

Her Lyrics by Nits "The Undaground Emperor"

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[Intro: Pop Da Brown Hornet]
Yo, I'm The Undaground Emperor
My albums for every body on the planet
This is hip hop right here
NYC, from outta Shaolin, New York
We bring you, The Undaground Emperor, baby
Hold on, hold on

[Tanesse]

Duck for cover, deep from up under It's The Undaground Emperor Rugged style inventor Shaolin representer From GP The Grain, recognize the name Poppy Da leavin niggas slang

[Pop Da Brown Hornet]

No more procrastinating, I'm sick and tired of waitin For my turn and burn, I gotta skip the line, I gotta go for mine

I'm only intact, with actual fact

Pop Da Brown gotta get his, now that Shaolin's on the map

Cuz I was there in the trenches, rockin consequences While cats was in their house brainstorming Your family at the park, fillin under age performin Stapleton held it down, parish through a swarmin A GP affiliate, always kept it militant

Always known for bringin it, and thru the bullshit I kept it lyrically fit, eager to spit

Kicked about four bars, left MC's scared and shit They were either scared of the rhymes, or scared of the clique

If you was soft in '86, you was just another vict'
But then we fought with fists, but now with clips
No Gladiators or regulators, we got the Bloods and the
Crips

When the drug game died out, this game chips sprouted

It's sad how the black man is easily regarded But I can't the world, I only change me

You see, I went from a nice to a lethal MC

[Interlude: Smoke]
What the fuck yo? This is danger
Fuck y'all niggas is lookin at?
Ya niggas don't know, ya niggas better act like ya know
This is Shaolin, Stapleton right here
Poppy Da killin this shit

When I die, burn me with two turntables and a microphone
That's all I ask for is an MC burial
I live to die rubble, muthafuck a medal
Or a 21 gun salute, it's really not needed
A product of the projects, consist to stay weeded
I told them I would do it, and if they chose not to believe it
Now they toke behind my back and label me conceited
And mad they can't do it like The Undaground Emperor Takin MC's out since the 49 Center
Takin MC's out way back in high school
Even took some MC's out on the block, callin the two
Rugged and raw, down to the core
Tappin ya jaw, now ya pickin ya self off the floor

[Tanesse]

Duck for cover, deep from up under It's The Undaground Emperor Rugged style inventor

[Pop Da Brown Hornet]

[Pop Da Brown Hornet]

Let it be known, exit the stone

Tossin MC's like dice, crushin em like ice Fuck a freestyle, I'm chargin them niggas the full price I spit the head banger, boogie wally, spittin dirt I'm writin lyrics overtime, stay puttin it work Dedicated like the sweat shop, fuck the next stop I'm takin the express all the way to success And when I get there, I'm blazin up a pound of cess See I'mma die somethin, but it won't be stress They ain't nuthin like livin it up, not given a fuck 90 cents away from a buck, that shit suck Nickel and dimin, state to state rhymin On the fucked up label that keeps that ass winin That shits for the birds livin off bread and water Half time is over, let's start the third quarter So I can start the slaughter, put these MC's out of order There life spendin is shorter

[Outro: Pop Da Brown Hornet]

Word up, peace to that nigga Smoke
Peace to the nigga Su (Stapleton, Park Hills)
Word is bond, peace to the nigga Rae (West Brighton,
New Brighton)
Knowhatimean, peace to all them cats from Stapletills
(Jungle Nills)
(The whole Shao-lills, for reals, Pop Da Brown, gettin
down
For the muthafuckin crown, Undaground Emperor, five
style inventor)
On real deals, all my click, hold it down, around the
streets
All day every day baby, only the big cats live
Only cats

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