

## Loti Pohl

### "Brooklyn Language"

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(Smoothe)  
Here come the overdoers  
Peace to Shane and Kane, we ain't got beef so don't ask  
We just give props to old schoolers  
I was the first one settin', the first one steppin'  
The first chump to threaten  
Saw me last 'cause I was the first one wettin'  
Indivisible pistol holder with the barrell switchable  
The D.A. witness is admissable  
So whatever shoe size get your shoe tied  
Crew fried, fricasee, burnt like tubes tied  
And my crew lies on the outskirts to do guys  
Me gettin' felonies got jealousy running through guys  
(Trigga)  
Get the picture? The weight shifter  
The fist that killed Hitler  
The rib twister, the four fifther  
Stick-up class dismisser  
Back stabber, crew grabber, double-crosser  
Homicide, lost and found body tosser  
Technical incredible veteran  
Break and chew emcees like Charleston Chew, jewel  
'em like medicine  
Rep with sluggers, heat stinging street muggers  
drama bringers, money swingers, down to face  
brothers  
The laced brothers, same murder case brothers  
That erase brothers, hurt others  
Cock back and hurt brothers  
Fuck the gimmick, nigga, just push me to the limit  
And I'm in it to win it, when crews start shit, it get  
finished  
The shottie through, shot the body blow  
The plan to stick who? John Gotti, oh, my potty flow  
(Smoothe)  
Shittin', consecutive hittin', 300 GS and  
Clock tickin', plot thicken, no BSin'  
I run with half a hundred, illegal funded  
45 I gun with, 5 I hung with  
The crave money capin', Homicidal money takin'

One to the belly, leave a dummy shakin', tummy achin'  
I stop tapes, pop trey-eights and take premises  
Me and my kin in this went from boys to men in this,  
beginning this  
The body splatterer  
(Trigga) The blood spitters  
(Smoothe) Money scavengers  
(Trigga) The stunt hitters  
(Smoothe) Bank vault assault and batterers  
(Trigga)  
The shatterer, never ending blending  
Showdown, barrel hit chest sending  
Hitman for hire, money spending  
The stick man, switch from illegal to legit man  
Get rich man, vic man, three card molly slick man  
(Smoothe)  
You slow, sinking in my quicksand  
No maybe, if, ands  
Or butts about it  
The sneak over fuck your babysitter nigga, what about  
it?  
The felonist, stainless to the steel like a terrorist  
You named us to the hill and I got evidence  
No presidents, no residence, I see no relevance  
Tell 'em this: They don't want it like they celibate

(Trigga)  
(Yo, fuck that. Alot of niggas poppin' that shit out there,  
man.  
They know our motherfuckin' players is official, nigga)

(Smoothe)  
From the first day I took rap serious had 'em petro  
I heard Pacheco tellin' Pop they want us wet though  
But see me in the ghetto  
Keep a hold of your stainless  
I'mma lead the world straight into the death row with a  
death blow  
We ain't no joke, we used to let the gun smoke and told  
'em  
Stay holdin' from off the language we broke you rollin'  
And I'mma sling mine, bring mine, to the ring ding I'm  
Up in your ass like gays up north in Sing Sing, I'm  
(Trigga)  
You ain't gotta sweat it, If they ever jump, I won't let it  
If I got a vibe that it's going down, I'm gon' set it  
And I bet it, to the day I die my tec could wet it  
The war is on, lace up, for the Saratoga armageddon,  
psycho like Bates  
Ill like sickle cell traits  
My game is long, money, half-a-mil for my ten estates

The meat cleaver, morgue chopper, the click bender  
Back up on the eighth, cop on the sing, highway to  
heaven sender

(Smoothe)

The competitor, street editor, be ready or  
Be buried a-live, get flipped like my cellular on the  
regular

Heavy packin', burner steady clappin'

The turn a petty rapper spaghetti, pasta

Hasta la vista, meet the sweeper

(Trigga)

Glad to meet 'cha, bodybag to greet 'cha

Pimpin' this track like a preacher, I teach ya

All a lesson and my blessin's

First name Tawan, Last name Smith without the Wesson

Ain't no question, we ain't askin', only blastin'

Front page flash and the action without the Jackson

(Smoothe & Trigga)

And bitin' it'll make you choke, you can't provoke

You can't cope, language is broke, because we ain't no  
joke

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