

Free Murda

"Brooklyn Get it On"

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[Intro: Free Murda]

Yeah, yeah, yeah

That's right, what? Check it...

[Chorus: Free Murda]

Brooklyn, get it on, you can get it on

We can get it on, everybody get it on

Go head and get drunk, nigga

Go head and jump up and get bucked, nigga

[Hook: Free Murda]

Fort Greene, get it on, Red Hook, get it on

Brownsville, get it on, East New York, get it on

You can get drunk, nigga

You can get slumped, in the trunk, nigga

[Free Murda]

In here, that dope white be paying me, my Nike's stay
on me

Niggas dislike how the paper be

In that new flight, the thing'll be, ready to pop
something

If you want fight, your day'll be

Ready to drop something, wont like this thing on me

I'm write, all wiggly, smoking more black, than the
whites in slavery

Lots of weight on me, a hundred G's a week, you got
to hate on me

Catch me when I'm coppin' ki's, the cops is raiding me
Test me, and I'm poppin' heat, it's hot like where Satan
be

I cop ice, just where the blockers hate on me

So much dough, is like the spots are paint on me

Watch niggas fade away, tell 'em put that thing away

Before I put dog asleep like the ASPCA

What? Tha tangeray'll make my ding-a-ling

Stiff hard, til I had a bitch sing like Macy Gray

Ding, with promise, since the shit is harmless

Since, that I didn't get that common sense

I got bagged in a cab, while I was armed with a fifth

Stay with a bomb, like Saddam and it hits

[Chorus]

[Hook: Free Murda]

Bedstuy, get it on, Bushwick, get it on
Crown Heights, get it on, Flatbush, get it on
Go head and get drunk, nigga
You can get slumped, in the trunk, nigga

[Free Murda]

Yo, I warned them, not to rob 'em
Be the first raw nigga, pop like a condom
Ain't no problems, that I can't answer
Free revolve 'em, like them belly dancers
Dope way I'm smoking, can't catch cancer
Yo, I'm 'brave', duke, not from Atlanta
Leave a few teeth missing like Jack-O-Lantern's
Got something, for your tummy, dog, not a land, ta
Just my hammer, niggas be washed up
Or 'dirty' like Dan, like they came out the hamper
Dun head spinning like a record, who's the anthem
Shorty think, she gon' get a ring like Sandra
Ain't no Christmas gifts, no I'm not Santa
Name is Free, and I ain't paying to get your hair done
Get a job, bitch, you ain't a baby cake and pampered
Bitch full of shit, and these niggas coming out they
mouth
Forward spit, don't make me fold this clip
Cuz I, got that sixteen hitter, and I mix mean liquor
To Incredible Hulk, Hypno and Hennessey, nigga
He pop that, but never hit Free, nigga
Came back, left a drift like the Mississippi River
I grab my thing-thing, do my thing-thing
Gat never chill, once it go, bang-bang
Ya'll my Juniors like the M.A.F.I.A. or Saint James
Fucking with Free, leave ya'll holy like King James

[Chorus]

[Hook: Free Murda]

Farroting, get it on, Good Waters, get it on
White Cloth, get it on, New York, get it on
Go head and get drunk, nigga
You can get slumped, in the trunk, nigga

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