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Henry Valentino "Follow Me Up"

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[Intro]

Yeah *cough cough cough* yeah This is that muthafuckin Undaground hip hop right here Baby (Smoke Records muthafucker) We got my man Bon Benzi right here Blastin ya in the face (you dancin to a Marley Marl remix, you know) Brown Hornet, yeah, uh Follow Me Up

[Pop Da Brown Hornet]

Oppose ya, never done, ghetto homies do this shit for fun

Serving MC's in a bun, only cowards hide behind a gun You see more than half NYPD is pussy Half the kids I grew up with is pussy

Livin life close to edge, invited you to push me I've have it up to here with these flimsy ass lyricists Prime time exposure when there rap sound ridiculous Somethin seem suspicious, the world full of lame ass bitches

With niggas to match, God fucked up the whole batch It's time we start from scratch

To many people livin their life on full facts Whether it's superstition or some twisted religion It's safe to say we all agree the world's a prison With nowhere to run, nowhere to hide I prevail because I did it, he failed because he tried

It can't be denied, I keep my brain cells fried

If life's a journey, I'm enjoyin the ride

Ain't nuthin gonna stop Pop from the top slot

You can throw up the road block or block the drop

I present the craftiness to slip thru it

Solid as a rock, but keep em flow like fluid

I make the hot music, you mad you can't do it

Over there lookin stupid, and dupe it

I'm smarter than you thought, that's why you came up short

I never took time to snort, I just held down fort While them other cats fell off, I held on When them other cats got weak, I got strong See they only gave their word, I gave my word bond To give a hundred percent, every time I perform

Chorus 2X: Down Low Recka & Pop Da Brown Hornet

Hip hop fanatic, time to bad it I roll with the antenna to kill static I leave your career shattered, Color Me Bad-it My rhymes is Mobb Deep, and every line is sumthin, we have it

[Down Low Recka]

I don't move like the wind, the wind moves likes me You old school, I rhyme with technology Modernly, surprisingly the best, I had to get that shit off my chest

Spit rhymes like bullets, cock back one and pull it Bring the pooper scooper, cuz shit these niggas is full of it

Ya album plaque, collect, ridiculous

GP, indy, first album flop, know we gotta handle ones in this business

What is this? These ass niggas made The Grain shitless

Ain't worth the hit list, only true Gladiators pack the fitness

Like weights on a bar, fuck heat we can meet up on the streets of Spar

Niggas see space and wanna be a star Get locked and turned to Allah for protection Slip up, can't avoid the lethal injection Bon Benz, Pop Da Brown, GP Connection

[Pop Da Brown Hornet]

Who the hottest MC north side of the equator Pop Da Brown Hornet, Stapleton Gladiator For certain I took time to put my work in I bust thru your steel curtain, leave ya franchise MC hurtin While he dependin on his gimmick, I fall him off the line of scrimmage Set it off, for you finish, tarnish ya image You might as well call up the World Guiness Let them record who the illest Bench warmers on the sideline catchin splinters Critizin my shit but can't rap the lit Get off my dick, go get an education You picked the wrong occupation, stoppin about facin March to a Marley Marl beat, you ain't got the lead But you got to get the fuck away from me Cuz I'm lethal and deadly, ya bastards ain't ready Givin Nightmares to Freddy, while precedin the Rock

Steady, lyrical cause an echo catastrophe The Undaground Emperor, better known as your majesty Once I start smackin and crackin, gold and platinum They wanna throw a picture of me up in their Manhattan Gettin their life size poster Hip hop's been good to me, like baseball's been good to Sammy Sosa Styles hotter than the Virgin Mary's chocha All loyalty then the Cosa Nostra's, for real

Chorus

[Outro] Hip hop fanatic Brown Hornet, Bon Benz, 99 Follow me up "You dancin to a Marley Marl remix" *repeated over* Ah, follow me up Follow, follow, follow me up son Follow me up son, follow me up baby

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