

## Poor Old Lu

### "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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