

Pop Da Brown Hornet, Hold Ground

(DeLouie Avant Jr.)

This is the part, we shake the charts
And rock the people

Shake the ground

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)

Brakes ya self for the one two punch
I hit ya so hard, I make ya cough up ya lungs
You should of never tried to confront this
Top notch lyricist, with that foolishness
I come with the uncontrollable, untamable
Sometimes I'm feeling just like a wild animal
Seek and destroy any fake B-Boy
Let him say what he gotta say, and then rap his ass away
I do things the old fashion
You can come high tech, my shit still stays smashin
And overwhelmin, ever since I came out, ya click start rebellin
Word up, see, they taste the truth and the juice
The joints Grain produce
Keep girlies, movin in they hip hop boots
Rap extraordinaire, who keepin shit tighter than mics
Not just hooks and uppercuts, I bring it straight down the pipe
Thru the unpredictable, be ya shit and critical
I predict pain inflicted or Mr. Pitiful
So get em diced to the high roller
Get a call and send my seed to the microphone controller
Watch me do damage, bring ya favorite MC
I take advantage, and pin his ass straight to the canvas
I want it all, even though I can't have it
I guess that makes me an addict, who can't kick the habitat
Hip hop keep me on high, I love it
I gotta confess, spark the lah

Chorus: DeLouie Avant Jr.

Hold ground, to my people in the street
Hold ground
Hold ground, cuz shit is gettin deep
Hold ground

(No Smiles)

Hold ground, while I take you to on another level
Moves are made without the devil
How can I get to you, should I fly like R. Kelly
Put it in ya mouth like Akinyele
I can't provoke it, when I contemplate
Wait for souls, and read these scrolls that I make
Say and word to gets me, every day demons want to get me
Can't stop what they can't see, when I glide like a Frisbee
Movin thru ya window like a breeze
Bank accounts, needed over seas, so I can gravel as I please
Total shutdown, total failure
Freeze that thought, let it run thru ya mind for dead MC's
Can you make it to 2 G's
Watch ya soul, because everybody bleeds
And that's real, don't force it
See even on a sunny side it's shady, the hold grounds shaking

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)

I'm gettin like an arch rival, they think I'm after they title
Fuck it, think they keep it, I'm still gonna freak it
Explode like a firework, and make the party jerk
So my man can get his dick up out the dirt
It's all about a good time, that's why I like the rhyme nasty

Get an oil massage and fuck till I'm ashy
Thought he had me beat, just because he passed me
I'm too crafty, quick to say ya like to keep it shafty
In and out the cut, in and out the butt, what?
I don't give a fuck, you can bring it if you wanna
I'm already backed up in the corner
Had's about enough and I can't stands it no longer
Watered down MC's, I'm applyin the freeze
How the fuck ya gonna live in sub zero degrees
You know, you know
How you gonna survive?, come on, how you gonna survive?

Chorus 2X

(DeLouie Avant Jr.)
This is the part, we shake the charts
And rock the people
This is the part, we shake the charts
And rock the people
This is the, this is
This is, this is
This is, this is the
Can't stop, can't stop
Can't stop
Hold ground
This is the part, hold ground
This is the, hold ground
To my people in the street hold ground
Shake the ground
Hold ground, cuz shit is gettin deep
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Shake the ground
This is the part
This is the part, we