

Robert Perry

Kool Keith

Robert Perry (Robert Perry)
Bronx! (Bronx!) Manhattan (Manhattan) Queens (Queens)
Staten Island (Staten Island) Brooklyn! (Brooklyn!)
Across the George Washington Bridge from New Jersey (Jersey)
You know about the Robert Perry (Robert Perry)
A.K.A., the Double KMan get off my back
Y'all sound whack like the, Brown Sugar, soundtrack
You know the office decomposer
Commercial cleaner, garbage disposer
Hang my underwear in New York on top of your Times Square poster
Pullin your snipes down
Sample you, and your girl bring the Vaseline lotion
Babywipes down, nobody can handle me
Overcrowd 20th to 50th Street
The top ten rappers in the Big Apple work janitor
Clean my defecation off the concrete
My pee stains shock your family, piss on your man's hand
While your girl make the beats
Y'all nothin but packs of candy and sweets
125Th Street (125th Street)
125Th Street, Robert Perry (Robert Perry)The national dominator, urinate on your best hater
The mad people love the vanilla flavor
Take your rap unserious like your movie roles
Don't smile when the Doberman Pinscher
Finishes bad work on your sneaker soles, all V.I.P. material
Don't play me, to hype your lyrics
Tear you a new ass, go pay Jay-Z to write your lyrics
Send your girl to dance out of state on spirit
Don't get jealous cause the Avirex DJ usually act like he don't hear it
(I don't hear it) A lot of guys at the station can't play they mother's record
Let alone, their little brother's record
New York is Hollywood, downtown Manhattan is Los Angeles
The truth hurts, everybody in America is sportin them shirts125Th Street (125th Street)
125Th Street, Robert Perry (Robert Perry)
125Th Street (125th Street)
Y'all still sportin them jerseys, I got Tom laundry gear
Man bring the Stoli's Vanilla over here, girls floss the beer bellies
It ain't sexy drinkin beer
Talk under the Cerwin Vegas
I'ma act like I can't understand your rap, man it's too loud
Foes are whack, I can't hear, watch the cops escort you out the club
Enjoy yourself, man you scared

Ain't nobody thinkin about you let your shoulders rub
Youse a paranoid studio killer
Stayin home by the fireplace and drinkin Miller
Women with fat ugly men sayin, Girl he is fine
Lookin at his fake jewelry shine 125Th Street, yeah
125Th Street (125th Street)
125Th Street, Robert Perry (Robert Perry)
125Th Street, (125th Street)
Yeah you'll see me walkin down, 125th Street

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>