

Masta Killa

"Brooklyn Babies"

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

(Yo, yo, yo, yo)
Digital, these niggas should be crazy
(Growin' up in crazy Cali)
Growin' up as a Brooklyn baby
(Yo, yo, yo)
Bedstuy, this is my life
(Yo, yo, yo)

A Brooklyn baby, I was born 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

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

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

Peace Lafyetee, Stuyvesant, 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

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

(Bobby, you know why, that shit I said about you)
Digital, these niggas should be crazy
(That's right, you ain't shit, nigga)
Growin' up as a Brooklyn baby
(You ain't shit, but a big dick and a mothafuckin'
cheque)
This is how I live my life
(All that fuckin' Brooklyn shit, Shaolin shit)

(Nigga, grow the fuck up!)
Digital, these niggas should be crazy

(What the fuck is up with you, nigga?)
(You ain't shit, nigga)
Growin' up as a Brooklyn baby
(Comin' in high off that shit)
(What the fuck?)
Bedstuy, this is my life
(I'm tired of yo' shit)
(What the fuck is that shit anyway?)

(What the fuck?)
Digital, these niggas should be crazy
(And your cousin Billy, I'm sick of that mothafucka)
Growin' up as a Brooklyn baby
(That mothafucka could never come up in this)
This is how I live my life
(Mothafuckin' house ever again)

(He's a criminal mothafuckin' gangsta, see that shit?)
Digital, these niggas should be crazy
(A criminal, I'm sick of that shit)
Growin' up as a Brooklyn baby
(I'm sick of yo' shit, Bobby)
Bedstuy, this is my life
(Brooklyn this, Shaolin that)
(What the fuck, nigga?)

Digital, these niggas should be crazy
(I don't know why I love your stupid ass anyway)
Growin' up as a Brooklyn baby
(Pssh, but I do love you Bobby)
This is how I live my life

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

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

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