Brooklyn's Finest

Jay-z

Okay, I'm reloaded
You motherfuckers, think you big time?
Fuckin' with Jay-Z, you gon' die, big time
Here come the, "Pain"
Jigga, jigga, bigga, bigga
Nigga, how you figure, how you figure
Yeah, yeah, yeah, aiyyo
Peep the style and the way the cops sweat us
The number one question is can the feds get us
I got vendettas in dice games against ass betters
And niggaz who pump wheels and drive Jettas
Take that witcha
Hit ya, back split ya, fuck fist fights and lame scuffles
Pillow case to your face, make the shell muffle
Shoot your daughter in the calf muscle
Fuck a tussle, nickel-plated
Sprinkle coke on the floor, make it drug related
Most hate it
Can't fade it while y'all pump Willie, I run up in stunts silly
Scared, so you sent your little mans to come kill me
But on the contrilli, I packs the mack-milli
Squeezed off on him, left them paramedics
Breathin' soft on him
What's ya name?
Who shot ya? Mob ties like Sinatra
Peruvians tried to do me in, I ain't paid them yet
Tryin' to push 700's, they ain't made them yet
Rolex and bracelets is frostbit, rings too
Niggaz 'round the way call me Igloo Stix, who?
Motherfucker
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls
Nigga shit ya drawers
Where you from?
Brooklyn, goin' out for all
Marcy, that's right, you don't stop
Bed-Stuy, you won't stop, nigga
What, what, what?
Jay-Z, Big' Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
Brooklyn represent y'all, hit you fold

You crazy, think your little bit of rhymes can play me?
I'm from Marcy, I'm varsity, chump, you're JV
Jigga, Jay-Z
And Bigga baby
My Bed-Stuy flow's malicious, delicious
Fuck three wishes, made my road to riches
From 62's, gem stars, my moms dishes
Gram choppin', police van dockin'
D's at my doors knockin'
What? Keep rockin'
No more, Mister Nice Guy, I twist your shit
The fuck back with them pistols, blazin'
Hot like cajun, hotter than even holdin' work at the
Days Inn with New York plates outside
Get up outta there, fuck your ride
Keep your hands high, shit gets steeper here comes
The Grim Reaper, Frank Wright, leave the keys to your
In-tegra, that's right, chill homie, the bitch in the Shoney's told me
You're holdin' more drugs than a pharmacy, you ain't harmin' me
So pardon me, pass the safe, before I blaze the place
And here's six shots just in case, Brooklyn
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
Where you from? Brooklyn goin' out to all
Crown Heights, you don't stop
Brownsville, you won't stop, nigga, Brooklyn
Hah hah, Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
Where we from? Brooklyn goin' out to all
Bushwick, you don't stop
Fort Greene, you won't stop, niggaz
Yeah, yeah, yeah
For nine six, the only MC with a flue
Yeah I rhyme sick, I be what you're tryin' to do
Made a fortune off Peru, extradite, China white heron
Nigga please, like short sleeves I bear arms
Stay out my way from here on clear? Gone
Me and Gutter had two spots
The two for five dollar hits, the blue tops
Gotta go, Coolio mean it's gettin' "Too Hot"
If Fay' had twins
She'd probably have two-Pac's
Get it? Tu-pac's
Time to separate the pros from the cons
The platinum from the bronze
That butter soft shit from that leather on the Fonz
A S1 diamond from a eye class don

A Cham' Dom' sipper from a Rosay nigga, huh?
Brook-Nam, sippin' on
Cristal forever, play the crib when it's mink weather
The M.A.F.I.A. keep canons
In they Marc Buchanans usually cuatro cinco
The shell sink slow, tossin' ya
Mad slugs through your Nautica
I'm warnin' ya, hah, what the fuck?
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
Where you from? Brooklyn goin' out to all
Flatbush, you don't stop
Redhook, you won't stop, nigga, Brooklyn
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers
Where you from? Brooklyn goin' out to all
East New York, you don't stop
Clinton Hill, you won't stop, nigga
Is Brooklyn in the house?
Roc-A-Fella, y'all, Junior M.A.F.I.A.
Superbad click, Brooklyn's finest
You rewind this
Represetin' BK to the fullest

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