

# The Brooklyn Uptown Connection

## Ill Al Skratch

Yeah, 1 2, get ready, 'cause this is how we do it  
We got my man Soundwave in the house, Alien Nation  
To my nigga, the low-down dirty drop out from high school, Big Ill  
And me Mr. Raspy, Al Skratch  
To my nigga LIC representin' Conspiracy  
Yeah, Soundwave, break 'em off You say you never heard the sound  
I'm about to break 'em off somethin' right now  
Open up your mind and let me in  
Knock, knock, who speaks in the voice of sin? Must drop to your knees, please just listen  
A tale of four black men reminiscin'  
I hover in the heavens like a celestial guardian  
The one who blocks the bullets when you're wildin' out partyin' Believe in the MC, 'cause you can see me not  
Soundwave, faster than the dot on the Glock  
Non-stop cyber-funkin', let me tell you somethin'  
'Bout that guy named Al Skratch, the Mack Big Ill, LIC  
This is virtual reality A rap fantasy of the life of four beings  
Seen through the eyes of the one foreseeing  
Funkin' 'em up, come on to the right  
I'm funkkin' 'em up, come on to the left  
The Uptown Connect gonna funk you to death Who wanna fuck around, who wanna clown  
With two niggas from the Brooklyn Uptown underground?  
Well, it's the backstabber, the double-crosssin' alki  
Stagger as I'm babblin', so nigga please don't doubt me When I was ten they took my flick at the precinct  
Back in the days I was a juvenile delinquent  
So don't fuck with me 'cause I'm psychotic  
I kick the hard shit and let my man get melodic Aiyo, I'm rollin', rollin', rollin'  
I'll lump you up and leave you swollen  
The mic that I'm holdin' is golden Patrollin' straight out the fiery pits  
I turn a page as my diary gets  
Deeper, I see this Mack type figure, who is he?  
Bitches wanna know, so Ill get busy I got the latest news, ask Conny Chung  
Tu madre [Incomprehensible]  
That means your mama wanna suck my dick, fagot  
The bitch is a hoe so you know I'm gonna bag it We makin' moves over funky fat grooves  
And to crews that don't paid dues we bad news  
So who wanna gang bang, tell me who can hang slang  
Is what I kick, stay off my dick, chitty-bang-bang With the glock you could swing on my block  
And I'll knock the shit out of your ass with the quick fast  
Who wanna fuck around, who wanna clown

With two niggas from the Brooklyn Uptown underground?  
Who wanna fuck around, who wanna clown  
With two niggas from the Brooklyn Uptown underground Here it is, steppin' to my biz with the free flow steelo  
Headcrackin' niggas like celo  
Comin' from below the gutter, I'm quick with my cutter  
For a fronter tryin' to front, word to mother On a microphone alone in a zone of danger  
With rhymes written on my bullets in a chamber  
Word up, you never heard of one murder one felon  
Bustin' more slugs in thugs indulge in drug-sellin' I stack greenbacks from the wizzacks  
Give up raw facts for niggas fakin' jacks  
Rhymes come in all flavors, I'm makin' crazy papers  
Cuttin' suckers with razors in faces, beatin' body cases LIC, I'm givin' lashes, slashes  
Holdin' classes, controllin' masses, bustin' asses  
Just when I put the ambush to spots  
Bustin' my mics like Glockes, robbin' niggas for they props The flow is on point, on target, sharp, accurate  
Lyrical gun clips I pack you with, then clap you with  
Rhyme after rhzzyme, time after time  
Like a career criminal committin' crime after crime A gun-clapper [Incomprehensible] type of rapper  
LIC, code name come-off-the-head master  
Flowin' at a high velocity possibly  
MC's might snitch, call the cops on me But it's aight 'cause I got my peeps here with me  
LIC representin' Conspiracy  
One love, baby, the Uptown connection  
Ill and Al Skratch and the whole muthafuckin' crew  
I'm out

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