

# Brooklyn's Finest

Jay-Z

[Pain In Da Ass]  
[gunshots] OKAY, I'M RELOADED!!!  
You motherfuckers, think you big time?  
Fuckin with Jay-Z, you gon' die, big time!  
Here come the "Pain"! [gunshots]

[Jay-Z]  
Jigga... (Jigga), Bigga... (Bigga)  
Nigga, how you figure... (how you figure)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, aiyyo

Peep the style and the way the cops sweat us (uh-huh)  
The number one question is can the Feds get us (uh-huh)  
I got vendettas in dice games against ass betters (uh-huh)  
and niggaz who pump wheels and drive Jettas  
Take that witcha..

[Notorious B.I.G.]  
.. hit ya, back split ya  
Fuck fist fights and lame scuffles  
Pillow case to your face, make the shell muffle  
Shoot your daughter in the calf muscle  
Fuck a tussle, nickel-plated  
Sprinkle coke on the floor, make it drug related  
Most hate it..

[Jay-Z]  
.. can't fade it  
While y'all pump Willie, I run up in stunts silly  
Scared, so you sent your little mans to come kill me  
But on the contrilli, I packs the mack-milli  
Squeezed off on him, left them paramedics breathin soft on him  
What's ya name?

[Notorious B.I.G.]  
.. Who shot ya? Mob ties like Sinatra  
Peruvians tried to do me in, I ain't paid them yet  
Tryin to push 700's, they ain't made them yet  
Rolex and bracelets is frostbit; rings too  
Niggaz 'round the way call me Igloo Stix (Who?)  
Motherfucker!

[Chorus]  
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers  
(Where you from?) Brooklyn, goin out for all  
Marcy - that's right - you don't stop  
Bed-Stuy.. you won't stop, nigga!

[Jay-Z]  
What, what, what?  
Jay-Z, Big' Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers  
Brooklyn represent y'all, hit you fold  
You crazy, think your little bit of rhymes can play me?  
I'm from Marcy, I'm varsity, chump, you're JV  
(Jigga) Jay-Z

[Notorious B.I.G.]

.. and Bigga baby!  
My Bed-Stuy flow's malicious, delicious  
Fuck three wishes, made my road to riches  
from 62's, gem stars, my moms dishes  
Gram choppin, police van dockin  
D's at my doors knockin

[Jay-Z]  
What? Keep rockin  
No more, Mister, Nice Guy, I twist your shit  
the fuck back with them pistols, blazin  
Hot like cajun  
Hotter than even holdin work at the Days Inn  
with New York plates outside  
Get up outta there, fuck your ride

[Notorious B.I.G.]  
Keep your hands high, shit gets steeper  
Here comes the Grim Reaper, Frank Wright  
Leave the keys to your In-tegra (That's right)  
Chill homie, the bitch in the Shoney's told me  
You're holdin more drugs than a pharmacy, you ain't harmin me  
So pardon me, pass the safe, before I blaze the place  
and here's six shots just in case  
(Brooklyn... Brooklyn... Brooklyn...)

[Chorus]  
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers  
(Where you from?) Brooklyn goin out to all  
(Crown Heights...) You don't stop  
(Brownsville...) You won't stop, nigga!  
(Brooklyn... Brooklyn... Brooklyn...)  
Hah hah! Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers  
(Where we from?) Brooklyn goin out to all  
(Bushwick...) You don't stop  
(Fort Greene...) You won't stop, niggaz!

[Jay-Z]  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
For nine six, the only MC with a flu  
Yeah I rhyme sick, I be what you're tryin to do  
Made a fortune off Peru, extradite, china white heron  
Nigga please, like short sleeves I bear arms  
Stay out my way from here on (CLEAR?) Gone!

[Notorious B.I.G.]  
Me and Gutter had two spots  
The two for five dollar hits, the blue tops  
Gotta go, Coolio mean it's gettin "Too Hot"  
If Fay' had twins, she'd probably have two-Pac's  
Get it? .. Tu-pac's

[Jay-Z]  
Time to separate the pros from the cons  
The platinum from the bronze  
That butter soft shit from that leather on the Fonz  
A S1 diamond from a eye class don  
A Cham' Dom' sipper from a Rosay nigga, huh?!  
Brook-Nam, sippin on

[Notorious B.I.G.]  
Cristal forever, play the crib when it's mink weather  
The M.A.F.I.A. keep canons in they Marc Buchanans

Usually cuatro cinco, the shell sink slow, tossin ya  
Mad slugs through your Nautica, I'm warnin ya  
(Hah, what the fuck?)

[Chorus]

Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers  
(Where you from?) Brooklyn goin out to all  
(Flatbush...) You don't stop  
(Redhook...) You won't stop, nigga!  
(Brooklyn... Brooklyn... Brooklyn...)  
Jay-Z and Biggie Smalls, nigga shit ya drawers  
(Where you from?) Brooklyn goin out to all  
(East New York...) You don't stop  
(Clinton Hill...) You won't stop, nigga!  
("Is Brooklyn in the house?")

[Outro]

Uhh, Roc-A-Fella, y'all, Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
Superbad click, Brook-lyn's Finest, you re-wind this  
Represetin BK to the fullest