

# **Brooklyn Zu f/ 60 Second Assassin, Allah Real, Free Murda, LaFonda, Popa "So Much 2 Say"**

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[Hook: Allah Real]

It's time for a nigga to stand up, stand up  
Time for you, to man up  
It's time for a nigga to stand up, stand up  
Brooklyn Zu, man up

[Intro: Shorty Shitstain]

Yeah... word up...  
Word up... yeah... yo... yo, yo, yo

[Shorty Shitstain]

I keep my eyes open, and my ear to the street  
I guess they ain't know it was me  
I come straight from the bottom of the barrel  
Niggas won't change my channel, I love my piano  
I love my piano, I travel through state to state  
Me and my platinum tongue, niggas ya'll can't hold no  
weight  
Where they get them rhymes from, where they get  
them style from  
I'mma shine like a tommy gun  
And I'mma shine for my niggas in the pen  
My niggas that's not coming home, never never never  
ever again  
And I'mma shine for my niggas on the street  
My niggas that be hustling, trying to make ends meet  
I was born in Brooklyn, raised by the Bronx  
The Bronx niggas show me how to stomp the slum  
I used to travel back and forth on the 4 train wit my  
birth 38  
But a skill will bust you, man  
All money's not good money, and niggas act funny  
When they get a little bit of money  
I said, all money's not good money, and niggas act  
funny  
When they get a little bit of money

[Chorus: LaFonda]

We looking for a better way, got so many things to say

Thank God for another day, oh yeah  
We do it for the money, but we do it for the block  
Put your hands in the air, if you love hip hop  
We looking for a better way, got so many things to say  
Thank God for another day, oh yeah  
We do it for the money, but we do it for the block  
Put your hands in the air, Brooklyn Zu don't stop

[Free Murda]

Beretta tested gun, be the first, aye, bore  
You better Jetson, like your first name George  
Duke wanna catch one, watch the herse wait for him  
Now you'se a dead man, no more birthdays for him  
This beat got me on my dumb luck, forty cal's on my waist  
Always keep one tucked, shorty's wild in the place  
Bout to get son touched, want it, blaow in your face  
Now that ass fucked up, fuck they gon' tell me  
Bring back my nigga Velli or my nigga Jeff Row  
Bust one in your skelly, plus one in your belly  
Let a shot go for E.J., this my nigga P.J.  
Why she had to leave me, uzi keep that tizzy  
Blizzard always keep it gritty, damn a nigga  
Hit me tight like a pair of liggys  
Dare a nigga hit me, like I'm dead, I'm gon' miss me  
I'm something like the bear, Murda, always on his grizzly

[Willy Gleanz]

Yo, no more games, the streets want the prophet  
The streets want the logic, wit the heat of a rocket  
The beats only knocking like an 808, can't stop the fade away  
The handle just a sample how I play the game  
Niggas is acting like William Shatner  
Talking in they shirts like Spock, where's my backup?  
Hurry up and get me, 'fore these niggas have me clapped up  
A storm captive, where you gotta scoop me wit a spatula  
New York swagger jagger, ice on the gear ship  
Goons wit the dagger, grab the knife, you won't tear shit  
Ox real quiet, but the SK boom  
You'll meet Alice scrambling when you reach that moon  
Subsequently I'm a genius, my thesis parallel to the great  
Minds of time, run it by yours, parapelegic  
Gleanz wrote the manual, I guess how I'm eating  
These muthafuckas wit flows, makes me a cannibal

[Chorus]

[60 Second Assassin]

The black kiss of death, tongue, flips the fury, blind  
drips the jury  
Egypt, my mind raised from out the attic, Asia iced out  
With mad flavors, onyx, rubies, voices that sound  
supersonic waves, this is a  
flurry  
Visions are blurry, welcome to terror dome, I be head  
all  
Hell on the throne, find you through a chip in your  
poem  
Link in your bones, certain stolen cosmos from  
underground zones  
Fake pharaohs posing, but yet, my road is narrow  
Hot as Sahara, cross the hot Arabian, I vision Satan  
Versus Asian men, triangiling within the square  
Of Abraham, challenging man made men  
Rappers see you acting, or whoever claim they climb  
the ladder  
When your mind don't see over the matter, see me in  
mediation  
In green pastures, a perfect master, sir  
Excellent in his chapter, rapture  
I watch you catch falls like Niagara

[Chorus]

[Interlude: Popa Wu]

Yeah, ladies and gentleman, this is another one for  
ya'll  
Another Zu banger, zoology in your mind  
I'mma give you all the jewels of life  
Wit knowledge, wisdom, understanding  
Culture, freedom, power, refinement  
Equality, God, build or destroy bond  
And I want everybody to be peace in they cipher  
Remember, if you don't know where you came from  
You're not gonna make it where you going, Zu, we out

[Hook]

[Chorus]

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