

Hi-Fi

"Back to Brooklyn"

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{*scratching: "Born and raised in the streets of Brooklyn"*}

Uhh, yeah

Markie Dee and the Soul Convention

Ninety-one to ninety-two

Ninety-two, ninety-three

So on, et cetera et cetera

HanSoul and the Regulators

Crazy Keith, here we go, check it

One time

Champion hoodie, saggin-ass Levi's and my Timbs
Brooklyn hat pulled low, chewin on a peppermint stem
stick

Kickin {shit} with the head gassed hoes

They wanna piece of this and so do my foes, yeah

I gotta watch my back, when I walk the streets at night

And on my nine my hand grips tight

Really don't trust nobody, to the point

that if I get a little lip I will reach for my joint

You wanna head up, nah son, my hands ain't gotta feel

No need to show my skills, blast and I'm outta here

So save you cryin for the boys in blue

Get your story straight chump, even if it's true

It'll all be changed when you get to the precinct

Your case is history, worth about three cents

So if you don't want beef, you better stop lookin

Cause I'ma take your ass back to Brooklyn

{*scratching: "Born and raised in the streets of Brooklyn"*}

Yeah

It's about 3 A.M., I'm on (?) Ave.

I got my toolie and a stack of cash

I never had a problem with the dollar thirty forty

Cause I was makin moves like Fat Cat and Corley

A hustler and a killer, Mark was a smooth don

Always had jewels but never got moved on

Bodies layin decomposin and decayin

You never shoulda {fucked} with Mark, and now you're

layin
in the {motherfuckin} burial ground
Cause you wasn't prepared, for the big throwdown
Me and my crew yo, we roll thirty deep
Hungry like wolves, slaughterin sheep
You wouldn't even try to step to this big love daddy
Five-oh had me surrounded but they never really had
me
Step with the swiftness, and still had 'em lookin
I had to take my ass back to Brooklyn

{*scratching: "Born and raised in the streets of
Brooklyn"*}
Check it, dig it, dig it

Now from Pinkhouse to Flatbush to Bed-Stuy and back
Try to hold on to the streets I lived at
I had you beggin on your knees
I pump your ass so full of holes you would think you
was swiss cheese
So save your pleadin it won't help none
Don't kiss ass, because you're kissin the barrel of my
shotgun
Check the glock let me surprise ya
When I'm through your own moms, won't recognize ya
I took the A Uptown with all local stops right
From Queens to Bronx but nothin gets props like
Brooklyn - no disrespect
The other borough brothers can still wreck
Raised in East New York so don't challenge me
The trials and tribulations will increase the brutality
So if you don't want beef you better stop lookin
Cause I'ma take that ass back to Brooklyn

{*scratching: "Born and raised in the streets of
Brooklyn"*}
Word 'em up
A couple of quick shout outs
To Queens, the Bronx, Manhattan
Strong Island, Brooklyn, East New York
Bed-Stuy, Brownsville
Brooklawn, Cypress Hill, Pinkhouse's
Yeah, yeah
Markie Dee and the Soul
We roll deep

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