

# 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]