

Brooklyn's Own

Joey Bada\$\$

Badmon representing
Peace to the world
Peace to the earth
Check it out

I said, shit ain't been the same since we made Killuminati
Hex across my chest see it written across my body
Bury me in gold 47 karat casket
Resurrect my soul come back as your favorite rapper
What if I told you there was nothing to be scared of
Nothing but yourself and all the lies they shared ya
Look at all the lives that we lost cause we fear love
To the unknown and Biggie's dream getting teared up
Lack of reverence for this sacred land we stand on
It's incoherent to the very things we planned
Can't understand it if you never expand your
Indoctrinated minds, playing possum to the times
Thanking God I'm still alive
Every time I open my eyes in fact I lie
But lord knows I try
Tell me how we gon survive in America
It's a mass terror in everything I'm telling ya
Yo, its a genocide going on outside
Homicide, suicide, choose a side
You decide who stays alive, who gets crucified
Who deserve to die, hope its never mine
Got my mama horrified every time I go outside
I can feel her heart beat when I'm in these dark streets
Yeah man I'm from Marcy, so the fact I made it here
Still in fact we haunting, cause I can make it anywhere
And nigga I'm

Brooklyn's, Brooklyn's, Brooklyn's own
My baby
Brooklyn's, Brooklyn's, Brooklyn's own
That's right I'm Brooklyn's, Brooklyn's, Brooklyn's own
My baby
Said I'm Brooklyn's, Brooklyn's, Brooklyn's own
To the world

Yo had ties to troops in Bed Stuy
Following, my heart stopped at the red light
Lexus the ride then we blasting out of sight
Like satellite, know a nigga stay with the dynamite
It's plain in Brooklyn, don't get your chain took when you're not looking
Ain't nothing worst than a Flatbush man with a gun in his hand
Ready to die for rubber band filled with a couple grand
How it feel
Ready to kill when you still got your hands on the wheel
Like I said the flow so I'll, like I'm writing wills
When the skills get spilled
So tell me what you think you better not blink
But to sink slow to your death, best to watch your step
I got em on the edge let me tell em what I rep
It's the Brooklyn set and I don't see no threats
I don't see no threats nigga
It's the best nigga, you guessed nigga

Ya ya, ya ya

I said I tell em right here I'm

Big up everybody out in Flatbush

Big up everybody out in Brownsville

Big up everybody out in Bed Stuy

Big up everybody in the ground still

Big up everybody in the Marcy

Big up everybody all my people out in Coney

Big up everybody out in East New York

Big up all my Brooklyn people all across