

Will Young

"Brooklyn/Jersey Get Wild"

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Chorus: Treach

Till death do us, can't move us
We can rat-tat-a-tat-tat-a or build, it don't matter
Holler if you hear this, realness
Thugs gon' feel this, Brooklyn banger Jersey jackin
steal shit

[Billy Danze]

Now we have met and connect with a lot of different
MC's [sho nuff]
Raised hell to alot of different degrees
And we have the Constitution of Rights to bear arms
To flare arms, whenever we fear harm
It's near [yeah, clack clack], keep it right
If you pro gang, you don't belong around here soldier
I'm like fish scale, without the pedastool
Come to teach the new school, true school jewels
I'm never followin them fools, I'm a real stand up dude
I makes my own motherfuckin rules
So what's it gonna be, let me know
Bucka bucka blow, bucka blow blow, there you go
And we foul to eliminate these habits
And the best way is to eliminate these faggots
All disrespect attended
To anybody who may be affended, by the way I
represented
And I'm no stranger, to danger
Dance with a strange man in a field with anger
Now ain't that ghetto, for ya
Cock sucka, we will proceed to squeeze and sproll
muthafuckas

Chorus

Hook: Treach

Till death ditty do us, and they say tough tough ditty to
us
We'll be stompin bitches till they shoot us, get wild
repeated

[Lil Fame]

Who wanna go against the man, that walked across hot
fire
Banned for the kicked down door for my whole empire
Rapid fire, [First Family], Rapid Fire, [M.O.P.]
See, I know alot, seen alot, don' been thru alot
Took alot, never took a shot
God forbid, If I took a hot slug for a reason
Try to understand my pain, roll up some trees an'
Reminisce on them feels I was bringin
Spark up a L, while you got the M.O.P. shit bangin
Listen to the words of a nigga, represent that
You see I really meant that, for the memories I left back
Lil Fame never was a shady ass nigga
When it was on, we scar fools and a gravy ass nigga
So when you crack ya bottle and you pour ya liquor
holla at me
[Fizzy Woe Mack] That was my nigga

Chorus

[Treach]
You did ya hit you had to do most
Five minutes and you go
Comin with ya new show, and watch ya get sumo
Doin this shit since gettin whipped for wastin grtis
And sneakin out when mom had late shifts and same
mix
Snakes quit, I flip up flops and fuck flows
I fuck up ya fun and they don't care who the fuck knows
I'm sutile followed and find and fucked up
Before I take out my garbage I frisk a whole dump truck
My pump what, so pump up tracks belack back
Roll crazy with eighty rollin in stollin jack act
Jersey's on the map for car jacks and gat smacks
I'm on the map for bringin the bitch outta niggas on
wax
What, with M.O.P.

(several names and shit shouted out)

Chorus

Hook

Yea, salute, salute

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