

# Lordz Of Brooklyn, The Bad Racket

(Verse One: performed by Kaves)

Don't make me put down my beer cause I'll bust that grill  
And grab the Louisville out the Coup De Ville  
Wiseguy, good fella, mean street, city dwella  
And if you talk that shit than you wind up in my cellar  
I'll bat you to the pulp with my fiction  
My diction, causes friction in any jurisdiction  
The lordz run the rackets on the ponies, my cronies  
Stuck a feather in my hat and they called it macaroni

(performed by Scotty Edge)

Yo they call me Scotty Edge from the tenement slum  
I had to fight to get a crumb it's the white shark in the chum  
You can tell where I'm from, from the letters on my jacket  
I got a crew that's gonna back it, there a bad freegin racket  
They soldier up when it's time to go to war  
Outsiders on the turf and we meet at the corner store  
And drink and to we stumble, to it's time to go and rumble  
Like the Wanderers, we're warriors and we're on the move for trouble

(Chorus)

Yo I'm trapped in the racket and I can't get out  
Yo I'm trapped in the racket and I can't get out  
Yo I'm trapped in the racket and I can't get out  
I said I can't get out they pull me right back in

(Verse Two: performed by ADMoney)

Well it's the bad racket sound throwin' down for the crown  
You better take those colors off if you're steppin' in my town  
I got no time for the gat cause that shits wikiwak  
Yo you must be smokin' crack if you think you can get with this style  
Take it New York bound we're the originators of the rap throwdown  
From the Bronx to Manhattan, Brooklyn keep them clappin'  
I got Louisville slugger for you punks that are packin' yo

(performed by Scotty Edge)

I can't get out they pull me right back in  
It's the bad freegin racket with the Brooklyn battle hymn  
They call me gentleman Jim, we're original like sin  
We're the Lordz they're the frauds you find them in a garbage bin  
You can't tag you're not a writer it's time to pay the bag piper  
You're just a biter a yo yo overnighter

(performed by Paulie Two Time)

I'm Manhattan bound watch the cop on the beat  
Let's have a sitdown kid on Mulberry Street  
Talk is cheap like a parakeet  
If you snitch on the racket yo the mob rolls deep

(performed by Kaves)

Well it's the capo with the flow from the social club  
The Feds rock the tapes when they make the dubs  
I go to rags to riches like the Big Ragu  
It's the LOB crew with the Budweiser brew  
Boom Bata Bing, Boom Bata Bing check it  
It's the Lordz of Brooklyn bad racket respect it

(Chorus)