

Brown Bag AllStars

"Brooklyn Queens Expressway"

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[Soul Khan] The Wrath of Khan continues... I got my peoples with me; Koncept and J57 of the Brown Bag AllStars... We got Melton Sharpe on the beat... And we gonna show you how we wreck shop... so let me begin... How in the name of Soul Khan can you be pleadin' the fifth when I accuse you of bitin' and you bleed from the lip you must be feelin' real heavy from these steezes you lift 'cause if I take a shit these plagiarists come creepin' to sniff yo my words are similar to persian scimitars swung from the lungs of an urban minotaur some things you can't learn in church or seminar the best die and the rest turn to cenataurs except a select few, the rest will oppress you it's ten o'clock sucka, who the fuck will protect you see I L-O-L at what these fellows sell I'm like all ten plagues in a mellow shell or like Paul Pierce prayin' when his elbows fell and then he opened up his eyes thinkin "well, oh, well" we in the biggest division since they split the religions, it's hard to box God when you're missin' your ligaments, yuck [DeeJay Element scratches Keith Murray] "Can't wait to face ya, mutilate ya Drink ya style down straight with no chaser Can't wait to face ya, to face ya I love to hate ya, 'cause you's a freak by nature" [Koncept] A designer that paints, an emcee that digs moved from Queens to B-K, live right near the bridge the mic fears this kid 'cause I'm so raw on it shattered all your dreams when you broke your promise to stay true, remain through ridiculous nonsense the only left standin' is this kid named Koncept content is real, somethin to feel when honest I'm drivin on a distance I guaranteed accomplished the kid I left behind just didn't put his hand in when the weight's unbalanced, it's harder to stand in the same spots when names dropped, I had to keep it movin' unlock the gates, the key is this music and Keith is the future so please just excuse him when he knocks you out the frame in his lane he's persuain' and he's gainin' in this game, it's a shame when you lose it when bringin' up my name, I am great, don't confuse it [DeeJay Element scratches Keith Murray] "Can't wait to face ya, mutilate ya Drink ya style down straight with no chaser Can't wait to face ya, to face ya

I love to hate ya, 'cause you's a freak by nature" [J57]
Raise they arms givin' praise on this god given day but
where was God when their arms give a spray of stray
bullets, they may, look in a different direction when
they point fingers annoint thinkers made in a Lord
willin' way so, read it and weep and take a seat in
defeat already seven steps ahead before they're
leavin' their feet seein' them leave in retreat, runnin'
through the crowd riflin' takin' it back, ruin their life
again like Vicodin too hot, fahrenheit high like hide
your fever dunk-Skittle-rappers stuck in the '80's like
wide recievers fumblin' back, fuck 'em, now they got
me ramblin' first hit's for free, then they runnin'
back/runningback like Rodney Hampton Brown Bag
time travel black holes bring Terror to your Squad with
no Pun like Fat Joe lettin' his gat blow, we villainous
rascals no filler in this pillage, carnivorous assholes,
bring it [DeeJay Element scratches Keith Murray] "Can't
wait to face ya, mutilate ya Drink ya style down straight
with no chaser Can't wait to face ya, to face ya I love to
hate ya, 'cause you's a freak by nature"

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