

## Poor Old Lu

### "No More Mr. Nice Guy"

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[Intro]

Aiyo, got ya muthafucka seein stars

(Brown Hornet, Pop)

Blastin muthafuckas out the muthafuckin box

(Out the box)

[Pop Da Brown Hornet]

Shake rattle & roll, ratters than ya peasants ya peasants

Form a line, while I'm handin out presents

Stiff jabs or stiff kicks, for a nigga

Big back with stiff dick, for my bitches

Burn like a cancer stick, free loaded spit

Them cops that killed Diallo, they can suck my dick

41 shots, enough lead to take a city exam

Or ain't that one man with the NYPD

Who need the Ku Klux Klan

I ain't runnin or hiddin, like 2Pac I'm riddin and dyin

New York, New York, It's where brothers are sport

Make it to the playoffs, don't get happy get ya head blown off

We got dick for nuts, puttin fingers on red buttons

Ready to launch, tellin us, turnin ya arms

Hell no baby, ya devils must be crazy

Out of ya mind, I'm holdin on to my nine

Chorus: Smoke (Pop Da Brown Hornet)

No More Mr. Nice Guy (No More Mr. Nice Guy)

No More Mr. Nice Guy (No More Mr. Nice Guy)

No More Mr. Nice Guy (No More Mr. Nice Guy)

No More Mr. Mr. Mr. Mr. Mr.

[Pop Da Brown Hornet]

You hold every sentimental

As for me, I lost my feelings somewhere inside the temple

Where they got throat cutters and back stabbers

A life is lost right in front of your eyes, nothing really matters

You just go on living, Projects is like prison

We got fags and dikes, razor blades and knives

Homo thugs, and all type of drugs  
Addicts, snitches, bitches, holdin ya pictures  
With nothin on but a thong  
Fuck me, leave at night, for a trailer visit, fuck you in  
the morn  
Bad boys, we killin toys, they muffle and noise  
Never lose they boys, they just keep on squeezin  
Bodies drop for no reason, kill you for breathin  
Rumble till we even, or till one of us die  
Eye for an eye, yo it's no more Mr. Nice Guy  
Heads gotta fly, we 'em up, let 'em hang dry  
Choke 'em till they pass out, wake up in ya briefs  
Playin for keeps, yo fuck you and your peeps  
Never had it good, my last album went wood  
Bought my words when you hear this, I'm movin out the  
hood  
Takin no prisoners, no eye witnesses, if ya sensitive  
Back up, you want no part of this  
Ghetto bastard, who never got his ass kicked  
I just stay kickin ass, got the mic and the smash  
Step up, feel the blast from the Brown Bomber  
You don't really want drama, quick to start shit  
But then go runnin to ya mama "Dial 911  
Brown Hornet on the new cent, he fuckin with my son"  
Bitch tell that piece of shit to finish what he started  
With this cold hearted, half retarded, hip hop artist  
Weak rapper, told ya lame ass not to cry  
But you gotta fry fuckin wit no more Mr. Nice Guy

Chorus

[Outro]

Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, this Smoke right here  
The new millennium, ain't no more Mr. nice guy  
That's right, that's right  
When you see us in the club, there's no more Mr. nice  
guy  
When you see us in the streets, no more Mr. nice guy  
That's right, Baby Pop, Brown Hornet baby  
Smoke Records, RNS Productions, Ain't no more Mr.  
nice guy  
We're not playin, it's not a game

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