

Hendrix Jimi

"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 rulum, 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 Caesar wit the pinkie
ring
While in the heat, don't sweat a god damn thing
Cuz 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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