Big Daddy Kane, Brooklyn Style... Laid Out

Chorus: big daddy kane

Come on y'all and feel the groove
Get on down and make your move
Welcome to the funkiest
Brooklyn style, laid out like this

Chorus

[big daddy kane]
I kicks the flavor good, to represent the neighborhood
Where I come from, and that's the place of brooklyn
Where the grimies are born and bred
And bullets are like eyeballs, two to the head

[scoob]
Well is it brownsville? time to represent for the map
Where the peeps smoke blunts and like to wear mad gold caps
The party addict about to explode
From the 1-1-2, the double-3 ill zip code

[big daddy kane]
Parlayin on the corner, drinkin 40's shootin cee-lo
It's a brooklyn thing, aight? you know our steelo
And for those who just don't know how it go
Play like a substitute teacher and act like you know

[scoob]
So yo, who wanna set it? you better kick your best g
You and your whole entourage couldn't test me
I represent for the fo' main
And if you're not a booty bandit, then niggaz can't hang

Chorus

[big daddy kane]
Now, let's get straight down to the point
I represent for this brooklyn joint, baby pah, where we're takin it to
Makin a few dollars don't mean you gotta forget
Where you come from and try to be someone, that you're really not
And front with what you got
You're gonna be looked at as a black man still so keep it real
What type of mission can I say you on?
Because you musta done changed to some grey poupon, heh
I'm really happy to see you blew up

But always remember my man you grew up
In the pj's all your life, in a broken home
(scoob: well alright now)
Up in the pj's all your life, keepin it strong, what!
I be the louis ave livin, live long lastin lover
Bonafied black brother, word to the mother
Skilled at trades at hand with those who made
The man with support and always stayed a fan
My dialectic style is perfected
In ways you can't imagine rap bein accepted
Funk'll slam like a doper jam, pops
I'm takin mine like taxes with uncle sam
So check out the asiatic type of flow
Like water in the nile, but it's brooklyn style

Chorus

[scoob]
Yo, this is big scoob, no practice
I'm flippin on niggaz like little kids on that mattress
You know my style, baby pah from the pj's
My lyrics so dope, they too fat for local dj's
So hear me out, no doubt, no need for screamin
My boys in the back, clockin your jewels, and they scheamin
Why did they step to me, I hit em, bow, bu-dow
Knocked out his fronts cause the kid was mad fragile
No need for beef chief I'm rollin mad deep
So pick up your teeth, I got him shakin like a leaf
Not tryin to scare you, I just wanna aware you
I bet you won't even look at my face (what what what) I dare you
Yo nigga please, yo I'm nice with these
While you're guardin your grill, I'll be beatin up your kidneys
Me and my boys with the fat tec 9's
With my joint cocked back, in case a punk tried to take mines
Where I'm from there's no need for hesitation
We cock and squeeze, now where's the doctor for this patient?
He's drippin blood and now he's down to his last breath
But he won't make it, cause he knows that my joint is def
The ill, type of brooklyn artist
Who rocks the har-dest, regard-less
Who you know and where you're from I pull your file
(how?) brooklyn style

Chorus