

# Brooklyn (Feat. Jay-Z & Uncle Murda)

## Fabulous

Is Brooklyn in here tonight?[Chorus:]  
Brooklyn! Brooklyn! Brooklyn! Brooklyn! Brooklyn! Brooklyn! Brook! Brook! Brook!  
Where Brooklyn at, Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at, Brooklyn  
Where Brooklyn at, Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at? Brooklyn  
Where Brooklyn! Brooklyn! Brooklyn! Brooklyn! Brooklyn!  
Brooklyn! Brooklyn! Brook! Brook! Brooklyn at![Fabolous]  
I'm right here, big; ya boy sittin' on top like a hair wig, Benz style fly  
Bush wick sick, East New York walk the Brownsville grill, ill  
You see, I got a Fort Green lean, Clinton hill the chill red-hook look, man  
Ain't no shook hands in Brooklyn; son, yo' life can get took, man  
And threw off bridges; one hard top, two soft bitches  
Ride through the borough with two four fizez  
Phantom open up like two door fridges  
I'm makin' change to New York digits from seven-one-eight to one-eight-seven  
The two-one-two to two-one-one, ya boy's back  
With a new one, son[Chorus][Fabolous]  
I see you, Brooklyn, what it look like?[Jay-z]  
I'm right here, Fab, wavin' the flag, comin' from Nostrand Ave.  
I came to take the game in my Daddy Kane chain; niggas gave it up smooth  
They ain't wanna hear the bang; bang, I'm back on my bully shit  
That flat bush, bush wick, black hoody shit  
Half a billi in the bankroll, bank stop anybody  
Bank stop anybody - what you bank ho? Big B's on the wheels  
Spread love the Brooklyn way; B, how's it feel?  
I'm on my Robin Thicke shit; shit ever gets thick, back to robbin' niggas quick, trick, click  
Ante up, all you niggas is Brittney - pull ya panties up  
Whole borough is wit' me, hold ya cannons up  
Buck one for Bucktown, Brooklyn; what the fuck?[Chorus][Uncle Murda]  
I'm right here, Hov  
East New York, Uncle Murda feelin' good; I hooked up wit' jigga  
Got my grandma out the hood; ROC is back, now look at niggas  
Now they can't say J ain't signed a Brooklyn nigga  
Where Brooklyn at? Where Brooklyn at?  
Shootin' somebody up, or gettin' off them packs, or go into the club  
Lookin' for somethin' to cap or runnin' up in ya crib like, where the safe at?  
East New York'll shoot ya; they'll gat ya, homey  
Brownsville rob ya; they'll clap ya, homey  
Benz style, I'll get you killed for a hundred grams  
Get a Coney Island nigga to pull the trigga, man

Ask Flex, he used to run the turf  
Brooklyn had dudes scared to rep their borough  
Uncle Murda - I'm a rep to the fullest  
Like shine in the club, I throw bullets, bullets[Chorus][Fabolous]  
A'ight, son, it's a like it or not thing, know what I mean?  
This one is for Brooklyn  
I'm in ma Benz style fly, you know? Bushwick sick  
I walk that East New York walk  
Brownsville grill, got ma Fort Green lean  
Ha ha, Clinton hill shill, red hook look, that flat bush push, know what I mean?  
Cypress Hill feel, crown heights tight wit' it  
The Williamsburg swerve, Coney Island stylin' on 'em  
Canarsie flawsy, Park slope dope, you know?  
Ya dig? This fa Brooklyn; it's young Brooklyn

Songwriters

Carter, Shawn / Jackson, John David / Wallace, Christopher / Grant, L. / Roettger, Andrew / Shakur, Tupac

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