

And them hounds will mug ya but the town still love ya
(Fi-Ayaaaah!) get yours
Get raw, get pissed off
We trained them up to the big door
Train hard to get your cabin twist off
This tough law baby
But you still got to learn how to bust laws crazy
On a hilltop but you still got some rough dogs baby
It's all fundamental to hold guns and blow guns is a sin
too
Welcome to Brownsville

[Chorus with variations]

[Lil Fame]

Whatever, whatever nigga
I grip it, cock it
Pop, pop, pop, pop it til your blood run
Hear the flood come now!
You niggaz just called amnesia
I should grap this fuckin' bat and beat your ass into a
seizure

[Teflon]

Let 'em know who's real son
This ain't no luggage tight trippin'
M.O.P. first fam, slip the clippin' right

[Lil Fame]

Heat up your chest and mind
Show your people flesh and blood
When I join the gun orgie with this forty-edged doe
(OHH!)
I put it down with my niggaz from the dungeon
Since the day the pigeon coohs Kelly caught your free
lunches
We hit the industry and straight send it for the hill
Ain't nothin' worse I spit it
Bitch I did it for the Ville (C'MON!)
I'm from B-R-O-W-N-S-V-I-double L-E
What the fuck you gon' tell me?
This is the place where M.O.P. foundation was built
And some of the illest killaz was killed

[Chorus w/ variations]

[Billy Danze]

Nigga, you fuckin' witcha man the Danze now!
(SHOULD YOU BE ALARMED?!!) should you be alarmed?
You betta grease your palms, you betta grip your arms
And step lightly, I pop shots from both so don't intize

me
It's the RETURN of the realest niggaz M.O.P. (FIRST FAMILY!)
Some of the world's illest niggaz
Guerilla niggaz with all intention to win
All intention to sin
It's on a pop and again nigga (Man, fuck M.O.P!)
Whoa Flip, he's just playin'
It's time for you's the man
Don't understand what he is sayin'
Maybe he don't see Manna P logo for they post it
Maybe he didn't know Shaq was back in double toasted
Ready to smoke shit (THE OL' BK WAY!)
We gentlemen tell em all goddamn day
Say what you wanna say about it but don't doubt it
I fill your face from eleven knocks, holes through the back

[Chorus w/ variations] 2x

Hahahaha
Arhhhhhhhhhhh (nigga!)
Hahahaha (Shhhhhhhhhhhh)
Hahaha
Nigga! (ow!)

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