

The Crooklyn Dodgers "Crooklyn"

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Here comes the pitch and it comes in wide
And the count now is one and one
To Jackie Robinson... Billy Martin...

[CHORUS]

Straight from Crooklyn
Better known as Brooklyn
Never taking shorts
Cause Brooklyn's the borough

Panic, as another manic depressive
Adolescent stares at death
Now, what's left

When there ain't no God
And a whole lot of pride
It might be a homicide
So let the drama slide

We don't want no problems, B
Get your name in
The obituary column sheet

Cause life is too short
And it just gets shorter
I wish I had a quarter for
All my people they slaughtered

Last year alone in the Dead Zone
Walk straight but don't walk late
Cause I'm coming with a hate
Only made from what it made me
Cause nobody ever played me

Now it's only getting worse
Buckshot and Ase
In the land of the waste
Kicking you in your face

We be doing it up Crooklyn style
What does it take to get you wild
My mentality is getting iller, killer

Instinct that's trying to infiltrate, but wait

I know you wanna enter
But I can't let you in
My mind state's the maddest
I'm gone with the wind

Because it is survival of the fittest
When the shit hits the fan
I got my shank in my hand

Black man with the permanent tan
I come from the 'ville
And never ran, damn

I'm feeling another part of reality
Hit me when I represent the F.A.P.
Straight from the 'ville
Tilden played the building
I mean literally
When I say I make a killing

For my cypher
See, I'm finning to bust a piper
Original heads represent
The Brooklyn all nighter

Do or die
I'm saying it's you and I
Bring your click so we can get
Stone like Family Sly

Peace to C.I. and the Bush
Might even see Ruck
And the Rock giving the push

[Repeat CHORUS 2x]

We did it like that
And now we do it like this
We did it like that
And now we do it like this

Go inside your mind
And find a time that you miss
And just think about
The steel in your fist

It's just an extension of your arm
It's that ghetto type of charm
That makes all the homeboys swarm

Can I drop the bomb
Oh, yes, I can
Move with the groove
Smooth like Geechie Dan

Who is the man
That kid there
Who is the chick
With the pick in her hair

Angela, uhh, Davis
And we roll like Avis
Rent-a-Car kid, there you are

You know where to find me
Whenever you need me
If you know the Ave, follow the path
To the land of the aftermath

But don't frolic in the midst
Crazy ass Crooklyn kids
Cause they always throwing
A body on my lawn

I'm getting a Rottweiler without a collar
Get off my block, boy
And give me a dollar for the trouble
Or get blown up like a bubble

Let's take a sec to think back
The year of the seven-oh
When Brooklyn was the place to go

Flow on a journey up to Crown Heights
Ebbets Field, feel the reel to reel
On your life

Trife individuals live in the PJ's
Dee Evil, check my DJ
Hey, play what I wanna play in the day
But in the night, I feel the right took a left

Bucktown, Brooklyn, break it down
Heads from state to state
Travel as I unravel the rate

How it tapped Scott and Sutter
I remember way back in the days
Playing hot peas and butter

Brother, if you want another lesson
Crooklyn session
Take it back, black Smith and Wesson

Press your luck
You get stuck by Buck
For your bucks

Masta Ase has the taste
For ducks and duck sauce
So tell Lord Digga
Dig a grave for the bones

Sticks and stones
While I kick some ancient poems
Through your domes
Act went back
To attack your homes

So, Tip, can I flip
(Yes, you can)
I'm in the World War
With Muhammad, my man

Feels so good to be a Crooklyn Dodger
Uh-huh, what's happening
To ReRun and Roger

I think I seen 'em wearing Timberlands
And running down the block
From D'Wayne and
D'Wayne had a glock

Cause he be selling rock
For the Partridge Family
And Ruben Kincaid drives a 300-E
And he be pimping Chrissy
From Three's Company

Plus he stuck Mr. T for all his jewelry
This is a 70's thing from the days
When kids didn't act so crazed
In Crooklyn

[Repeat CHORUS 2x]

Robinson waits, here comes the pitch
And there goes a line drive to left field
Slaughter's after it
He leaps and it's over his head

Against the wall
Here comes Gilliam scoring
Brooklyn wins, Brooklyn wins
Brooklyn wins

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