

# Pop Da Brown Hornet, Sun Neva Chill

(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