

# Borough Check

Digable Planets

space i got round to  
acted when i fee it  
in how i see it  
you be it if you be it  
started out in crooklyn  
butters word

chill, chill, chill, chill, chill, chill  
hold up  
aww shit, oh shit  
guy look who that is  
look who rolled up in this piece  
peace y'all

word up, brooklyn everyday  
hey yo yo, lets do that brooklyn shit  
it's the day

we gonna give it to them in style right?  
yeah yeah

china, who we rock one for  
who we rock one for  
crooklyn everday

brooklyn is up in here

uhh, block party, corner store  
the downtown, the projects  
borough shots  
my clique is so tight  
the mix tapes, yeah, forever

yo word  
yo one fro the trouble  
two for the time  
three fro the rumble  
four for the rhyme  
do that crooklyn shit style all the time

yeah yeah, what  
who want it yeah yeah kid

one, two uh

brooklyn, brooklyn, big borough with t  
but everything in ain't always what it seems  
you might get hurt if you come from out of town  
but down by lord that's word

fantastic  
show stoppin emcees  
yeah here streets is move by glocks in whos pocket  
but if your down come around check the super rhyme

we don't drop dime  
come and have a funky time

well it's the 718 and everything is straight  
we live in brooklyn  
with the type street curb hangers and the beat don't  
shtop  
we live in brooklyn  
it's no lie, do or die in the land of showin proof

we live in brooklyn  
well keith, cee know, my fist in butters fro  
we live in brooklyn

the fly clothes, cash flow, and crazy hells to spark  
it's crowded plus they jerkin my space  
shouted cause they chase when i strut out  
sift through my block i'm c-cool  
she's my mood to brace  
stole my mind back black  
so what you play the boards  
skimmer we got butter so surfaces out  
clever, and i fix it for you, funk time is monk time  
slackers hit the bat, blackest fit my pack  
and we for whatever  
we get down in this pleasure heavy  
and we are measured by the tens degrees of math  
in a puzzle hand locked, clocked in struggle  
can't keep the three foot three above me  
in so depth i defect

with my vanguard squad the gods in brooklyn

and we troopin throught the fulton forkways  
the eastern parkways  
i'm broader than broadway, nothing more than morays  
i sways, why cause i'm a brooklyn stroller  
no ones cooler, pigs on my boulder  
so i switch my pitch as i stretch down atlantic  
strictly slickly with my fork mean tactic  
in fact it's really on the daily  
kids with guns and herbs look for herbs  
now i think you feel me  
i freaks it, cause yo like my pimp stroll is cool  
when i creeps up the sweet and jeeps blast  
tools rule the area, yo these fool don't play  
i got the comrades of love, so the g stays  
brooklyn side with the crooklyn slide

we live in brooklyn  
out on fulton ave where the honeys be at

we live in brooklyn  
type slick, keep it movin when it's after dark  
we live in brooklyn  
uh huh, uh huh, uh huh

no lies, do or die in the land of showin proof

the place where i dwell is where the warriors dwell  
too many stories to tell  
so on the block we don't talk  
stack of loot takin proper  
might get a serious offer from a corrupt ass copper

so um, stop the nonsense  
brooklyn is the illest, the realest  
observe these words as i reveal this  
man my peoples out here they get down for this  
each one's a one man gang with a crown for this  
man burners to handle any business  
and mad sneaky ways so ain't leavin any witness  
got way more drama the theatrical lessons  
so my suggestion, you come correct no question  
cause if you comin with that funny hot dog style  
you might get looted, executed black mob style  
from east new york back to ft. green  
brooklyns' classic mystical magic scene

we are plush like a millian bucks  
down every ave for like a zillion blocks  
blowin out  
with my nappy hoods down fulton  
blessin guess style limpin past the walt whitman  
steelo's changed on the corners we hang  
the crime stoppers get mad with poppers and tens  
and my scrambles ample kid, no part timin, just rhymin  
in other words, i play these curbs, with j u ice  
when they say you nice, i say son a little somethin  
brooklyn's asphalt rolls like a syl keith rodeo  
we big sound, down and gritty  
record and mic checkin, no question, this section of  
new york city  
where the crooks lounge out, block powers found  
butterfly ground the sky favorite package of pound  
it's like th-that, the beats know we be strappin em out  
mad moneys wish they g like us, clout  
when i made the boogie i'm imported, i study chairman  
mao  
ain't nothin but crooklyn in my plasma now  
i got my g's behind the tongue of my gold high classics  
i'm all city when i'm dip, if you want us you can find  
us

we live in brooklyn  
coney island's buck whiling and we b-boy stylin  
we live in brooklyn  
yeah, on the spot we hustle cause like th-that  
mad game, takin wins, the shit is real son  
we live in brooklyn