

## MC Lars

### "Brooklyn"

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(Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn...)

[ VERSE 1 ]

I got the intro along with the cash flow  
Make all the bad boys seem like nymphos  
Yeah, I'm hard, I get sexy like Veronica  
I use sex as an instrument like the philharmonica  
No, I ain't tall, but I'm small and I'm slender  
Ask him who's been in, shit is like tender  
If he didn't like it, then return to sender  
He didn't do that, it's too fat, he remembers  
Never ever have I ever said I was good lookin  
Just one bad-ass bitch from Brooklyn  
Not here to steal your loot, your coat, your rocks  
Makin niggas drop whenever we hit the block  
They hear 'Brooklyn', and we up to no good  
Well, here we come, so there goes your neighborhood  
Timbos scuffed up, sess bein puffed up  
Mess with the wrong one, kid, you get ruffed up

Peace to my people in  
(Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn...)  
(You know the place)

[ VERSE 2 ]

I got the rhythm that'll rip up shows  
Blow down foes, they kill at will to get a taste of my flow  
Vocally I rock locally and worldwide  
Those that got bad wish they woulda never tried  
Cause when you come from where I come from  
You gotta be tough  
Cause niggas'll call your bluff quick enough  
Cause if your hood is like my hood, you gotta think  
quick  
Shit stink, niggas are slick, have you turnin tricks  
I gotta give it up to Mr. Cool J  
For givin up the props to the girls around the way  
It ain't safe after dark to throw a jam in the park  
If you wanna get naughty, bring your forty to the arc  
Cause we get down when it comes to a jam  
Just watch your backpocket, keep a eye on the man

If your town is like my town, you don't wanna mess  
around  
Wind up gettin bagged up, beat down

Peace to my people in  
(Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn...)  
(You know the place)

[ VERSE 3 ]

Everywhere that I step they know my rep  
Cause I'm sayin and doin I'll shit they won't forget  
Breakin down doors, although I never break laws  
Come to a town that's yours, and I be rippin the whole  
tour  
Comin hard for your section, slow up  
Live in the flesh and about to blow up  
So yo, come down, and then get the fuck up  
Looks are hooked, you lucked up, you're booked  
You gotta be hard, cause I ain't with softies  
Hit, then you miss, gotta get offa this  
So come with your game, cause you can't be lame  
As soon as you walk, I'm forgettin your name  
As long as you know all that enter are equal  
Straight from the Lyte I send peace to my people

(Yeah)  
Peace to my people  
(Yeah)  
Peace to my people

Peace to my people on the east coast  
Peace to my people on the west  
Peace to the people up north  
Peace to the people down south  
Peace to the people in Brooklyn  
Peace to the people in the Bronx  
Peace to my people in Compton  
Peace to my people goin uptown  
Peace to my people in Detroit  
Peace to my people in Houston  
Peace to my people in Philly  
Peace to my people in Boston  
Peace to my people in Jersey  
Peace to my people in Georgia  
Peace to my people in Philly  
Peace to my people in Richmond  
Peace to my people in Cali  
Peace to my people in Queens  
Peace to my people goin uptown  
Peace to my people in the islands  
Peace to my people on the beach

Peace to my people in Miami  
Peace to my people  
I send peace to my people

(You know the place)

(Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn...)

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