

RZA, Brooklyn Babies

(Tiffany)

Bobby, I'm tired of yo' shit, nigga!
I'm tired of you comin' in at 3 o'clock in the mornin'
Nigga, you got a family here
You act like you don't fuckin' know that shit
Nigga, what the fuck?

(RZA {*overlapped by chorus*})

Yo, yo, yo, yo..
Growin' up in crazy Cali
Yo, yo, yo..

(Chorus 1 - Force MD's)

Digital, these niggas should be crazy
Growin' up as a Brooklyn baby
Bedstuy, this is my life..

(RZA)

Yo, yo, yo..
A Brooklyn baby, I was bron up in King's County
Inside the womb seven months before the Queen found me
Up in wroughty Brownsville with fiends around me
Now roam gat in Staten with Cream Team around me
They called me Bobby, cousin, really got the black Harley
Taught his son how to spike cats like Lee Harvey
Oswald, all's well that ends well
My big brother Divine, he pushed the Benz well
I got the cherry Range, broke and rockin' heavy chains
I'm from the tribe of men who would bury Kings
On the back of the A-train, my daydream
Should I make a phat hit or should I take CREAM?
From the Clan that taught you Cash Rules
I make soul grind tracks, you grab ass too
Give respect to the Prince when he pass through
Might have a chocolate deluxe in a glass shoe
Cousin Billy, known to strap the black uzi
Two-two in front of the Jakes like Jack Ruby
Live on TV where you see B-O-B-B-Y
D-I-G-I-T-A-L, A-L, things ain't too well

(Chorus 1)

(Chorus 2 - Force MD's)

Digital, these niggas should be crazy
Growin' up as a Brooklyn baby
This is how I live my life..

(Masta Killa)

Yeah..
Peace Lafyette, Stuyvessant, Malcolm X
Shot dice on green, we live from Calasky y'all
It's Fred Glassy, zig-zag-zig through traffic
Get the herb, get the God, peace Ra'
What's the word on things?
Through the phone I heard the bangin' sounds
in the background, layin' down
I'm spittin' what the people missin'
We extreme with the murder type theme
Don't sleep, get ya head split to the white meat
Big guns, down South we blaze
Shippin' bodies back up North, it's the Weston
Wild Texan, no trespassin'
Long mics hit the dead arm
Planet Earth, home of Islam

Brooklyn, I was physically born, clothes torn
Rough tacklin' the streets, Allah Math' spine Technics
We bring heat to the block party, drinkin' Bacardi
Baggin' shorties for the homies who ain't here

(Chorus - both to fade)

(Tiffany {*overlapped by chorus*})
Bobby, that's right, you ain't shit, nigga
You ain't shit, but a big dick and a mothafuckin' cheque
All that fuckin' Brooklyn shit, Shaolin shit
Nigga, grow the fuck up!
What the fuck is up with you, nigga?
You ain't shit, nigga
Comin' in high off that shit
What the fuck?
I'm tired of yo' shit
What the fuck is that shit anyway?
What the fuck?
And your cousin Billy, I'm sick of that mothafucka
That mothafucka could never come up in this
mothafuckin' house ever again
He's a criminal mothafuckin' gangsta, see that shit?
A criminal, I'm sick of that shit
I'm sick of yo' shit, Bobby {*echoes*}
Brooklyn this, Shaolin that
What the fuck, nigga?
I don't know why I love your stupid ass anyway
Pssh.. but I do love you Bobby