

718

2 Skinnee J's

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!
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