

Daphne & Celeste

"The Brooklyn Uptown Connection"

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Yeah

1-2, get ready

Cause this is how we do it

We got my man Soundwave in the house, Alien Nation

To my nigga the low-down dirty drop-out from high school, Big Ill

And me Mr. Raspy, Al Skratch

To my nigga LIC representin Conspiracy

Yeah

Soundwave, break em off

[VERSE 1: Soundwave]

You say you never heard the Sound

I'm about to break em off somethin right now

Open up your mind and let me in

Knock-knock, who speaks in the voice of sin?

Must drop to your knees, please just listen

A tale of four blackmen reminiscin

I hover in the heavens like a celestial guardian

The one who blocks the bullets when you're wildin out partyin

Believe in the MC cause you can see me not

Soundwave, faster than the dot on the Glock

Non-stop cyber-funkin, let me tell you somethin

Bout that guy named Al Skratch, the Mack Big Ill, LIC

This is virtual reality

A rap fantasy of the life of four beings

Seen through the eyes of the one foreseeing

Funkin em up, come on to the right

I'm funk in em up, come on to the left

The Uptown Connect gonna funk you to death

[VERSE 2: Al Skratch & Big Ill the Mack]

Who wanna fuck around, who wanna clown

With two niggas from the Brooklyn Uptown underground

Well, it's the backstabber, the double-crossin alki

Stagger as I'm babblin, so nigga please don't doubt me

When I was ten they took my flick at the precinct

Back in the days I was a juvenile delinquent

So don't fuck with me cause I'm psychotic

I kick the hard shit and let my man get melodic
Aiyo, I'm rollin, rollin, rollin
I'll lump you up and leave you swollen
The mic that I'm holdin is golden
Patrollin straight out the fiery pits
I turn a page as my diary gets
Deeper, I see this Mack type figure, who is he?
Bitches wanna know, so Ill get busy
I got the latest news, ask Conny Chung
Tu madre (?)
That means your mama wanna suck my dick, faggot
The bitch is a hoe so you know I'm gonna bag it
We makin moves over funky fat grooves
And to crews that don't paid dues we bad news
So who wanna gangbang, tell me who can hang; slang
Is what I kick, stay off my dick, chitty-bang-bang
With the glock you could swing on my block
And I'll knock the shit out of your ass with the quick fast
Who wanna fuck around, who wanna clown
With two niggas from the Brooklyn Uptown
underground
Who wanna fuck around, who wanna clown
With two niggas from the Brooklyn Uptown
underground

[VERSE 3: LIC]

Here it is, steppin to my biz with the free flow steelo
Headcrackin niggas like celo
Comin from below the gutter, I'm quick with my cutter
For a fronter tryin to front, word to mother
On a microphone alone in a zone of danger
With rhymes written on my bullets in a chamber
Word up, you never heard of one murder one felon
Bustin more slugs in thugs indulge in drug-sellin
I stack greenbacks from the wizzacks
Give up raw facts for niggas fakin jacks
Rhymes come in all flavors, I'm makin crazy papers
Cuttin suckers with razors in faces, beatin body cases
LIC, I'm givin lashes, slashes
Holdin classes, controllin masses, bustin asses
Just when I put the ambush to spots
Bustin my mics like Glockes, robbin niggas for they
props
The flow is on point, on target, sharp, accurate
Lyrical gun clips I pack you with, then clap you with
Rhyme after rhzzyme, time after time
Like a career criminal committin crime after crime
A gun-clapper (?) type of rapper
LIC, code name come-off-the-head master
Flowin at a high velocity possibly
MC's might snitch, call the cops on me

But it's aight cause I got my peeps here with me
LIC representin Conspiracy
One love baby
The Uptown connection
Ill and Al Skratch
and the whole muthafuckin crew
I'm out

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