

Pop Da Brown Hornet "The Undaground Emperor"

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[intro: pop da brown hornet]

Yo, I'm the undaground emperor
My albums for every body on the planet
This is hip hop right here
Nyc, from outta shaolin, new york
We bring you, the undaground emperor, baby
Hold on, hold on

[tanesse]

Duck for cover, deep from up under
It's the undaground emperor
Rugged style inventor
Shaolin representer
From gp the grain, recognize the name
Poppy da leavin niggas slang

[pop da brown hornet]

No more procrastinating, I'm sick and tired of waitin
For my turn and burn, I gotta skip the line, I gotta go for
mine
I'm only intact, with actual fact
Pop da brown gotta get his, now that shaolin's on the
map
'cause I was there in the trenches, rockin
consequences
While cats was in their house brainstorming
Your family at the park, fillin under age performin
Stapleton held it down, parish through a swarmin
A gp affiliate, always kept it militant
Always known for bringin it, and thru the bullshit
I kept it lyrically fit, eager to spit
Kicked about four bars, left mc's scared and shit
They were either scared of the rhymes, or scared of
the clique
If you was soft in '86, you was just another vict'
But then we fought with fists, but now with clips
No gladiators or regulators, we got the bloods and the
crips
When the drug game died out, this game chips
sprouted
It's sad how the black man is easily regarded
But I can't the world, I only change me

You see, I went from a nice to a lethal mc

[interlude: smoke]

What the fuck yo? this is danger

Fuck y'all niggas is lookin at?

Ya niggas don't know, ya niggas better act like ya know

This is shaolin, stapleton right here

Poppy da killin this shit

[pop da brown hornet]

Let it be known, exit the stone

When I die, burn me with two turntables and a
microphone

That's all I ask for is an mc burial

I live to die rubble, muthafuck a medal

Or a 21 gun salute, it's really not needed

A product of the projects, consist to stay weeded

I told them I would do it, and if they chose not to
believe it

Now they toke behind my back and label me conceited

And mad they can't do it like the undaground emperor

Takin mc's out since the 49 center

Takin mc's out way back in high school

Even took some mc's out on the block, callin the two

Rugged and raw, down to the core

Tappin ya jaw, now ya pickin ya self off the floor

[tanesse]

Duck for cover, deep from up under

It's the undaground emperor

Rugged style inventor

[pop da brown hornet]

Tossin mc's like dice, crushin em like ice

Fuck a freestyle, I'm chargin them niggas the full price

I spit the head banger, boogie wally, spittin dirt

I'm writin lyrics overtime, stay puttin it work

Dedicated like the sweat shop, fuck the next stop

I'm takin the express all the way to success

And when I get there, I'm blazin up a pound of cess

See i'mma die somethin, but it won't be stress

They ain't nuthin like livin it up, not given a fuck

90 cents away from a buck, that shit suck

Nickel and dimin, state to state rhymin

On the fucked up label that keeps that ass winin

That shits for the birds livin off bread and water

Half time is over, let's start the third quarter

So I can start the slaughter, put these mc's out of order

There life spendin is shorter

[outro: pop da brown hornet]

Word up, peace to that nigga smoke
Peace to the nigga su (stapleton, park hills)
Word is bond, peace to the nigga rae (west brighton,
new brighton)
Knowhatimean, peace to all them cats from stapletills
(jungle nills)
(the whole shao-lills, for reals, pop da brown, gettin
down
For the muthafuckin crown, undaground emperor, five
style inventor)
On real deals, all my click, hold it down, around the
streets
All day every day baby, only the big cats live
Only cats

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