

Brooklyn's Finest

Jay-Z

Okay, I'm reloaded!
You motherfuckers, think you big time?
Fuckin with Jay-Z, you gon' die, big time!
Here come the "Pain"!Jigga (Jigga), Bigga (Bigga)
Nigga, how you figure (how you figure)
Yeah, yeah, yeah, ayoPeep the style and the way the cops sweat us (uh-huh)
The number one question is can the Feds get us (uh-huh)
I got vendettas in dice games against ass bettors (uh-huh)
And niggas who pump wheels and drive Jettas
Take that with yaHit ya, back split ya
Fuck fist fights and lame scuffles
Pillow case to your face, make the shell muffle
Shoot your daughter in the calf muscle
Fuck a tussle, nickel-plated
Sprinkle coke on the floor, make it drug-related
Most hatedCan't fade it
While y'all pump Willie, I run up and stunt silly
Scared, so you sent your little mans to come kill me
But on the contrilli, I packs the mack-milli
Squeezed off on him, left them paramedics breathing soft on him
"What's ya name?"Who shot ya? Mob ties like Sinatra
Peruvians tried to do me in, I ain't paid them yet
Tryin to push 700's, they ain't made them yet
Rolex and bracelets is frostbit rings too
Niggas 'round the way call me Igloo Stick who?
Motherfucker!Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit your drawers
(Where you from?) Brooklyn, going out for all
Marcy that's right you don't stop
Bed-Stuy you won't stop, nigga!What, what, what?
Jay-Z, Big' Smalls, nigga shit your drawers
Brooklyn represent y'all, hit you fold
You crazy, think your little bit of rhymes can play me?
I'm from Marcy, I'm varsity, chump, you're JV
(Jigga) Jay-ZAnd Bigga baby!
My Bed-Stuy flow's malicious, delicious
Fuck three wishes, made my road to riches
From 62's, gem stars, my mom's dishes
Gram chopping, police van docking
D's at my doors knockingWhat? Keep rocking

No more mister nice guy, I twist your shit
 The fuck back with them pistols
 Blazin', hot like Cajun
 Hotter than even holding work at the Days Inn
 With New York plates outside
 Get up out of there fuck your ride Keep your hands high, shit gets steeper
 Here comes the Grim Reaper (Frank White)
 Leave the keys to your InnKeeper (That's right)
 Chill homie, the bitch in the Shoney's told me
 You're holding more drugs than a pharmacy
 You ain't harming me, so pardon me
 Pass the safe, before I blaze the place
 And here's six shots just in case
 (Brooklyn Brooklyn Brooklyn) Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit your drawers
 (Where you from?) Brooklyn going out to all
 (Crown Heights) You don't stop
 (Brownsville) You won't stop, nigga!
 (Brooklyn Brooklyn Brooklyn)
 Hah hah! Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit your drawers
 (Where we from?) Brooklyn going out to all
 (Bushwick) You don't stop
 (Fort Greene) You won't stop, niggas! From '9-6, the only MC with a flu
 Yeah I rhyme sick, I be what you're trying to do
 Made a fortune off Peru, extradite, China white heron
 Nigga please, like short sleeves I bear arms
 Stay out my way from here on (Clear?) Gone! Me and Gutter had 2 spots
 The 2-for-5 dollar hits, the blue tops
 Gotta go, Coolio mean it's getting "Too Hot"
 If Fay' had twins, she'd probably have two Pacs
 Get it? Tu-pac's Time to separate the pros from the cons
 The platinum from the bronze
 That butter soft shit from that leather on the Fonz
 A S1 diamond from a I class don
 A Chandon sipper from a Ros   nigga, huh?!
 Brook-Nam, sipping on Cristal forever, play the crib when it's mink weather
 The M.A.F.I.A. keep cannons in they Marc Buchanans
 Usually cuatro cinco, the shell sink slow, tossing ya
 Mad slugs through your Nautica, I'm warning ya
 (Hah, what the fuck?) Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit your drawers
 (Where you from?) Brooklyn going out to all
 (Flatbush) You don't stop
 (Redhook) You won't stop, nigga!
 (Brooklyn Brooklyn Brooklyn)
 Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit your drawers
 (Where you from?) Brooklyn goin' out to all

(East New York) You don't stop
(Clinton Hill) You won't stop, nigga!
{"Is Brooklyn in the house?"} Roc-A-Fella, y'all, Junior M.A.F.I.A
Superbad click, Brooklyn's Finest, you re-wind this
Representing BK to the fullest

Songwriters

RODOLFO ANTONIO FRANKLIN, LEROY BONNER, SHAWN CARTER, MARSHALL JONES, RALPH
MIDDLEBROOKS, WALTER MORRISON, NORMAN NAPIER, ANDREW NOLAND, MARVIN PIERCE,
CHRISTOPHER WALLACE, GREG WEBSTER

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