

Brooklyn Zu f/ Captain Midnight, Shyheim

"Get That Cheese"

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[Intro: 12 O'Clock]

Yo what's up Zoo Keeper, Shorty Shitstain, Merdoc
Captain Midnight you know, Yeah Brooklyn Zu/Blues
Brothers on this
La the Darkman, What's up Prodigal Sunn, Buddha
Monk what's up

[Chorus 2X: 12 O'Clock]

Lets get that bread, Lets get that gwap
Lets cash them checks, Lets cop them drops
Look all them diamonds that sit on your watch
And them pretty ass girls that sit on your yacht

[12 O'Clock]

You could tell that I'm fly by the name on the pants
I get gwap little homey, I could smoke your advance
Show you what it's like to take a trip to France
And get picked up, Scooped in a Mercedes van
(Rich chick) This Russian chick, She live in Japan
She got a rock on her finger as big as her hand
Throws me the keys to the lamb, Then scram
Now I'm back to the state, Tell em wash your space
Cop a mansion out there like the dude Bill Gates
(That's right) Respect that Brooklyn Zu joint you know
This is Dirt's shit, It got to be about cash money now
homey
Give me that money, Don't play with me

[Chorus]

[Captain Midnight]

Outta Lucci, Who me, Dude please
I move the blues for the blue cheese
You petty hustlers should honor me
When it comes to work I'm like a good economy
It's Cap and 12 O' Clock
In a drop on the way to the yacht
We bout our paper and gwap
Fuck what you heard, The hustle game's ruthless
I move the blue magic but call it Frank Lucas
I'm good with weight, I move it state to state

I can't fit my jeans on I'm full my cake
Got the limo outside, It's white and stretched
But I gotta slide, I got a flight to catch

[Chorus]

[Shyheim]

Cheese, Money-Money, The cash I need the loot
So I'm on the stoup got Brooklyn Zu on the roof
The binoculars zoomed, Overlookin my moves
Ready to shoot a cop car in hot pursuit
I buy happiness, Saw a kid with a brand new gun
That's the happiest, I think he's come up for my stacks
of Benjamin's
Bottom Up syndicate, Body you dah-din-duh-dins
Gotta kill us we won't tell what the mission is
Fuck them circumstances, We aint given up answers
We takin chances, Yellin our anthem
Put em in a sleeping bag 12 and camp em
Grab the bag, Duffle bag by the handle and scramble

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