

Pop Da Brown Hornet "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, 'cause 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 guinness
Let them record who the illest
Bench warmers on the sideline catchin splinters
Citizin 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
'cause 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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