

Feldman Jack

"Brooklyn Battles"

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Intro

Mmm...yeah, that sound kinda ill...word...yeah... Master
Ace in the
studio with my man Marley Marl, y'know... Got DJ Clash
in the
house...and my DJ, Steady Pace on the cut, right? [Doin'
the rest]
Right, so I'm about to get into somethin' here...

Verse 1

I'm Master Ace, from a place
or should I say borough
where they like the bass to be thorough
With the kick of a mule
and the click of a tool with no bullets
in the clip, it's the trick of a fool
Cuz he who fronts gets blunts you can't smoke
To pull such stunts is no joke
You better know where you are first
Try to be rude and get chewed like a Starburst
Now how much juice you got?
You couldn't hang if I made a noose and knot
Now try that on for size
Too much baseball, too many apple pies
Click your heels three times, kid
and now you can see what my rhymes did
Suckers and nerds come in herds just like cattle
First I brand them, then I hand them a rattle
So they can make a little noise in protest
Those that fussed got bust wearin' no vest
I told that MC to go West
Let's see who can put on a show best
The creep that tried to sleep got no rest
I got a rap that can trap a slow pest
Where's your girl? She's out on a hoe quest
Fingernail tips, red lips, summer stroll dressed
in a camisole she's a pro blessed
with a great big backside but no breasts
Welcome to the fire pit

I know some kids that wish you'd worn some flyer shit
Cuz as soon as you stepped off the train
they woulda put a big nine to your brain
Be on the lookout, and yo, keep lookin'
cuz there's a battle goin' on in Brooklyn.

Verse 2

Just like the water in a river flows, I'm fluid
and as I do it, I deliver blows
So MCs, you better keep your left up
Try to fight and you might just get F'd up
Cuz I'll terminate, as you learn a great lesson
Don't ever try messin' or you'll earn a fate
worse than death cuz I'm here to give it to ya
You got a life, but don't know how to live it do ya?
I live on a day-to-day basis
Doin' my shows in all kinds of places
You sit home with a frowned-up grill
Talkin' 'bout who ya gonna kill
Well listen up psychopath
Put down the Uzi, stop tryin' to play Shaft
Cuz life ain't a TV screen
Bullets can puncture the skin, rupture the spleen
And the stuff that flows out your veins ain't ketchup
Sit back, relax as I sketch up
the scene on a Brooklyn street on a late night
It was a great fight to me
I was just an innocent bystander
Let me try and, uh, explain why I'd hand a
brother a big fat stick
Well it was that, or get his black ass kicked
See, it was five against one
but this brother was too proud to run
So he stood in like a trooper
Fightin' against all odds against a group of
brothers that looked the same way he looked, friend
It was a battle in Brooklyn.

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