

## **Toby Mac**

### **"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 (Sooooo...)  
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

