

## Albee Square Mall

Skyzoo

Word to the love of a broke chain  
That grew up into a Cuban, linked to a smoke range  
We grew up to get into it, wanted it how they show it  
But grew up kind of fast like wondering how they load it  
Product of the '80s, '95 Navy  
The Empire roller ring was out here tryna raise me  
Straight up out the K, my friends get at the grip  
And the dream was to stick up the stickers like Matty Rich  
Super hero Louie capes, went they get to the park  
And the fiends is tryna cop off benefit cards  
From the two parent home courtesy of two apartments  
But both were the ones with the most heart of the heartless  
So, therefore, I don't make music for Fader  
I make mine for the guys that grew up how I came up  
Throw the same answer if you ever got and looked at me  
Tell 'em win or lose, baby, everything is fortune

Yeah, the product of Albee Square Mall, baby  
Same era forever, we want it all, baby  
("Where Brooklyn at? ")  
Yeah, we been busy running the globe  
Might travel round the world but we always rep home

I'm a product of the borough really knew that work  
We'll do that dirt, shoot through your skirt  
40 Smith on me, big homie we them hurts  
East side all the time, homie, know your turf  
I'm Notrive Ave Coney Island out to Williamsburg  
And everything in between that nigga, I killed the swerve  
Gortex pants sag to show the Fendi belt  
Your bitch on me like Livin' major in indie wealth  
Ha, I know that ignorant shit you like  
I'm on that ignorant shit you need  
Run through the door with the 4 like get on your knees  
You know what's up, we came for them keys  
Nigga please, these things is gaining murder mileage  
Livin' Proof, I'm truth, see I emerged from violence  
Smartened up, got aggressive, I had to work my talents  
And Cooper Projects (YAOWA), I know you heard about it

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Posted on the corner where my men shoot  
Good hoodies, cold sagging over Timb' boots  
Gold chain it swang, the whole gang that hang  
That click clack and bang, that's what we into  
Hollering at the joints as they walk passed  
Tryna bag, yo' shorty got a fat ass  
Get the number, hit the camera on, get to hump her  
A year later you don't fuck with your baby mother  
Your baby brother came home from a bid  
Right back to selling crack, he can't get him a gig  
Your moms is stressed out, your pops done left out

And your grandmother get stuck raising with your kids  
This the life of the borough  
Kinda trife but we thorough  
Got vices in plural but fuck dying in zero  
I'ma get it while I'm breathing  
And even by breaking even  
I win, just pray God know the reason I sin  
And

"Where Brooklyn at?"

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