

# B.K. Anthem

## Foxy Brown

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Lemme tell you where I grew up at  
Sip mo', threw up at, flip coke, blew up that  
Where fake thugs got they vests shoot up at  
Brooklyn beef ! Who want that? I grew up in the Thoroist borough B.K  
Where B.I.G had everybody rockin' D.K  
Gav was the first dude wit' the CLK  
And bricks was gettin' shipped outta east L..A  
It's Brooklyn Where niggaz lives was taken  
Rich cats got knocked and they wallets was taken  
Fourth, Green and Hemlock, the fifth bit cock  
We cried when they killed Lenox and popped them rough  
(Aiy yo, ya ain't hear, what {the fuck} I just said? B K the home of Biggie and Jay  
Where niggaz got Will Smith ships, get jiggy all day  
Bitches that boost in the city all day  
Heckle and koch, crack spots, federal watch  
I grew up here, sip mo', threw up here  
Yo the feds snatched two up here, in B.K  
Niggaz in the hood in that all blue and grey  
Gorillas got rich from still wells and P.A Lemme tell you where I grew up at  
Sip mo', threw up at, flip coke, blew up that  
Where fake thugs got they vests shoot up at  
Brooklyn beef ! Who want that? Lemme tell you where I grew up at  
Sip mo', threw up at, flip coke, blew up that  
Where fake thugs got they vests shoot up at  
Brooklyn beef ! Who want that? Brooklyn! The livest borough  
You come here front, you might die in this borough  
The east, the feelin' best dies in this borough  
Full of projects, the wildest borough  
Try to figure out which side is through  
From C.I. to Saint Marks is carryin' cons Niggaz rock Coogi and Dolce Gaban's  
So women here make a livin' just carryin' bombs  
We pop cocks a little bit and we floss a little bit

In the club, buyin' out Cris', pour us a little bit  
I told y'all that my borough is through  
I know niggaz that'll clap you up and bury the metal  
Same day, still in the hood and so ghettoBrook non, holla back, get your crook on  
Live from the seven one eight, we raised the eight  
Every time poppy raise the way to that eight  
MotherfuckersLemme tell you where I grew up at  
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Where fake thugs got they vests shoot up at  
Brooklyn beef ! Who want that?Lemme tell you where I grew up at  
Sip mo', threw up at, flip coke, blew up that  
Where fake thugs got they vests shoot up at  
Brooklyn beef ! Who want that?It's B K nigga, get yo' vest ate up  
Over them chips, you could get S.Ked up  
They find you in the back of the buildin' sprayed up  
All for the love of this paper; we misled  
By twenty-one some will be dead  
By twenty-two the rest of these dudes are bein' fedsWe got change but we still fucked up  
The feds takin' prints when we pullin' the drops up  
B.K. open up, get popped up  
You know whats the borough where cats drive wit' the box in the truckTry pound locked up, wrist be rocked up  
Yellin' out "Get down, lay down when we pop up!"  
Blocks so hot we drop the rocks wit' tops up  
Windows tinted, you can't see who's in it  
It's Brown nigga, I represent it, it's Brooklyn!Lemme tell you where I grew up at  
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Where fake thugs got they vests shoot up at  
Brooklyn beef ! Who want that?B.K. borough bitches, ain't nuttin' but the best in here  
The streets of New York, real niggaz, real shit happen nigga  
Fuck you all know 'bout bang outs, get busy?  
Fuck police and all that nigga, real niggaz  
Brooklyn nigga!

Lyrics provided by

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