

Brooklyn-Queens (The U.K. Power Mix)

3rd Bass

Brooklyn!

Brooklyn!Real cool 'cause Brooklyn's cool!

Friday doin' the last day of school

Girls steppin' to the mall to swing

Settin' up dollars for their summer fling

Cars on the avenue create gridlock

And there's girls like MAD at the bus stop

Not waitin' on the bus, but waitin' on the cash flow

Fellas are laughin', gassin' the past hoe

Girl steps to me and pushes issue

That knot you got, is that money or tissue?

Feelin' on the bulge, thinkin' it's her own

I tell her that it's money and she should move on

She says she's pure from legs to her thighs

And we should talk over some Chinese and fries

I tell her to step, but hey that's the scene

'Cause she ain't nothin' but a Brooklyn Queen[Chorus: x2]

We are looking for 'Brooklyn'

We are looking for the Brooklyn-Queens!State the rhyme, borough of Brooklyn

Otherwise known as Crooklyn

Freaks fortify flesh with gold

Ears hang trunk, in a slave hold

Walk past, don't get the time of day

Played like suede, on a summer sway

Conversated, till I made her laugh

Said, "I'm Pete Nice, you want my autograph?"

Oval Office closed as she heard this

She said, "From third Bass? I could do this"

Listen closely, slowly took a swig of intoxicants

'Cause the Brooklyn Queen's a gold digger[Chorus: x2]Squared away with my digits and tonight's plans

When I feel a crab grab my right hand

Slapped her on the back, tried to calm her

Asking her, "Now what's the reason for the drama?"

Her next move was straight out of textbook

"Haven't we met before?" Giving me a sex look

Yo Wisdom, your lyrics are in bad taste

So I'm forced to give you nothing but the Gas Face

You better go, for hoppin' on the cab or bus

'Cause you're downtown and you're simply too fabulous

But get this, ain't this a humdinger?
She stepped to a retard sportin' a four-finger ring
Somewhere in the skin tight jeans
I'm gonna scoop the best of the Brooklyn-Queens[Chorus]Last exit to Brooklyn I enter
Carefully the Queen holds my scepter
Gettin' numb like a Derelict on scotch
I'm Dick Lewis, cause baby I'm watchin' you
scheme on a brother for a knot
To choose between the have and the have-not
Do you doubt the shade of vanilla?
I'll play Elvis and you play Priscilla
Oh he's no hero, better yet Billy Dee
Advertise cheap liquor for a fee
A Brooklyn Queen, rushes Russell Simmons
That's like Tyson rushin' Givens[Chorus: x2]Brooklyn!
Brooklyn-Queens
Brooklyn-Queens
Brooklyn-QueensWho's on Prince Paul's cactus?
Brooklyn-Queens
Ha ha ha, yeah check it out
Brooklyn-Queens
Yo, 'Brooklyn-Queens

Songwriters

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