

Brooklyn Zu

"Brooklyn Zu"

Visit "[Brooklyn Zu](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: 12 O'Clock]

One-two, one-two

One, one, one, one...

[12 O'Clock]

Nigga like Cheech and Chong, smoke K2 all day long

Who's the chick in them purple thongs?

Hit me off in the booth while I'm making my song

Face pretty, like Nia Long

In the streets I'm the black James Bond wit two chicks
on my arm

Hands in my pocket, snubbing the palm

While she, splitting the Dutch, I'm breaking the bomb'

Want a mansion with a backyard big as a farm

A ten car garage, ten foot for it long

If a dude think he leaving calm, shots to his lady, don

Need rescue like a Saint Bernard

Little kids be like "Ay, yo, 12, you a star"

Just stars in the sky, plus I live in my car

And we all smoked out, plus them windows be fogged

She a nigga gotta eat, or his stomach will starve

I kick a faggot nigga fronting, give his glory a scar

[Chorus 2X: 12 O'Clock (ODB sample)]

Brooklyn Zu, Zu, Zu

Brooklyn Zu, Zu, Zu

Brooklyn Zu, Zu, Zu

Brooklyn (Brooklyn Zu!)

[Merdoc]

I clutch mics of dynamite, base my rhymes on my life

Down and dirty for my Cuffies, get some blood on my
Nike

All my niggas want sunshine, peace to big Divine

My mind is so grind, and my thoughts is meal time

I'm talking hot supper, so I must apply pleasure

I spit a stormy river, I'm King Merd' the go-getter

Put my back in it, with heart to go with it

I need to eat something, plus this beat sound like some
meat clap

My name ring, from New York to Cedar Raps

Peep the Zu banger, daredevil, the cliff hanger
Plus I walk like a tomahawk, talk like a tomahawk

"Brooklyn Zu!" ODB

[Shorty Shitstain]

Yo, I wear all black, counting my shoes
To my black hat, it bes like that
All my niggas that don't know how to act
I roll with scam artists, nigga, what?
So don't need to overlook, when your shit get took
This my barbecue, and my barbecue, smell good in the
hood
Put your money on the wood, make the game go good
Understood?

"Brooklyn Zu!" ODB

[Chorus]

[Buddha Monk]

Yo, this a word from the loose sluts, a game downtown
Ice on neck, oops, a nigga gotta lay down now
Never, remember those days, cuz it's still those days
Fitted hats now, Lil' Bow Wows and Jay-Z's
Different life, little Biggies, little miss, oh, who is she?
Rem' mixed with Henny, no thong, star on titties
Mr. Boing Boing, a pimp set, so give neck check
Never mind who I'm down with, the bet on who's next
Thunder gun game, riddle came, beat on brains
Switch lanes, rip games, if they short on my change
Look what you did now, rude boy, crook with a smile
Cuz these fast lane niggas left a gun in my mile

[Chorus 2X]

Visit [Brooklyn Zu](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.