

# Cocoa Brovaz, Won On Won

Smoky Lah, me got flav  
Smoky Gunz, Cocoa B's

Who wanna look like, wanna act like us  
Wanna be like, roll the trees like us  
Wanna talk like wanna walk like us  
Wanna flip like get ripped like us  
Wanna act like know you're black like us  
Wanna flip like kick shit like us  
Wanna bust like you ain't rough like us  
Tek and Steele, Won on Won, Smoky Guns, what?

DING! That's the sound of the bell  
"Oh shit!" is all you heard before you fell  
to the canvas, all washed up like my dirty drawers  
and pants get, try to challenge get damaged  
Plain and simple, with bandages around your temple  
Easily erased out the picture like pencil  
Peeped me once, saw me again got your pistol  
I put permanent fear in your heart like a dimple

Son hold my A.V. let me rock this no-body  
Comin out the closet tryin to stop my money?  
Actin like you're sweet cause he ain't see me in the streets  
Spit that blood out and get back up on your feet  
You called me I was there on some Candyman shit  
Wear that ass out in front your kids and your bitch  
Hurt you to the boards, put the ten to your jaw  
Walk away, parley in front of Achmed's store

We don't give a WHAT about you, tell them niggaz who sent you  
Let em come, have em all open wide like dentals  
Heard they work for cheap, think I might rent you  
If you feel I disrespected you, good, I meant to  
Nigga I'd wish you'd, talk about runnin for guns  
Get your Bankhead Bounce like insufficient funds  
Left ass-out a home beggin like bums  
Cut off, swept off the floor like crumbs

I'm from N.Y.C.I.T.Y. stay high  
Lazy eye ghetto celeb rap guy from Bed-Stuy  
Splash in two lines, me no long rhymes  
losing your attention taking up your time  
I gets mine and breathe, bout it bout it like P  
Too many wannabe me, wanna flow blow hold dough  
like Smoky (Smoky Lah), fly across seas  
blow shows for B.C.C. (knock you out), but you can't be  
You heard me, you soft like porridge  
You ain't gettin money and you have no courage  
(Ayyo son, let me at they ass son)

Introducing, the one who gets you bugged like a lucie  
Same height, same weight, same fight skills like Bruce Lee  
Try me, ready for those who wanna harm me  
Don't toy with me, you wanna be all you can be, join the Army  
I swarm like bees plus sting too, bring grooves  
I blow em out like hankies (hachoo!) nab you like cops do

For the longest I've been waitin, to take it to these Jafaicans  
Corner eyeballin on the moves that we was makin  
Thinkin that we lost it cause our line was closed  
Can't stop a hungry nigga with nuttin to live foe  
I'ma see that dough, many hustlers I know  
Three car longshark white chalk and celo

Yo, I think I'll take this time to remind you  
not to sit by the line, test mine, CrimeStoppers won't find you  
Before we come kickin your door to the floor  
Throw you to the wall, making you our prisoner of war  
Cut you too short to take walks with Tattoo  
Attack you from your front open you back with my scalpel  
Snatch two, niggaz from the crew if they got  
anything to do with motherfuckers coming back to avenge you  
I intend to, get down for my temple  
Keep a strong mental when dealin with evils that men do  
Them who, fail to comprehend I  
Recommend you remember you're dealin with men who'll  
send you - - off in a coffin  
Cause far too often niggaz are gettin lost and it's costin  
body parts, from anybody that starts  
We play the hackers, takin rappers apart  
Dissect em, from they rectum, to they necks  
double check them make sure shit's correct then direct them  
To the section, where the session's, in progression  
Where you come to get blessed by Smif-N-Wessun

(various talk to outro)