

Toby Mac

"Sun Neva Chill"

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[Intro]

Oh shit, it's the Phantom baby
With the Brown Bomber, baby
Smoke Records, muthafucka
MCA, 2000, uh-huh

[Pop Da Brown Hornet]

It's only Pop and I'm hangin MC's like a stockin
Leavin them no option, throwin the towel
Or gettin they face boxed in
No time for B.S.'in, second guessin, all that's outta the
question
I'm here to terrorize, make rappers apologize
I refuse to lose, I'm beat, battered and bruised
Now that I'm on, fuck payin dudes
Fuck all of youse, I'm bad news to goody two shoes
Who be finger snappin and toe tappin
I'm that kid that keep it crackin, cuz I'm what's
happenin
I love this game with a passion, stop askin
How do you like me now, that I'm the last one laughin
Hole fucked up, puffin on Alaskan
Hundred miles an hour, eyes closed, without crashin
Constantly, I gotta flip they wig
For I'm the kid, that got the state pumpin in they trips
CD, cassette, car, jeep, chopper or plane
Girls screamin my name, it's all part of the game
No sloppy copies, it's ya black Poppy
Rollin in between the sheets, been missin for weeks

Chorus 2X:

The sun neva chill, I melt down ya ice grill
Cats be coolin down, I neva had, I neva will
I refuse to stop, look around the rock
That's why no one can do it quite like MC Pop

[Pop Da Brown Hornet]

Ladies and gentlemen, feel the adrenaline rush
Two triple oh, from poor to plush
Started workin out, I went from gut to cuts
Now when they see me it be "ooh" and "ahh"

Before they used to call me a wanna be rap star
Now they tellin stories on how we used to hang
And how they encouraged me to keep doing my thing
Funny how non believers, wanna take the credit
They so pathetic, but me don't sweat it
I stay focus, they hocus pocus
Disappear in the struggle, reappear when ya bubble
Where was you in my time of need
Now you smell success, you stick around like creed
To smoke up all the weed, ya drink up all the Guinness
Don't wanna leave until everything finish
Same muthafucka who curse ya name
Be the same muthafucka who soft you for ya gleam
Then tell me, "Don't complain, it's part of the game"

Chorus 2X

[Pop Da Brown Hornet]
Brown Bomber, Kid Dynamite
What you want? House squad, I'm here to clean out the
pipe
Here to make it right, make sure the rhymes keep
flowin
Minds stay blowin, my jobs are constantly showin
How to do that deal like the All I Seeyin
Rappers get scared, they start Caller I.D.'ing
Afraid to get the message there career's been
terminated
And Pop Da Brown has officially graduated
into the ranks of top contention
And while I'm here I have to give mention
to my mom, my dad, they knew the time
Other leaders get the dick, your world was mine
Stripped of ya shine, know you just as bright as a bird
Haven't you heard, heard, heard

Chorus 2X

[Outro]
Aiyo
Stapleton, Park Hills
New Brighton, West Brighton, Jungle Nills
Aiyo, peace to the Rock
Word is bond, Manhattan, Queens, The Bronx
For real, for sure, uptown, 2 thous
I melt down ya ice grill, neva had neva will
That's why no one can do it quite like MC Pop

