

Poor Old Lu

"I'm Soooo"

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[pop da brown hornet]
Earth shatterin', there's no comparison
Your style embarrassing, stiffer than a mannequin
As for me, I keep the crowd ecstatic
Like they on the mess static, we train keep them
blasted
They like that black bastard's a classic
Hip hop fans, I keep them pumped, like they on ameno
acid
Charged like a bull, you push while I got pulled
I'm pop da brown bomber, who the fuck are you?
Nobody worth acknowledgin, that's why you stay
anonymous
I stay in the spotlight, they declare I'm marvelous
Who am I to disagree, please them sexually
Love them mentally, he was meant to be
(when you gettin on?) eventually
Rappers from the 90's, they don't have nothing for me
Always talkin 'bout killin shit, how they do game
Comin m.c.'in, they ain't said a damn thing
Push them to the rear, somewhere near the exit
Grab the microphone, and then I kill it on some next
shit
Make the homeless, crippled, anorexic
Wanna get butt naked in the club to my record

Chorus:
(I'm soooo...) anxious
(I'm soooo...) borough
Brown bomber is (soooo...)
Brother number one from out the fifth borough (baby)

[pop da brown hornet]
I'm steppin hotter this year, drape in new wear
If you feel like I feel, throw your hands in the air
Even better let me hear you go wu
Aight, now I know everything cool
It's the undaground emperor, so flippin on your crew
I'm over here, I'm with you lookin like a fool
What you want me to do? (I want to go out at them)
Is you crazy, is your brain gettin no oxygen

Has poppin 'em from shaolin, I don't mean to sound
cowardly
I have no plans, I'm leavin him and his entourage alone
(all right, you then you gets none when you get home)
Come on playboy, don't even get grease
Came to have fun, we leave in one piece
With all your teeth, leave with no lingerin beef
Don't listen to her, her life is a blood
This is hip hop, we don't want no violence to a club
He had the heat a missin, like john forte
How grand puba 80's biggas don't play
We don't promote guns, rather promote buns
But if you cross my line, I'll just use my mind
I can't create, but can control the rhymes
So if I come for you career, please don't beg for mercy
One verse will be more deadly than your whole lp

Chorus

[pop da brown hornet]
I took time off, now they came on
Didn't think I'd get mine, I proved them all wrong
Lyrics to caught on, my voice is too strong
Fuck a freestyle, ma, I kill them in a song
I want there whole career, this is my year
Roll a blunt, crack a beer, I'm makin love to your ear
For sure, for sure, the mack is back
Without the platinum plaque, sippin on gnac
Puffin on the bat, thinkin that's a brat
Pop da brown bomber, hittin harder than lp's
Shatterin bombs, melt microphones
Rather alto, soprano, tenor or baritone
Forfeit, quit, the emperor has his own
The way things look I won't be overthrown
Anytime in the immediate future, I'll execute ya
It's the party booster, who's come ta
Raise the roof, a hundred percent proof
I'm about to get busy, leave the game dizzy
This a small dose, a' fuck up ya whole focus
It's been a while, since you heard a mc this ferocious
Here to bust ya bubble, ya ass is in trouble
Not even bryant gumble will find you under the rubble
Have you curled up, somewhere wantin to cuddle
Stuck like you just smoked a whole bundle
Askin yourself, "what the fuck has the world come to? "
Pop da brown, plus I rock non-stop, instrumental

Chorus 2x

