

B.K. Anthem

Foxy Brown

Lemme tell you where I grew up at
Sip mo', threw up at, flip coke, blew up that
Where fake thugs got they vests shoot up at
Brooklyn! Beef, who want that? I grew up in the thoroist borough - B.K.
Where B.I.G. had everybody rockin' D.K.
Gav was the first dude wit' the C.L.K.
and bricks was gettin' shipped outta east L.A.
It's Brooklyn, where niggaz lives was taken
Rich cats got knocked and they wallets was taken
Fourty-three and Hemlock, they fifth bit cock
We cryed when they killed Lenox and popped them rocks
(aiyyo, ya ain't hear, what {the fuck} I just said?)
B.K. - the home of Biggie and Jay
Where niggaz got Will Smith ships, get jiggy all day
Bitches that boost in the city all day
Heckel and Koch, crack spots, federal watch
I grew up here, sip mo', threw up here
Yo the feds snatched two up here, in B.K.
Niggaz in the hood in that all blue and grey
Gorillas got rich from still wells and P.A. Lemme tell you where I grew up at
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Brooklyn! Beef, who want that? Brooklyn! The livest borough
You come here front, you might die in this borough
The east, the feelin' best dies in this borough
Full of projects, the wildest borough
Try to figure out which side is thoro
From, C.I. to Saint Marks is carryin' cons
Niggaz rock Coogi and Dolce Gaban's
So women here make a livin' just carryin' bombs
We pop, corks a little bit and we floss a little bit
In the club, buyin' out Cris', pour us a little bit
I told y'all that my borough is thoro
I know niggaz that'll clap you up and bury the metal
Same day, still in the hood and so ghetto
Brook-non, holla back, get your crook on
Live from the seven-one-eight, we raised the eight
Everytime poppy raise the way to that eight

Motherfuckers!
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Brooklyn! Beef, who want that?It's B.K. nigga, get yo' vest ate up
Over them chips, you could get S-Ked up
They find you in the back of the buildin' - sprayed up
All for the love of this paper; we misled
By 21 - some'll be dead
By 22 - the rest of these dudes are bein' feds
We got change but we still FUCKED up
Niggaz is outta jail but they locked up
The feds takin' prints when we pullin' the drops up
BK open up, get popped up
You know whats the borough where cats drive wit' the box in the truck
Tre pound locked up, wrist be rocked up
Yellin' out "Get down, lay down when we pop up!"
Blocks so hot we drop the rocks wit' tops up
Windows tinted, you can't see whos in it
It's Brown nigga, I represent it, it's Brooklyn!Lemme tell you where I grew up at
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Brooklyn! Beef, who want that?B.K. borough bitches, ain't nuttin' but the best in here
The streets of New York, real niggaz, real shit happen nigga
Fuck y'all know 'bout bang-outs, gettin' busy?
Fuck police and all that nigga, real niggaz
Brooklyn nigga!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>