

## World Premiere

Da Brat

Yo, okay, kids I was sittin' on the block, the other day man  
Some fine ass girl walked by  
And she was lookin', I'm lookin' back  
She said, uh, JD I love those 20's on your car

I said I beg your motherfuckin' pardon  
Them is Michael Jordan's baby  
She gotta understand the type of nigga you dealin' with  
A young, fly, flashy So So Def representer  
The biggest thing in the city since Martin Luther the King  
Uh, holla at 'em

Brooklyn is what I'm reppin'  
Disrespect and bullets fly in your direction  
Ridin shotgun with JD I got so so connections  
Locos and the chrome blows, homie not to mention

I got four homes that I own, I'm certified pimpin'  
Cross my path, shots blast instant  
Extort your ass the kid got henchmens  
The whole Brooklyn for instance

Red dot, ruthless, head shots stop you from thinkin'  
A best seller's what I'm inkin'  
Another Brooklyn classic, straight acid, keep listenin'  
Twin Desert Eagles, duck when I'm twistin' 'em

Rims spin on sick vehicles, look we killin' 'em  
Manson and gas my adrenaline, racin' fast  
Switchin' four lanes with weight up in the stash  
I'm livin' so so better now, the so so dash  
Is what I'm sittin' on, blowin' up so so fast

Yeah, uh, huh  
Yo, You really don't wanna get hit  
Hot lid when I empty the clip  
Drop kid if you droppin' your lip

Never know enough about but I talk shit  
You must wanna eat up my clit  
Everything we ever did on is sick  
We don't have a party, we rich

We cut it up with anybody we with  
And I'm the main one, havin' to fit  
Can't nobody do it like this  
I got a gat by the side like my man Big

Stand out on that song he did with me  
You feelin' the presence of So So Def  
Rest assure we gettin the money  
Crush your label there's no more left

Just fables fictional characters I  
Stay away from those who embellish the truth and LIE  
I'm kickin the same shit you been used to since Funkdafied  
Let your mind escape, you laid away back and enjoy the ride

Yeah, I'm rollin' on deuce trays  
Shoot all my Tequila straight  
Catch me at the bar of the bay  
I might even buy you a little drank

We been choppin' paper for years  
Ain't scared of you niggaz out here  
Some of ya'll might think we disappear  
But every time the resurgence is clear

Yo, yo  
Brooklyn has to be two of the illest  
Felons to be diluted I do whatever, to foot it  
Like I wanna do it, like I do it  
When I done it

Pussy, pussy, roll like caine  
Just rhymin' with Benz or present with the Coupe-a  
Drive my lifestyle down  
I'm between lines and my new slip

2003, M.O.P. nigga you see  
My fundamentals of a street life nigga  
Cuffin' her hair, have it over left, nothin' to fear, Biatch

Warriorz, warriorz, come out and play  
(Come out and play)  
From the dark side, where we reside, we die for  
We a whole different breed of men, you need to squeeze us in  
We'll get in where we fit in like

Buk, buk, buk, buk, buk buk, buk  
Still rockin', what's poppin', you still lookin' shaken  
We a long way from the day when you overlook Brooklyn  
It's like lotto Duke the way we represent it  
You really gotta be in it to present it, you get it?  
We God

Yeah, you see this shit right?  
You know what I'm sayin', it's So So Def  
You dig, this is a world premiere  
JD, this is a world premiere  
You dig? Hahaha, yeah  
And I'm the Brat a tat-tat-tat, you dig