

# Pop Da Brown Hornet, Follow Me Up

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)

I love my microphone clear, ice cold beer, premiere  
My news and sweet, nothing's in ya ear  
I treat them like they outta be treated  
Like they want their cutty licked  
They better get their girlfriend to come eat it  
I don't tongue-twa, I rock nonstop  
Hip hop got me locked, competition get props  
The bar, you can front it, got rhymes by the hundred  
New York City creepin it, delightedly blunted  
I love to stay high, Pop pass the la  
Nigga caught a black eye for tellin the white lie  
Don't even try or you just might die for real  
All ya ally cat niggas gotta fry  
Makin it hard for me and my squad  
Doin shit I can't disregard, my nigga just got scarred for life  
Do ya thing, be the men, be mice  
Hiddin behind mics, with lyrics that sound nice  
Softer than a milk shake, whole image is fake  
I use they ass for bait, throw them in a lake  
Let the crab snap em, my enemies clap 'em  
Some bring lips abyss I feel it's (&quot;Time for some action!&quot;- B-Real)  
Like a flick, loaded with guns  
Better yet like a chick, who posses big buns  
I stay screamin on duns, shinin with my sons  
Runnin up in lady, bangin them like tums

Chorus: Pop Da Brown Hornet (Down Low Recka)

You know you wanna ride with us (No doubt)  
Take note before we bust (We pullin out)  
Follow me up son (Follow me up son) follow me up  
(follow me up)  
Follow, follow, follow me up son

(Down Low Recka)

Let me tell ya somethin, don't fall for the foolery  
Hip hop ain't live like it used it be, one step from the eulogy  
The future looks promisin though, got team reunited  
And god risin, GP's set to blow  
The pyramid complete, been done, I'ma start barkin on ya tricks for fun  
Ya currency holdin, this is in ya pockets swollen  
Lookin dead into the light, and can't see where ya goin  
Pull it reversal, you better stop beatin hip hop before it hurts you  
These laws is universal  
From my home to your home, from Cairo to Rome  
I'm here to the Twilight Zone, the facts roam  
I remember when I used to sit back, smokin a bone  
Wonderin if I'mma blaze hip hop before it's gone  
Brothers is bustin at rap with macks like drome  
Niggas livin in glass labs, throwin stones  
I'm walkin over light shine on, my back to it  
Eyes peeled, so I can see when I go thru it  
Y'all hoes ain't all about nothin  
Cuz you don't fear, don't say shit and just keep doin it

Chorus

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)

You just above average, I'm superstar status  
Microphone savage, devour the baddest  
Ghetto fabulous, in hip hop madness  
Before I'm done with this, I'll be sittin on mad cabbage  
At times I'm on the low, at times I'm in ya face  
Occupy the time slot, you occupy space

You gettin outta line boy, stay in your place  
The wifey in my kitchen, beggin me to taste  
The way she chef it up, should I toss that ass up?  
You treat her like a queen, Pop treat her like a slut  
It's all about a nut, cuz love don't give a fuck  
Finger in the butt, she know to keep her mouth shut  
Check it, let me proceed I'm trippin off weed  
A lot of cats are trippin off jealousy and greed  
Can't make it on the else, so they sit around and plot  
Five hundred in they pot, so case around from rot  
There's a thin line between failure and success  
It's like we uptown, know I always got it fresh  
Head throbbin G, and off like a bank robber  
Meditate, get up, run thru the potter  
Only cuz I gotta, I take MC's out  
You thought I was a shark, cut, took the wrong route  
Now you assed out nowhere to be found  
Fuckin with Pop Da Brown, baby

Chorus