

# Brooklyn

M.O.P.

You know what this shit means man (what?)  
You know what this means for M.O.P. shit to pop?  
You know what it means for Brooklyn?  
For New York? For the fuckin streets?  
For niggaz that ain't got nothin  
From shit to sugar! My nigga  
No compromise (at all) no changin (nope never)  
M.O.P. is the streets - we ARE Brooklyn! (Salute)  
Bushwick, Bed-Stuy, Crown Heights, East New York  
Across the 'Ville, Coney Island, Red Hook  
All downtown Brooklyn man, it's G's around here

Brooklyn! (Go 'head now) {C'MON NOW! }  
Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn  
Brooklyyyyyyyyn! (Go 'head now) {C'MON NOW! }  
Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn, Brooklyn

Geah! Since these niggaz don't take the day off  
Your bullshit may not pay off  
I'm a give you a guide on when you can ride  
And which blocks you should stay off  
Which projects you should go around  
With or without a pound  
(If these niggaz catch you on they grounds)  
They gon' lay yo' ass down  
Now I ain't tryin to play you like a pawn and choose your every move  
(We ain't sayin you a bitch either) but dude let's keep it cool  
Keep your heater, it's nippy out, even when you see the sun  
Don't be flashin your ones, bumpin your gums or fixin your gun  
In East New York (East New York nigga) them niggaz keep it rockin  
Them Coney Island niggaz is wild, they smile when they be poppin  
My God, them Fort Greene niggaz is beyond hard  
They brick, I mean they sick, and they roll thick  
Man there's blocks in Crown Heights, that ain't even got lights  
It's dark, AND YOU DON'T WANNA GET CAUGHT UP IN ALBANY PARK NOW DO YA?  
There's sparks down on Nostrand, there's sparks down on Kingston  
Come anywhere near the 'Ville, I don't know what the fuck you thinkin  
This is

[Chorus]

[Lil' Fame:]

Nigga just cock the burner, nigga just pop the burner  
Nigga got ROCKED with the burner, it's a dirty game of murder  
Get caught up at the ropes - nigga it's over  
You a lucky nigga if yo' ass, ever even get a chance, to come out a coma  
A lot of my dawgs around here, got a college education  
And, they ain't get it from Penn State (NOPE) they got it from the state pen  
It's veterans to rookies, niggaz that pop off, and niggaz that's pussy  
But believe me dawg it ring off 'round here  
Now I'm from (BROOKLYN) and I'm soldier, I'm sinister  
Every day of my life is a like a moving Marxmen cinema  
I'm from where them niggaz be squeezin, where your man got killed at  
Back in the day cause he ain't wanna come the fuck up off the cheapskate  
And I know it ain't shit out here, but believe me I'm still out here  
Man the niggaz done seen me and asked what the fuck I'm doin out here  
I'm live from the borough of B-Rrah-O, O-KAYYYYY

L-Y-N, I'm an N-Y-G from N.Y.C., that's

[Chorus]

[Outro: Lil' Fame]

Yeah nigga, Brownsville up in this motherfuckin bitch!

That's how the FUCK we do it nigga

Mo' Peez up in this motherfucker

Ready to go right upside yo'... nigga!

That's how the fuck we do it nigga

BROOKLYN! Stand the fuck up in this one nigga

Yeah, Fizzy Wo'!

Mo' Peez in here, SALUTE!