

Wisdom

Come check us out
 We're two stereo bean poles.
 You say that you don't know
 but your Pinocchio nose grows
 we're the ones juxtaposing'
 any style that you like.
 And it goes right into the mix,
 when we style on the Mic.
 We're analytical,
 ain't that political
 And Yo, we step up to the mic,
 subject to ridicule
 we're meticulous,
 ain't that ridiculous
 We're in all 7 feet
 we're mobydickulous.
 Yeah! Yeah!
 (718)
 Come on!
 Yeah! Yeah!
 (718)
 Yeah! Yeah!
 (718)
 People live in 212,
 now live in 718
 Yeah! Yeah!
 (718)
 Come on!
 Yeah! Yeah!
 (718)
 Yeah! Yeah!
 (718)
 People live in 212,
 now live in 718
 Well it's the high stepping kid
 from the 514
 but now Brooklyn is the borough
 when I step out my door.
 We be All-City champions

from Boogy down to Staten.

Full throttle

on the bottle

like the genie in Aladdin.

Alive get live

inside this life of curious,

as I sing a song that soon

must leave you all delirious.

A hallucinogenic

my phonetics

get frenetic when I said it

my hyperbole is hyper,

my energy kinetic.

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

Come on!

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

People live in 212,

now live in 718

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

Come on!

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

People live in 212,

now live in 718

I'm a creature,

of my surroundings,

or more likely of the creatures

that surround me.

I live in rats and roaches

swallowed whole like Jonus.

I spent my rent so I road train coaches

Across the bridges to emigrate

from 212

to 718.

Who's this what's this

I does this cause I love this,

I run right through the hole

getting hard like Dick Butkis.

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

Come on!

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

People live in 212,
now live in 718

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

Come on!

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

Yeah! Yeah!

(718)

People live in 212,
now live in 718

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