

Styles

"Mr. Brown"

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[Verse 1]

Oh, yeah, who wanna rip with Styles?
The whole place on the lookout for Mr. Brown
We've got, plenty of clues and forensic files
Plus, envious crews, so we trip for miles
It's (Mister Brown!)
Yeah, you know the drill
Never holdin' 'em still
Roll 'em over the hill
Just glide, close your mouth and open the blinds
Took the wings off a bird and let it float to the side
Say (What?) to hear me callin
Shoutin out my name and playin' this in the Walkman

[Chorus]

Aiyo, crash the gates
Aiyo, pack the place up
Break stuff, takin' all the paper
I'mma stay laced up
Keep a shank tucked, take a pay cut
Even let you keep the dang paste up (really?)
Say somethin, punk, what, put away the blank gun
Fakes wanna talk about bank but they make none
Live from the sweatbox, sucking on the (???)
Pop some, lookin' for the foxhunt, peace

[Verse 2]

Yo, the joke's over, slap the bloke sober
Catch a .40 caliber case of glaucoma
Riders like Johnny Depp rollin' with Winona
Big trunk fulla shit, blow the globe up
So what? nobody knows us, got no love
Pop 6, Ryu and Tak, cops know what it does
Hot shit by the bungalow, drop the bloody glove
Won't get caught killin' today, baby, cause I'm a thug

Bottles of beer from the land of five horses
Man who wasn't there like Billy Bob Thornton
Crush-crew landin in, steppin' into the scene
Fertilize new lawns, a Requiem for a Dream
It's (Mister Brown!), legendary assignment

Searchlights hover, but can't seem to find him
Track down whatever you can in the mist
In this case, it's strictly the hand of a fist
So (What?), keep your eyes peeled

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