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

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 MC I repre- aww fuck it, don't even need to say it You know the time when I start to sautee 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?

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 sinna raffin, 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 homelsss 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