

The Marshall Tucker Band

"Brooklyn"

Visit "[Brooklyn](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn...)

[VERSE 1]

I got the intro along with the cash flow
Make all the bad boys seem like nymphos
Yeah, I'm hard, I get sexy like Veronica
I use sex as an instrument like the philharmonica
No, I ain't tall, but I'm small and I'm slender
Ask him who's been in, shit is like tender
If he didn't like it, then return to sender
He didn't do that, it's too fat, he remembers
Never ever have I ever said I was good lookin'
Just one bad-ass bitch from Brooklyn
Not here to steal your loot, your coat, your rocks
Makin niggas drop whenever we hit the block
They hear 'Brooklyn', and we up to no good
Well, here we come, so there goes your neighborhood
Timbos scuffed up, sess bein puffed up
Mess with the wrong one, kid, you get ruffed up

Peace to my people in
(Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn...)
(You know the place)

[VERSE 2]

I got the rhythm that'll rip up shows
Blow down foes, they kill at will to get a taste of my flow
Vocally I rock locally and worldwide
Those that got bad wish they woulda never tried
Cause when you come from where I come from
You gotta be tough
Cause niggas'll call your bluff quick enough
Cause if your hood is like my hood, you gotta think quick
Shit stink, niggas are slick, have you turnin tricks
I gotta give it up to Mr. Cool J
For givin up the props to the girls around the way
It ain't safe after dark to throw a jam in the park
If you wanna get naughty, bring your forty to the arc
Cause we get down when it comes to a jam
Just watch your backpocket, keep a eye on the man

If your town is like my town, you don't wanna mess
around
Wind up gettin bagged up, beat down

Peace to my people in
(Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn...)
(You know the place)

[VERSE 3]

Everywhere that I step they know my rep
Cause I'm sayin and doin ill shit they won't forget
Breakin down doors, although I never break laws
Come to a town that's yours, and I be rippin the whole
tour
Comin hard for your section, slow up
Live in the flesh and about to blow up
So yo, come down, and then get the fuck up
Looks are hooked, you lucked up, you're booked
You gotta be hard, cause I ain't with softies
Hit, then you miss, gotta get offa this
So come with your game, cause you can't be lame
As soon as you walk, I'm forgettin your name
As long as you know all that enter are equal
Straight from the Lyte I send peace to my people

(Yeah)
Peace to my people
(Yeah)
Peace to my people

Peace to my people on the east coast
Peace to my people on the west
Peace to the people up north
Peace to the people down south
Peace to the people in Brooklyn
Peace to the people in the Bronx
Peace to my people in Compton
Peace to my people goin uptown
Peace to my people in Detroit
Peace to my people in Houston
Peace to my people in Philly
Peace to my people in Boston
Peace to my people in Jersey
Peace to my people in Georgia
Peace to my people in Philly
Peace to my people in Richmond
Peace to my people in Cali
Peace to my people in Queens
Peace to my people goin uptown
Peace to my people in the islands
Peace to my people on the beach

Peace to my people in Miami
Peace to my people
I send peace to my people

(You know the place)

(Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn...)

Visit [The Marshall Tucker Band](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.