

# Brooklyn Took It

## Jeru the Damaja

Ah check it out, check it out yo  
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Ah check it out, check it out yo Here's the remedy, for all your cornball raps  
Brooklyn's back on the map, I'm not bragging  
Defeating all foes, bring your styles  
I stomp out the last dragon Grand groove, grandmaster, like back in the days  
Holding my own on the street and the microphone  
You can't rip it, I grip it and flip it  
Trip it down memory lane, back to the park jams We used to spark jams, now niggas get jammed  
Or should I say jelly?  
My vocals rip through your Pelle Pelle  
You can't see me so you can't hit me You ace deuce tre, I four five six and trips  
Drums numb your ears, rhymes swell up your lips  
Chicks gravitate towards the crooked  
If your props are gone, Brooklyn took it Brooklyn keeps on taking it  
Brooklyn keeps on taking it  
Brooklyn keeps on taking it  
Brooklyn keeps on taking it Mindcrusher, spinecrusher, Brooklyn been banging  
Making noise from the US to Russia  
Couldn't set it, even if you wanted  
So many bodies on my microphone, the shit's haunted Doggonnit, your girl's on it  
Record companies are on it, you can't have it, causing havoc  
Building, destroying, deploying  
My rhymes on beats strategically I melt any MCI repre, aw fuck it, don't even need to say it  
You know the time when I start to saute it  
So niggas be having mad maws and shit  
'Cause Brooklyn stole the show like a grand larcenist But ease up off us or you'll need officers  
We're deadly, there's no cure  
Boom bang 'em on down, treat competition like clowns  
Crooklyn, Crooklyn, from town to town  
Serve your girl butt naked, if she's gone, who took it? Brooklyn keeps on taking it  
Brooklyn keeps on taking it  
Brooklyn keeps on taking it  
Brooklyn keeps on taking it This one is for Brooklyn, land of crooks, home of my game  
Try to front and we retire, MC's set 'em all on fire  
Scooping up the fly ladies 'round my microphone like a Mercedes  
If I was a video game you couldn't play me So keep it moving, don't play yourself  
Your rhymes are [unverified] sinna raffin' [unverified], mine quite graffing

Switch up, change up, Brooklyn still gets biz  
Plop plop, fizz fizz like Alka-Seltzer Try to freak it, wind up in a homeless shelter  
Cause fuck what you heard, this is Crooklyn's casa  
Try to see us, and it's an MC massacre  
When we step, your state we shook it  
If it's gone, no doubt, Brooklyn took it Brooklyn keeps on taking it  
Brooklyn keeps on taking it  
Brooklyn keeps on taking it  
Brooklyn keeps on taking it

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