

Shabazz The Disciple, Brooklyn Bullshit

(Intro)

Uhh, Brooklyn bullshit
That's how y'all niggaz get down
Kiss the ground
Check it.

(Chorus 1)

To all my Red Hook niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all my Fort Greene niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all my Bed-Stuy niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all my Brownsville niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
To all my east New York niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all my Crown Heights niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all of my Gowanus niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all my Wyckoff niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!

(Verse 1)

Y'all done forgot the first street commandment;
"Never floss what you gross"
You'll get hit with some hot shit and tossed with the toast
Now ya ass is a ghost, 'cause you running ya mouth
Let me see you talk that shit with a gun in ya mouth
Make you deep throat the double barrel, BLAOW, one in ya mouth
Leave ya conscience in the alley, then we run in ya house
Flash in front of hungry niggaz known for dunning out
Have everybody in the area go running out
Whenever it was time to bag up, we be tucking an ounce
Leave niggaz alone up in ya crib and they'll be fucking ya spouse
Put the sac on her tonsil, then we nut in her mouth
Leave an ounce of hot shit in her gut, get up and be out
Run up in ya house party, sticking everybody
In summertime rocking trench coats to hide the shottie
Flirting like we want the number, then we strip the hottie
Try to scream for help, slap you upside ya bumba nottie

(Chorus 2)

To all my Farragut niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
To all my Flatbush niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
To all my Coney Island niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
To all my Sumner niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
To all my Thompsons niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And my Canarsie niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
To all my Marcy niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all my Bushwick niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!

(Verse 2)

Me and my Brooklyn niggaz, we be robbing to eat
'Cause Giuliani'll have a nigga starve in the street

We rocked rubber gloves to bag shit we used to peddle
Never sold to white guys in plain clothes in the ghetto
We packed the heavy metal (leave you naked on the subway)
If the .44 jammed (then we doing shit the subway)
No fingerprints or evidence (mask and black glove shit)
Stick singers for their presidents (fast to clap up shit)
Even backstage the players rocking ice and baguettes
Will get pistol whipped and stripped, dragged down a flight of steps
When we got beef we don't be calling the po-lice
Kiss niggaz on both cheeks and hold court in the streets
The same nigga that you'll bleed for'll knock in ya jaw
The same nigga that you feed'll pick the locks on ya door
Them shiesty niggaz, always scheme and move shady
Dress up like old ladies with .380's, kidnap ya wife and babies

(Chorus 3)

To all my Park Slope niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all my Bay Ridge niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all my Albany niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
To all my Kingsborough niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all my Vanderbuilt niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
To all my Roosevelt niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all my Nostrand Ave. niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!
And all my Franklin Ave. niggaz
That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it!

(Verse 3)

Every time you in a club, the majority is Brooklyn
If you rocking jewels you better believe niggaz are looking
Catch you outside up in the parking lot
Follow that ass to the train station up the darkest block
Niggaz are quick to slap a willie with a nine milli
Strip his ass butt naked in the club and leave him looking silly
'Cause on the really, we ain't trying to starve
Y'all know the deally, son it's time to rob
Ain't nothing change, ain't nothing strange
A crackhead'll blow out ya brains at point-blank range for small change
Niggaz'll be disguised as DEA, rush ya spot
Heist all ya work and put the shit back on the block
Have you looking down the barrel of the gun of a thief
A Brooklyn nigga from the streets without a goddamn thing to eat
Or a fucking pot to piss in, hide them rocks if they glisten
'Cause when we bust shots, we not missing

That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it! {8x}

(DJ cuts Biggie samples)

"That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it"
"That Brooklyn bullshit..bullshit"
"That Brooklyn bullshit, we on it"
"Representin BK to the fullest"