# (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!
(718)
Come on!
Yeah! Yeah!
(718)
Yeah! Yeah!
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People live in 212,
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Yeah! Yeah!
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