

# Brooklyn to T-Neck

## Das EFX

The kids from Brooklyn to T-Neck, y'know I'm sayin'  
Brooklyn's prime time  
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Brooklyn's prime timeNow 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 restlessDon't test this, I'm miggity-  
makin' yens in Japan  
Diggity-don't give a fuck 'cos I rap like Saran or antiperspirant  
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 bulldozerI'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 RicansI'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 aThe kids from Brooklyn to T-Neck, y'know  
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Brooklyn's prime timeBiggity-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, 'cosI got more greenbacks  
than the land of the West got sea stacks  
Simplest, I'll call you Snuggle 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 BermudaI 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 The kids from Brooklyn to T-Neck, y'know I'm  
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 Brooklyn's prime time 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 giigity-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 hyperActive, 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 The kids from Brooklyn to T-Neck,  
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