

Lordz Of Brooklyn "The Bad Racket"

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[Verse One: performed by Kaves]

Don't make me put down my beer cause I'll bust that grill
And grab the Louisville out the Coup De Ville
Wiseguy, good fella, mean street, city dwella
And if you talk that shit than you wind up in my cellar
I'll bat you to the pulp with my fiction
My diction, causes friction in any jurisdiction
The lordz run the rackets on the ponies, my cronies
Stuck a feather in my hat and they called it macaroni

[performed by Scotty Edge]

Yo they call me Scotty Edge from the tenement slum
I had to fight to get a crumb it's the white shark in the chum
You can tell where I'm from, from the letters on my jacket
I got a crew that's gonna back it, there a bad freegin racket
They soldier up when it's time to go to war
Outsiders on the turf and we meet at the corner store
And drink and to we stumble, to it's time to go and rumble
Like the Wanderers, we're warriors and we're on the move for trouble

[Chorus]

Yo I'm trapped in the racket and I can't get out
Yo I'm trapped in the racket and I can't get out
Yo I'm trapped in the racket and I can't get out
I said I can't get out they pull me right back in

[Verse Two: performed by ADMoney]

Well it's the bad racket sound throwin' down for the crown
You better take those colors off if you're steppin' in my town
I got no time for the gat cause that shits wikiwak
Yo you must be smokin' crack if you think you can get with this style
Take it New York bound we're the originators of the rap throwdown

From the Bronx to Manhattan, Brooklyn keep them
clappin'
I got Louisville slugger for you punks that are packin'
yo

[performed by Scotty Edge]
I can't get out they pull me right back in
It's the bad freegin racket with the Brooklyn battle
hymn
They call me gentleman Jim, we're original like sin
We're the Lordz they're the frauds you find them in a
garbage bin
You can't tag you're not a writer it's time to pay the bag
piper
You're just a biter a yo yo overnighter

[performed by Paulie Two Time]
I'm Manhattan bound watch the cop on the beat
Let's have a sitdown kid on Mulberry Street
Talk is cheap like a parakeet
If you snitch on the racket yo the mob rolls deep

[performed by Kaves]
Well it's the capo with the flow from the social club
The Feds rock the tapes when they make the dubs
I go to rags to riches like the Big Ragu
It's the LOB crew with the Budweiser brew
Boom Bata Bing, Boom Bata Bing check it
It's the Lordz of Brooklyn bad racket respect it

[Chorus]

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