

The Crooklyn Dodgers

"Return Of The Crooklyn Dodgers"

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

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

Heh heh heh, yeah

Now clock, kids
Who got the cocaine
Don't tell me it's the
Little kids on Soul Train

The meta-force it
I put my brain to my jaw
It comes from other places
Not the tinted faces

Journalistic values are yellow
And then of course falters
You watch Channel Zero
With that bitch Barbara Walters

She'll have you believe
Black invented crack
When President Lyndon
Had the formula way back

In sixty-three with Kennedy
Yes, the double cross
Remember that's when they
Blew his fucking head off

Vietnam vets come back
Looking like one-armed pests
Nixon bombs, here attached

No picket fence, no job

No Hazel in the car
Blue collar turns to bourgeoisie

Depressed in your chest
Demarol for sess
Low dough, crack in veils
Much less

White, he can sell
On the corners of Bushwick
White, he can sell
On the corners of Flatbush
Whiteys can sell
On the corners of Bed-Stuy
Pass the torch to that nigga guy

So just die, nigga, die, nigga
You're too black, you're can't handle
You're too strong

Get high, fly clock
Next boost, you steal
In ninety-five
We take back Ebbets Field

Let's take a sec to think back

Crooklyn, traveling distance to party
Crooklyn, abstinant functions, not hardly
Brooklyn, the name alone holds Godly
You don't know, you better ask somebody

Crack filled streets
Since eighty-five the beast
Getting paid to not bust
Hookers drawers got crushed

Claps clapping regular
Hardcore niggaz with fat gold chains
On the corner maintaining

Gold teeth flashing
Stick-up kids play in
The front of Latin Quarters
Keep home your daughters

Cause if bullets fly, watch the flaming
Ignorant ducks are shooting, wilding
They're not aiming

One needs to, gotta

Think about it, what a pity
Five people died
In front of Skate City

Senseless back then
You was I'll if you had a gun
People dashing, flashing
Damn, no fun

On the square
You couldn't shop too much
Cause Fort Greene would hem you
Wreck the fuck on up

You had do or die
East New York, mad Hell
Fellas cutting school
Trooping to all go Maxwell

So many memories
I can't manifest
Yo, Ru,, start where I finish
And to Brooklyn, God bless

Yo, we representing

(CHORUS)
Crazy ass Crooklyn kids
Represent to Brooklyn all night
Crazy ass Crooklyn kids
Because it is survival of the fittest

(CHORUS)

Listen, cause for your mind
I got the right nutrition
We keeps it hard like fat asses
And cases of Heineken

Here in Brooklyn
Home of the warrior and villain
Trife type chicks
Top Billin's, the anthem

Rastas smoke marijuana
Enterprising businessmen
Shoot dice on the corner

Excuse me while I light my spliff
But some choose to sip
So bullets hit brains

When bottles hit lips

Clips, whatever happened
To.38 special
Now it's Desert Eagles
Government issue

Probably the same one
That killed Noriega
Chips that power nuclear bombs
Power my Sega

Subliminal hypnotism
And colonialism
Leaves most niggas
Dead or in prison

In Crookland, right hand
Cuts off the left hand
To spite the hand
Jealous of the next man

So violent crimes, black on black
Plus mad crack to boot
Everybody can't rap
So most hustle and shoot
Make money, money
Get money, take money
I can't understand that concept
Cause Jah rules everything around me

Fire burns the unjust like arson larsony
Melt MC's with mental telepathy
With precision, we're slicing and dicing
Peace to the East New York
Perverted Monks, and Mike Tyson

(CHORUS) 4X

Crooklyn, Crooklyn

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