again and  
again

[Verse Two: performed by ADMoney]

Organized freakin' crime dirty ducky boy  
A hot 110 on you little dumb toys  
Cause I crash ya bash ya straight up harass ya  
Lemme tell ya something - Yo who the fuck asked ya?  
It's the Lordz of Brooklyn hittin' hard with a bat  
Here come the Lordz puttin' Brooklyn on the map  
You can't get with that you can't get with this  
The Lordz walk the tracks way deep in the Ridge  
Take a lotta pride stay the fuck off my turf  
I'm feelin' kind of tipsy yo somebody's gettin' hurt  
From the Verrazano Bridge to the brawls in the park  
Yo we claimed our mark bustin' heads in the bar  
So step to the side I'm on the edge of suicide  
Try to claim the fame I'ma snuff you in the eye

Give you a swift kick in the ass real fast  
Mess with AdMoney I'ma put you in the past  
I never pack a gatt cause I'd rather fight with a pipe  
Just like a fuckin' Guinea bring a knife to a gunfight

[Chorus]

[Verse Three]

Cause you're listenin' to the Lordz of Brooklyn  
Couldn't understand it till your shit got tookin'  
Step on my block hardrock get dropped  
Keep your mouth shut when you're talkin' to a cop  
Hold it up hold it up L. O.B.'s at the door  
Just another stick up everybody hit the floor  
We're out Saturday night still stayin' alive  
You can find the Lordz of Brooklyn gettin' drunk in  
some dive  
We're some pugilists not afraid to get our hands  
twisted  
Like the Duke got your grip put 'em up fight 'em bare  
fisted  
Strike picket make way for the union labor  
Ticket tape parade I couldn't be no traitor

Cause when you're a Lord you're a Lord all the way  
From your first cigarette to your last dyin' day

[Chorus]

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