

Brooklyn Zu

"Pour My Liquor"

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[Chorus 2X: Buddha Monk]
I hit the streets on Friday night
I got to roll up something right
And pour my liquor, and pour my liquor

[Merdoc]
Aiyo, I'm up early, outfit and too thorough
Yeah, we got to stay fly in my borough
We stay hood, ya'll jet to Palmetto
We eat good, we sharks in ya'll meadows
Ya'll pay her, she pay in my fellow
We do dirt, ya'll stay on old lizard
We drink Henny, ya'll drink P.S. Izzo
And my O.G. just scooped me in a limo
Your O.G. just scooped you in a Pinto
And I come back like The Count of Monte Cristo
You O.T., I get brains from your bimbo
I go all the way out for my kin folk

[Chorus 2X]

[12 O'Clock]
It's a Friday, I rock the blue and white Pumas
Red Monkey jeans, I step in the scene
Oh my God, look at that Benz, look clean
And look all them diamonds he got in his ring
And his chain hang down to his ding-a-ling
And his government is O. Turner getting that cream
And he come from O.D.B., Russ Jones
He could fill up a parking lot wit all the cars he own
As we roll through burners, sipping Patron
And we stop on Putnam, feeling that home
And Franklin Ave., a place called home
And Franklin Ave., a place called home

[Chorus 2X]

[Shorty Shitstain]
I'm from old Brooklyn, the Zu niggas is at it again
This time we bound to win
I'm a b-boy, standing in my Brooklyn Zu stance

And don't get mad, if you can't do the Brooklyn Zu
dance
My palms is sweaty, but I won't let my liquor slip
Yeah, I'm ahead of this shit
It's a Friday, I'm driving on the highway
Hope the police don't get behind me
Fuck around, they gon' have to find me
Where do we go from here
I love to drink my beer, and this right here
Be the Brooklyn Zu year, yeah

[Chorus 4X]

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