

## 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.

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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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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!

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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!