

## Gp Wu "Smoking"

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A lot of cats thought the g.p. shit wouldn't make it  
June luva (smokin)  
Pop brown hornet (smokin)  
Rubber to the bands (smokin)  
Down low...

(g.p. forever more baby)  
June luva (smokin)  
Pop brown hornet (smokin)  
Rubber to the bands (smokin)  
Down low (smokin)

[june luva]  
Yo crews I been through with my ginsu  
I be choppin em, the gap below ain't no stoppin em  
I be hoppin em, over the fences droppin em  
Leaping fylin kick on some shaolin shit  
Get in your stance and defend your square  
If your skills is not equipped we're sendin that ass up  
outta here  
Indeed no question in this profession  
When g.p.'s in your area it's a blessin  
Keep em guessin what the hell is they up to  
Is they finished? nigga we barely begun to  
Break em down and claim soil in this industry  
Before I'm gone muthafuckas will remember me  
Check my pedigree, substantial amount of evidence  
Body and fools from presidents  
My residence is stapleton, staten isle  
B/k/a better known as the shao

[pop the brown hornet]  
When it be the big dipper I beg to differ  
Approach like you want it and get put into a back twister  
Flunkee, little monkey  
All that garbage you be talkin I know you gots to be a  
junkie  
Cause I ain't feelin out one joints you made  
Everytime you rhyme with the next cat you're gettin  
slayed  
Your style's played but you still keep sportin it  
Put a cork in it, dust it off and auction it

Get what you can for it 'fore it's too late  
You don't want the world to find out the shit's gold  
plated  
And outdated, I know you're glad you made it when you  
made it  
Cause you style's only gettin faded  
While I maintain mint condition  
You got your eyes on the star wishin you could plead  
half my mission  
It's all good tho, you're not an all-pro  
You know you're gettin over with a style's that's so so  
And while I'm all that you be gettin left back  
And laughed at like a fat girls ass crack

[rubberbands]

Murder I write cause wrote is past tense  
Leavin featherweight mcs in suspense  
Cause in my division we dealin with ammunition  
Lyrically cuttin niggas down like trees  
You think you got me under pressure cause you whylin  
You scare me just as much as the haunted house on  
coney island  
They used to say you was soft and smilin  
But all that shit stopped once protect ya neck dropped  
Hip hop terrorists on the rise  
The grain click will take the industry by surprise  
There is no stoppin what is meant, leavin competition  
bent like  
Two match-ups in an accident, head on collision  
Spokin like a geo prism  
And if you didn't see us comin I suggest you check  
your vision  
You're on point at a arrange for correction  
Like bringin a homeboy hookup outta state, there's no  
connection

[down low recka]

G.p. not the greatest but we famous  
For committin the crime and tracks that be hittin  
But niggas can't maintain this, we stain this  
With the blood from a real nigga who be nameless  
Check me, got the I'll stee undercover  
More current, holdin on the green like a rubber  
Cause I be not a carbon copy or sloppy  
Watch me, even stop me but never got me  
Still got niggas on this block, it's hectic  
It's winter, stapleton go all out and enter  
My chamber, danger, no turnin back  
36 physical hits, I'll mental tricks  
Come mad thick  
Nobody know to have to explain this

Predict the competition got a style that's brainless  
So I crush your tower with stories by the hour  
G.p. who? put the power in the power  
Rewind, come against the selector  
The grain remain self-contained in any sector, what

If you representin the east keep (smokin)  
If you representin the west keep (smokin)  
If you recognizin the grain be (smokin)  
Then you representin the best g (smokin)  
Down low (smokin)  
Rubber to the bands (smokin)  
June luva (smokin)  
Pop brown hornet (smokin)

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