

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 mec
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 propers
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