

Uncle Murda

"Brooklyn"

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Is Brooklyn in here tonight?

Brooklyn at, Brooklyn at
Brooklyn at, Brooklyn at
Brooklyn at, Brooklyn at
Brook, Brook, Brook

Where Brooklyn at, Brooklyn at
Where Brooklyn at, Brooklyn
Where Brooklyn at, Brooklyn at
Where Brooklyn at, Brooklyn

Where Brooklyn at, Brooklyn at
Brooklyn at, Brooklyn at
Brooklyn at, Brooklyn at
Brook, Brook, Brook, Brook, Brooklyn at

We right here BIG
Your boy sittin' on top like a hair wig
Bed-Stuy fly or Bushwick sick
East New York, walk the Brownsville grill, ill

You see I got a Fort Greene lean
Clinton Hills, chill Red Hook look, man
Ain't no shook hands in Brooklyn
Son your life can be took man

Then threw off bridges
One hard top, two soft bitches
Ride through the borough with two fo' fifths
Phantom open up like two door fridges

I make 'em change the New York digits
From 718 to 187
To 212 to 211
Your boy's back with a new one son

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I'm right here Fab, wavin' the flag
I'm from Nostrand Ave
I came to take the game in my Daddy Kane chain
Niggas gave it up smooth they didn't want to hear the
bang, bang

I'm back on my bully shit
The Flatbush Bushwick black hoodie shit
Half a billion bank roll
Bank stop, anybody what's your bank hold?

Big B's on the wheel
Spread love the Brooklyn way, B how's it feel?
I'm on my Robin Thicke shit
Shit ever get thick I'm back to robbin' niggas quick

Trick, clip, ante up, all you niggas
Britney pull your panties up
Whole borough is with me hold your cannons up
Buck one for Bucktown, Brooklyn what the fuck?

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I'm right here hoe
East New York Uncle Murda feelin' good
I hooked up with Jigga got my grandma out the hood
Marcy is back now look at niggas

Now they can't say Jay ain't sign a Brooklyn nigga

Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?
Shootin' somebody up for gettin' off the packs
Or goin' to the club lookin' for somethin' to dap
Or runnin' up in the crib like where the safe at?

East New York will shoot you, they dap your homey
Brownsville will rob ya, they clap your homey
Bed-Stuy, get you killed for a hundred grams
Get a Coney Island nigga to pull the trigga man, C.I.
what up?

Ask Flex, he used to run the Tunnel
Brooklyn had dudes scared to rep they borough
Uncle Murda, I'm a rep to the fullest
Like Shyne in the club I throw bullets, bullets

Ha son, it's a like it or not thing, nah mean?
This one is for Brooklyn
I'm in my Bed-Stuy fly you know, Bushwick sick
I walk that East New York walk, Brownsville grill
Got my Fort Greene lean, Clinton Hills chill

Red Hook look, that Flatbush push, nah mean?
Cypress Hill feel, Crown Heights tight with it
The Williamsburg swerve, Coney Island stylin' on 'em
Canarsie flossin', Park Slope dope you know
Ya dig, it's for Brooklyn

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