

Brooklyn To T-Neck

Das EFX

Intro/Chorus: (x4)

"The kids from Brooklyn to T Neck" "Y'knowI'msayin?"

"Brooklyn's prime time"

Verse One: Scoob Dray

Now ain't this some old shit I'm bringin it round the back like no question

I'm swingin em with the cranes and I'm swayz like the Jetsons

I wreck shit I biggity blast off duke I'm hectic

Just look at the funk that I brung from the young and the restless

Don't test this I'm miggity makin yens in Japan

Diggity-don't give a fuck cos I rap like Saran or

antipersperant, I riggity-roll my punctures like a speed stick

I giggity-got the pops so kniggity-knock when you need it

So freak it, I speak it, I giggity-gots ta bring it

We're freakin a track for Jersey, yo Krazyie spring it

Speak of the devil, figgity-fuck the dumb shit, it's over

soldier, I riggity-roll just like a bulldozer

I'm kniggity-knockin butts and smokin blunts that's my slogan

Check it, I wriggity-wreck more heads than Hulk Hogan

No jokin, I be's the, um, best at how I'm speakin

I riggity-rock a show and pack em in like Puerto Ricans

I'm phat, I biggity-bang heads like Jerry Cooney

I'm swingin the shit from West, pump her up to the booty

Buster, I miggity-musta stunned ya, blunder

You blewa, I speak it, I freak it, I'm super, so do a.....

Chorus (x4)

Verse Two: Scoob, Dray

Biggity-bang boomer, biggity-bust the lunatic rhymer

I riggity-rings more bells than Flo from Mel's Diner

I'm giggity-gettin props because of the rhymes that I be bustin

I'm sorry about, the condoms, sugar, you must provide the suction, cuz

I got more greenbacks than the land of the West got sea stacks

Simplest, I'll call you Snaggle if you puss-sy gab, so

Look at me flippin the tongue, bringin the fun, pass the Hoover

I'm swingity-swingin the funk, bangin her trunks in Bermuda

I dribbity-drop rungs, smoke blunts then drop my dipper

I piggity-pass the miggity-microphone to my nigga

Hot damn, higgity-here I am, check it Mister

I'm rippin the track to dreads or you're dead from my fists of

fury, I biggity-be's the damn judge and jury

I'm cliggity-clockin G's cos these chumps always bore me

Yo baby, I drippity-drops nuff grammar

I'm rippity-rippin shop wit my nigga Boogie Banger

I got loot, I got knock boots to Argentina

Ya stupid, I either wanna Benz or a beamer

So take that, I'm piggity-puttin your pipe when I'm smokin

Y'know kid, I ripped it for fun, no jokin, cos ya.....

Chorus (x4)

Verse Three: Scoob, Dray

Well I'll be damned, higgity-here I am, check the slang, hops

I biggity-bump chicks wit them chicks from here to Bangkok

You're Bedrock, now piggity-pass the blunt, sonny

and let me piggity-pucker up and grab my nuts like Al Bundy

I glassed em, I grits em, I shiggity-shoots my jizzum

I giiggity-gots more loot than your tooth got the wisdom

Believe dat, I'm criggity-crackin skulls when I'm rowdy

I biggity-bang boots and hang loose like Jim Growlski

I miggity-makes em rock like Mr.Gillespie makes em dizzy
I piggity-pass the mic now, yo Krayzie get busy
Shit's thick, I'm quick to stick a chick wit my dick like a sniper
Type o, fella that's hyper
active, captive, plus I'm attractive
Horse for the course, suck my drawers then I'm back, kid
Styley, rowdy, then yo I'm audi
5 wit my loot, got more troops than in Saudi
Arabia, maybe I, marry me an actress
Find her, phone her, bone her on the mattress
Tasket, tisket, Polly wanna biscuit
Figgity-fuck the cracker, I'm the rapper that rip it, cos yo.....
Chorus to fade