

Jeru The Damaja, Brooklyn Took It

(Ah check it out...check it out yo) (Repeat 4x)

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

Chorus:

("Brooklyn keeps on taking it" - KRS) (Repeat 4x)

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
Doggonit, your girl's on it
Record companies are on it, you can't have it, causing havoc
Building, destroying, deploying
My rhymes on beats strategicly I melt any MC
I repre- aww f**k 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?

Chorus

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 f**k 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
Chorus