

# Brooklyn

## Mos Def

Sometimes I feel like I don't have a partner  
Sometimes I feel like my only friend  
Is the city I live in, is beautiful Brooklyn  
Long as I live here believe I'm on fire hey'Cause it's the B-the-R-the-O-the-O-K  
L-Y-N is the place where I stay  
The B-the-R-the-O-the-O-K  
Best in the world and all USA  
It's the B-to-the-R-the-O-the-O-K  
L-Y-N is the place where I stay  
The B-to-the-R-the-O-the-O-K  
Place where I rest is on my born day  
Bust it, sometimes I sit back and just reflect  
Watch the world go by and my thought connect  
I think about the time past and the time to come  
Reminesce on Bed-Stuy when I was pride and young  
I used to try and come, to the neighborhood function  
Throw on my Izod, say a little something  
When I was just a youngin, before the days of thuggin  
How me and Charlie Chims (aiyyo what?) I'm only buggin  
Fast forward, Nine-Now I gotta team my seed  
I must proceed at God's speed to perform my deed  
Livin the now space and time, round the nine to five  
For as long as I'm alive, paw I got to strive  
I ain't sittin roadside, that ain't harder to plan  
I'm out here for my fam doin all that I can  
I love my city, sweet and gritty in land to outskirts  
Nickname Bucktown 'cause we grown to outburst  
Philosophy redefine us, touch mines I touch back  
Walk the streets like a sweet and get beat like drum tracks  
Catch no shakes over jakes (boomp-boomp!) we bust back  
Bring the marty to your face wit no place to run back  
I'm from the slums that created the bass that thump back  
This ain't a game clown, play ya James Brown and jump back  
What you want, Jack? Young cats stash they jums at  
Draw they guns back, momma screams where she sons at  
Tryin to hunt that, recurring dream of high stakes  
The fourth largest, first artist, Brooklyn is the place  
Settled by the judge many years ago  
Three billion strong and here we goGOOD MORNINNNNNNNNNGG VIETNAM

Ha (back up back up back up back up back up)\*repeated in background\*

Yo sometimes I sit back, reflect on the place that I live at

Unlike any place I ever been at

The home of big gats, deep dish hammer rim caps

Have a mishap, push ya wig back

Where you go to get the fresh trim at

Four on the jake got the Timb rack

Blue collars metro carding it

Thugs mobbin it, form partnership

Increase armorment, street pharmacist

Deep consequence, when you seek sleek ornaments

You get caught, rode the white horse and can't get off

Big dogs that trick off just get sent off

They shoebox stash is all they seeds gotta live off

It's real yo but still yo, it's love here

And it's felt by anybody that come here

Out of towners take the train, plane and bus here

Must be something that they really want here

One year as a resident, deeper sentiment

Shoutout 'Go Brooklyn!', they representin it

Sittin on they front stoop sippin Guinnesses

Usin native dialect in they sentences

From the treeline blocks to the tenaments

To the Mom and Pop local shop menaces

Travel all around the world in great distances

And ain't a place that I know that bear resemblance

That's why we it The Planet

Not a borough or a prov, it's our style that's uncalm

From ?sun? to the ? to the Lafayette Gardens

White ?coff guawinas? in they army jacket linings

Yo this goes out to my cats in Coney Isle

Friday night out in front The Himalaya goin wild

This goes out to Crown Heights and Smurv Village

The nighties, and all my ?yarda trenny? Brown's Village

Parkside tennants caught, thirties, forties, and the fifties

The cats out in Starite City gettin busy

To the Hook, to the East, to the Stuy

Bushwick and Kanarcy, Farraget, Fullgreen, and Marcy

My Flatbush posse, generals of armies

When it's time to form, just call me

And let this song be, playin loud in Long B

If you love Bucktown STRONGLY

RAISE IT UPBrooklyn my habitat, the place where it happen at

Live sway and the sharp balance of the battle axe

Irons is brandished at, thugs draw they hammer back

It's where you find the news tool crew cameras at  
It's where my fam is at, summertime jame is at  
They play Big and get you open like a sandal back  
Hotter than candle wax, hustlin you can't relax  
The crack babies tryin to find where they mama's at  
It's off the handle black, wit big police scandals that  
Turn into actions screenplays sold to Miramax  
The type of place where they check your appearance at  
And cats who know where all the high low gear is at  
The stompin grounds, where you find a pound, smoke is that  
Be blazin charm that have your wave cap floatin back  
The doorstep where the disposessed posted at  
Dope fiends out at Franklin Ave sellin zovarax  
You big ballin better keep your money folded back  
'Cause once the young guns notice that it's over, black  
Brooklyn keep on takin it, worldwide we known for that  
Flossy cats get it snatched like the local tax  
The place I sharpen up my baritone vocals at  
Where one of the greatest MC's was a local cat

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