

Unknown

"Brooklyn's Finest"

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[Jay Z]

Yeah yeah yeah Ay Yo peep the style and the way the
cops sweat us

The number one question is can the Feds get us

I got vendettas in dice games against ass betters

And niggas who pump wheels and drive Jettas take that
with ya

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Hit ya back split ya fuck fist fights and layin scuffles

Pillow case to your face make the shell muffle

Shoot your daughter in the calf muscle

Fuck a tussle, nickel-plated

Sprinkle coke on the floor, make it drug related, most
hate it

[Jay-Z]

Can't fade it, while ya'll pump willy, I run up and stunt
silly

Scared, so you sent your little mans to come kill me

But on the contrilli, I packs the mack-milli

Squeezed off on him, let the paramedics breath all soft
on him

What's ya name?

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Who shot ya? Mob ties like Sinatra

Peruvians tried to do me in, I ain't paid them yet

Tryin to put 700's, they ain't made them yet

Rolex and bracelets is frostbit

Rings too, niggas round the way call me Igloo, Stick
who?

Chorus: Jay-Z

What, what, what, Jay-Z, Big Smalls, nigga shit ya
drawers

Brooklyn represent ya'll hit, ya fall

Ya crazy, think a little-bit of rhymes can play me

I'm from Marcy, I'm varsity, chump, your JV

(Jigga) Jay-Z

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Nigga baby, My Bed-Stuy flow's malicious

Delicious, Fuck three wishes, made my road to riches

From 62 gem stars, my moms dishes

Gram choppin, police van dockin, D's at me doors
knockin

[Jay-Z]

Keep rockin, No more Mista Nice Guy

I twist ya shit the fuck back with the pistols

Blazin, hot like cajun, hotter than leaving holding work
at the Days Inn

With New York plates outside, get up outta there, fuck
the ride

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Keep ya hands high, shit gets steeper

Here comes the Grim Reaper

Frank Wright need the keys to your Integra

(That's right)

Chill homie, the bitch in the Shownies told me

Your holding more drugs than a pharmacy

You ain't harmin me, so pardon me

Pass the safe before I blaze the place and hit six shots
just in case

Chorus

[Jay-Z]

Yeah, yeah, yeah, for nine six, the only MC with a flu

Yeah I rhyme sick, I be what your tryin to do

Made a fortune off Peru, extradite, china white heron

Nigga please, like short sleeves I bear arms

Stay out the way from heron

(Clear) gone

[Notorius B.I.G.]

Nea Gutter had two spots

The two for five dollar hits, the blue tops

Gotta go, Coolio mean it's gettin Too Hot

If Faith had twins, she'd probably have two Pac's

Get it, Tupac's

[Jay-Z]

Time to separate the pros from the cons

The platinum from the bronz

And butter soft shit from the leather on the Fonz

The S1 diamond from my eye class don

A Chan Don sipper from a Rosay nigga, huh

Brook Na, sippin on

[Notorious B.I.G.]

Cristal forever, play the crib when it's mink weather

The M.A.F.I.A. keep canons in they Marc Buchanans

Usually cuatro cinco, the shell sink slow, tossin ya
Mad slugs through your Nautica, I'm warnin ya

Chorus

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