

## Poor Old Lu

### "Endangered Species"

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[sample from movie]

No matter what you may say to the contrary  
No matter what you may say to the contrary  
If you are guilty of feeding false hopes  
Procrastination.

[intro]

Nigga atp, smoke records  
Brown hornet, bout to spice you in the head  
Hip hop

[pop da brown hornet]

Expect to get stepped to, ran through  
I'm a dog that'll bite you thru the muzzle  
Eavesdrop on ya huddle, ya standin in the puddle  
I smell fear, you smell trouble  
Pop da brown is too heavy to juggle  
The holder of a bolder, plus heavy handed  
You rap standing, I rhyme outstanding  
Pick an mc out at random, that help you out  
Because you by yourself is like a dick in the mouth  
You suck, I suck-seed, I get high, you get skeed  
Fuckin with poppy da, ya smokin more than just weed  
I'm about to let you know, you made the wrong decision  
In this intermission, I dominate with aggressiveness  
With professionalist, let you know not to many  
competitors in this  
Take all competitors  
Magazines been rave, get extra large  
But to me you all regulars  
Once I fits all, ya all about to fall  
The outcome is rusum, love to battle mc's in a twosome  
Before I roof 'em, I'll introduce them to a no nonsense  
Lyrical proof type stee, look up the word mc  
And see a picture of me, loungin wit a blunt in my  
mouth  
Callin shots in your house, layin up in your couch  
Gettin served like a king, black caeser wit the pinkie  
ring  
While in the heat, don't sweat a God damn thing  
'cause I'm fuller, fresher, stand out from the rest of the

pack  
Like kris said, "they wick-wick-wack"  
How they make it this far, without gettin gonged  
That's right, they name it hiroshima, but they still gettin  
bumped  
And once I start droppin, there's no stoppin  
Your all time favorites, will soon be forgotten  
What you digest the way I manifest  
Make crazy progress over a ten year stretch  
And I still keep growin, rhymes keep flowin  
Sometimes I'm writing rhymes without me even knowin  
Wake up, out my sleep, put down the pad and pen and  
roll a fat one  
I'll probably die, o.d. on platinum  
Plus I'm hot and scorchin, pat sajak, gave me the  
fortune  
Told me I'm worth more than steve austin  
I laughed and said tell me somethin I don't know  
Blew out some smoke and disappeared with the dough

[interlude: smoke]

Yo, yo, yo  
Ya niggas that told me that nigga brown hornet is wack  
That nigga ain't wack, man  
Come on now, this that shit right here  
This that shit that got niggas bouncin

[pop da brown hornet]

Are you ready? sorry if ya not  
I bust they snotbox, let know that pop box ain't it  
decomposed  
Any stage I rock shows,  
You heard it thru the grapevines from all my ex-hoes  
That I've been doin this years, thru the sweat blood and  
tears  
Smoked about a million blunts, drunk a 100,000 beers  
Certified hip hop junky, love all my tracks funky  
Battling is somethin don't take much to pump me  
It comes naturally, born to be wild  
I'm the whole comp, you just a comp with no style  
Tell us to my click, in the way we get down  
Study our melody, try to copy our sound  
First I'll let you know it's impossible  
Fuck around and find yourself in a hospital  
With casts and twos, be battered and bruised  
It'll take over your feet to fit in one of my shoes  
Dunn, dunn, I make the rules that you abide by  
I'm a fly guy, you just a fly by night mc  
Your momma warned you not to fuck with me  
Your hard header, don't listen on a suicidal mission  
It's too hot inside the kitchen

For a potato head rapper like you, not to get burned,  
come on  
I told you how to rhyme, it seems you still haven't  
learned  
How to master the basics, claim to have flavor  
But to me it sounds tasteless  
Hate a wack mc, it's safe to say that i'mma racist  
Quit the protest against a flimsy muthafucka  
Tryin to make in this b-i, in it till I d-i-e  
Like 2pac and b.i.g., and p-o-p is who I be  
Nonchalantly destroy your whole infantry  
Gladiator, lovin gp history  
On my biz-ack, back slap ya counteract  
Hit you wit a shaolin rap, beat the crap out ya, if it come  
to that  
Like bad boy and no limit, smoke records is in it to win  
it  
Since '96 to infinite

[outro]  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Steppin thru, gp, brown hornet  
Peace to all my niggas, for real  
June lova, rubba to the, yeah, yeah  
Down low recka, yeah, comin  
My nigga shy, keep it on the g, gp  
Forever

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