

3rd Bass, Brooklyn-Queens

[Daddy Rich scratches "Brooklyn!"]

□[3 bars of drum beats]

[Daddy Rich scratches "Brooklyn!"]

[Verse One: MC Serch]

Real cool.. cause Brooklyn's cool!
Friday doin the last day of school
Girls steppin to the mall to swing
Settin up dollars for their summer fling
Cars on the avenue create gridlock
And there's girls like MAD at the bus stop
Not waitin on the bus, but waitin on the cash flow
Fellas are laughin, gassin the past hoe
Girl steps to me and pushes issue
"That knot you got, is that money or tissue?"
Feelin on the bulge, thinkin it's her own
I tell her that it's money and she should move on
She says she's pure from legs to her thighs
And we should talk over some chinese and fries
I tell her to step, but hey that's the scene
Cause she ain't nothin.. but a Brooklyn Queen

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

"We are looking for 'Brooklyn'..
We are looking for the.." Brooklyn-Queens!

[Verse Two: Pete Nice]

State the rhyme, borough of Brooklyn
Otherwise known as Crooklyn
Freaks fortify flesh with gold
Ears hang trunk, in a slave hold
Walk past, don't get the time of day
Played like suede, on a summer sway
Conversated, till I made her laugh
Said, "I'm Pete Nice.. you want my autograph?"
Oval Office closed as she heard this
She said, "From 3rd Bass? I could do this"
Listen closely, slowly took a swig of intoxicants
Cause the Brooklyn Queen's a gold digger

[Chorus x2]

[Verse Three: MC Serch]

Squared away.. with my digits and tonight's plans
When I feel a crab grab my right hand
Slapped her on the back, tried to calm her
Asking her, "Now what's the reason for the drama?"
Her next move was straight out of textbook
"Haven't we met before?" Giving me a sex look
Yo Wisdom, your lyrics are in bad taste
So I'm forced to give you nothing but the Gas Face
You better go, for hoppin on the cab or bus
Cause you're downtown and you're simply too fabulous
But get this, ain't this a humdinger?
She stepped to a retard sportin a four-finger ring
Somewhere in the skin tight jeans
I'm gonna scoop the best of the Brooklyn-Queens

[Chorus]

[Verse Four: Pete Nice]

Last exit to Brooklyn I enter
Carefully the Queen holds my scepter
Gettin numb like a Derelict on scotch
I'm Dick Lewis, cause baby I'm watchin you
scheme on a brother for a knot
To choose between the have and the have-not
Do you doubt the shade of vanilla?
I'll play Elvis and you play Priscilla
Oh he's no hero, better yet Billy Dee
Advertise cheap liquor for a fee
A Brooklyn Queen, rushes Russell Simmons
That's like Tyson rushin Givens

[Chorus x2]

[Daddy Rich scratches "Brooklyn!" repeatedly over drum beat]
[3rd Bass]'Brooklyn-Queens' [x3]

[MC Serch] Who's on Prince Paul's cactus?
□□Brooklyn-Queens'
[MC Serch] Hahaha, yeah check it out
□□Brooklyn-Queens'
yo, 'Brooklyn-Queens'
[Daddy Rich keeps scratchin]