

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!
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(718)
Yeah! Yeah!
(718)
People live in 212,
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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 vent
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!
(718)
People live in 212,
Now live in 718

Yeah! Yeah!
(718)
Come on!
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