

Jay-Z, Brooklyns Finest

[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, ayyo

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 Fonzy
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