

# Pop Da Brown Hornet, One Shot Deal

(Intro: Down Low Recka)

Eh yo , yo, you got one shot, one shot  
One at a time man, don't be floodin the mic  
Word up, but you got to keep it real  
Cuz bitch ass niggaz, hip-hop is on another level  
And ain't havin it no more son

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)

Aiyyo, yo, the next alliance of giants is now official  
Fuck what you're doin and cover the main issue  
Beats hypnotic to tranq' your whole project  
Lay down the concept then we eat off the prospect  
I see shit done shit, still remain the one with  
The legit high-potent clean record  
The undefeated, undisputed  
Form an army, you included  
We can do this shit to hip-hop music  
I Reign victorious, the audience, the eye witness  
You can't fuck with the vocab-ulist  
You stay frontin, stay rappin 'bout nuttin  
You stay talkin 'bout always bustin  
Your gat and how it's crack you be pumpin  
Come on, tell me how that shit substantial  
I take you out before you get the chance to  
Feed these rap heads like hip-hop, bogus  
To me your show, the stupid niggaz ain't notice  
They're satisfied with the mediocre stroker  
But once I get to bang it I bang it like it's supposed to  
Intelligently, honesty and loyalty to my people  
You're see through, that's how I peeped you  
Tryin to get over on the goods  
Camouflaged in black, tryin to blend in with the hoods  
God damn, some people never change  
We never stick together that's why shit remain the same  
Do the knowledge but first go look the word up  
Once I begin there's no time to get stuck  
Uh, in position to make the right decisions  
Not an amateur, you know I'm top rank in this division  
Bring a knucklehead and watch me beat some sense in him  
Brown Hornet massage the brain like oxygen  
Keep him conscious, pin-point the prognosis  
Me and the mic is like high-powered explosives

(No Smiles)

First Pisces, some say I'm fishy and shiesty  
Don't like me? Get Aired out like Nikes  
Rhymes, tightly, written ass spittin  
Get an ass kickin for puttin yo' hands on my kitten  
Set trippin, it's gettin hot in the kitchen  
If not, stop bitchin, I lock it down like prison  
The jail system, get bail but still sentenced  
This Hell I live in, killin each other for position  
Crackhead Christians, black man listen  
You don't want no beef, you ain't ready for the lickin  
I Go deep before I make a move, I be thinkin  
Chess playin, cess blazin, I'm amazin  
Like four wheels I'm skatin, chasin for the paper  
Scared niggaz pullin capers

(Tariff)

Stop who? You bit off more than you could chew  
Sayin what you gon' do, plot hits on crew  
But it ain't nuttin new, niggaz been hatin since day one  
Games I never played none, source like A1

You play dumb, I could tell a pussy when I see one  
They talk, but when it comes to drama they walk  
Lookin for support, all by yourself gettin caught  
The Time's runnin short and I'm comin with force  
Shut down the fort, evacuate the premises  
I'ma be the Last Man Standin but the first one who finishes  
The Genesis, the new beginnin, it starts now  
I spark crowds with a mean bite, and I bark loud  
T.M.F. arch style, hittin 'em up  
Splittin 'em up, you ain't gettin up  
You ain't got no style, you ain't sick enough  
You niggaz move too slow, you ain't quick enough  
I switch it up, a mad scientist in a lab, mixin up  
So when my shit drop, you better pick it up  
And if your shit's not hot, you better fix it up  
Cuz I'm rollin with my team and there's no clickin up  
You ain't big enough to touch, we build  
The truth is now finally revealed and it's no longer concealed

(Outro: Down Low Recka)

Oh my God, yo no one shot, I gave y'all niggaz one shot  
And y'all wanna kill shit man, come on now  
To all y'all brothers out there, competitors  
To these brothers right here, opponents  
Come on, y'all gotta take it up another level, man  
Cuz hip-hop is now on a new level and a new plain  
Shaolin, kid, T.M.F., GP, Pop Da Brown Hornet  
No Smiles, Tariff, what? That's right, 27 Warrant Squad  
Yo, yo, it's like, what? Black Posse, Paris Crew  
Ya niggas don't know man, Shaolin History  
Staten Island, standing grounds...