

Brooklyn To T-Neck

Das EFX

Intro/Chorus: (x4)"The kids from Brooklyn to T-Neck" "why'knowImsayin?"

"Brooklyn's prime time"Verse One: Skoob, DrayNow ain't this some old shit, I'm bringin it round the back like
no
question

I'm swingin em with the cranes and I'm swayz like the Jetsons
I wreck shit, I biggity-blast off, duke, I'm hectic
Just look at the funk that I brung from the young and the restless
Don't test this, I'm miggity-makin yens in Japan
Diggity-don't give a fuck 'cause I rap like Saran or
antipersperant, I riggity-roll my punctures like a speed stick
I giggity-got the pops so kniggity-knock when you need it
So freak it, I speak it, I giggity-gots ta bring it

We're freakin a track for Jersey, yo Krazyie spring it Speak of the devil, figgity-fuck the dumb shit, it's over
soldier, I riggity-roll just like a bulldozer

I'm kniggity-knockin butts and smokin blunts that's my slogan
Check it, I wriggity-wreck more heads than Hulk Hogan
No jokin, I be's the, um, best at how I'm speakin
I riggity-rock a show and pack em in like Puerto Ricans
I'm phat, I biggity-bang heads like Jerry Cooney
I'm swingin the shit from West, pump her up to the booty
Buster, I miggity-musta stunned ya, blunder

You blewa, I speak it, I freak it, I'm super, so do a.....Chorus (x4)Verse Two: Skoob, DrayBiggity-bang boomer,
biggity-bust the lunatic rhymer

I riggity-rings more bells than Flo from Mel's Diner
I'm giggity-gettin props because of the rhymes that I be bustin
I'm sorry about, the condoms, sugar, you must provide the suction, 'cause
I got more greenbacks than the land of the West got sea stacks
Simplest, I'll call you Snaggle if you puss-sy gab, so
Look at me flippin the tongue, bringin the fun, pass the Hoover
I'm swingity-swingin the funk, bangin her trunks in Bermuda
I dribbity-drop rungs, smoke blunts then drop my dipper

I piggity-pass the miggity-microphone to my niggaHot damn, higgity-here I am, check it Mister
I'm rippin the track to dreads or you're dead from my fists of
fury, I biggity-be's the damn judge and jury
I'm cliggity-clockin G's 'cause these chumps always bore me
Yo baby, I drippity-drops nuff grammar
I'm rippity-rippin shop wit my nigga Boogie Banger
I got loot, I got knock boots to Argentina
Ya stupid, I either want to Benz or a beamer

So take that, I'm piggity-puttin your pipe when I'm smokin
why'know kid, I ripped it for fun, no jokin, 'cause ya.....Chorus (x4)Verse Three: Skoob, DrayWell I'll be
damned, higgity-here I am, check the slang, hops
I biggity-bump chicks wit them chicks from here to Bangkok
You're Bedrock, now piggity-pass the blunt, sonny
and let me piggity-pucker up and grab my nuts like Al Bundy
I glassed em, I grits em, I shiggity-shoots my jizzum
I giigity-gots more loot than your tooth got the wisdom
Believe dat, I'm criggity-crackin skulls when I'm rowdy
I biggity-bang boots and hang loose like Jim Growlski
I miggity-makes em rock like Mr.Gillespie makes em dizzy
I piggity-pass the mic now, yo Krayzie get busyShit's thick, I'm quick to stick a chick wit my dick like a sniper
Type o, fellas that's hyper
active, captive, plus I'm attractive
Horse for the course, suck my drawers then I'm back, kid
Styley, rowdy, then yo I'm audi
5 wit my loot, got more troops than in Saudi
Arabia, maybe I, marry me an actress
Find her, phone her, bone her on the mattress
Tasket, tisket, Polly want to biscuit
Figgity-fuck the cracker, I'm the rapper that rip it, 'cause yo.....Chorus to fade

Songwriters

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