

Brooklyn Bullshit

Joell Ortiz

Brooklyn is in the house and
Brooklyn is in the house and
Just wave your hands in the air
And wave them like you just don't care, care

Yes I am on that Brooklyn bullshit
That's where I was born and raised nigga
It's 718 nigga
It's a genuine borough nigga
Greezy niggaz man
Chea, check, uh
(Joell Ortiz) check

So what I act for an ace on your sigarette
On the first and third I'm happy cuz all the fiends get a check
So what I still go up to the roof to bone
With a bird from the p's who gives ruthless dome
So what I'm still chipping for a bag of weed
And if that L looks skimpy I leave half the seeds
So what it's the second day I wore these jeans
I was chilling yesterday, they don't stink, ya'mean?
So what I get a shape up when I need a cut
I ain't woofing that bad, I can use these 5 bucks
So what I get a beer on credit, from my corner store
I be going there for years goddammit
So what I lose my re-up in dicegames
In the mall I'll be scheming to find me a nice chain
So what exit dinner when I don't feel like cooking
I ain't my fault I'm on that bullshit, I'm from bullshit

E'time you come around your face turn to a frown
You see us 'bout to go down That's that Brooklyn bullshit!
They won't let us in the spot cuz last time they let us rock
The party came to a stop That's that Brooklyn bullshit!
Fitted over your eyes your shirt double your size
Your belt hugging your thighs That's that Brooklyn bullshit!
Looking up and down the block with work tucked in your sock
Dodging and weaving the cops That's that Brooklyn bullshit!

So what I ask my man for a piece of chicken
When it ain't yours for some reason it always taste different
So what we five deep in a two door whip
We gotta get where we going if you fit you fit
So what I still reside in my moms crib
Now fuck that, I'm rhyming to get outta there kid
So what, yes I do have two baby mothers
Yes they do stay two buildings away from eachother
So what I only had one job in my life
And that friday I got my check is the friday I took flight
So what I skip lines in front of the club
The niggaz quiet, the bitches is always like "that's fucked up"
So what my cable box in the hood is still hot
And my whole fam be silent everytime they knock
So what I spent a couple nights in the bookings
I ain't my fault I'm on that bullshit, I'm from bullshit

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So what every now and then I hop out cabs
Papi took the long way, papi think I'm ass
So what I cop blue Hawaiians instead of a bottle
I'll catch Brooklyn drinks if they close the Apollo
So what I got my mans shirt on my back
I had this shit for 4 months, he don't want this back
So what when we 20 deep, I act up
Yo best better be easy, don't get clapped up
So what these ain't real rocks up in my watch
When the sun hit the face this shit still looks hot
So what I rob you blind if your ass ain't looking
I ain't my fault I'm on that bullshit, I'm from bullshit

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