

Pop Da Brown Hornet, No More Mr. Nice Guy

(Intro)

Aiyo, got ya muthafucka seein stars

(Brown Hornet, Pop)

Blastin muthafuckas out the muthafuckin box

(Out the box)

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)

Shake rattle & roll, ratters than ya peasants ya peasants

Form a line, while I'm handin out presents

Stiff jabs or stiff kicks, for a nigga

Big back with stiff dick, for my bitches

Burn like a cancer stick, free loaded spit

Them cops that killed Diallo, they can suck my dick

41 shots, enough lead to take a city exam

Or ain't that one man with the NYPD

Who need the Ku Klux Klan

I ain't runnin or hidin, like 2Pac I'm riddin and dyin

New York, New York, It's where brothers are sport

Make it to the playoffs, don't get happy get ya head blown off

We got dick for nuts, puttin fingers on red buttons

Ready to launch, tellin us, turnin ya arms

Hell no baby, ya devils must be crazy

Out of ya mind, I'm holdin on to my nine

Chorus: Smoke (Pop Da Brown Hornet)

No More Mr. Nice Guy (No More Mr. Nice Guy)

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No More Mr. Mr. Mr. Mr. Mr.

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)

You hold every sentimental

As for me, I lost my feelings somewhere inside the temple

Where they got throat cutters and back stabbers

A life is lost right in front of your eyes, nothing really matters

You just go on living, Projects is like prison

We got fags and dikes, razor blades and knives

Homo thugs, and all type of drugs

Addicts, snitches, bitches, holdin ya pictures

With nothin on but a thong

Fuck me, leave at night, for a trailer visit, fuck you in the morn

Bad boys, we killin toys, they muffle and noise

Never lose they boys, they just keep on squeezin

Bodies drop for no reason, kill you for breathin

Rumble till we even, or till one of us die

Eye for an eye, yo it's no more Mr. Nice Guy

Heads gotta fly, we 'em up, let 'em hang dry

Choke 'em till they pass out, wake up in ya briefs

Playin for keeps, yo fuck you and your peeps

Never had it good, my last album went wood

Bought my words when you hear this, I'm movin out the hood

Takin no prisoners, no eye witnesses, if ya sensitive

Back up, you want no part of this

Ghetto bastard, who never got his ass kicked

I just stay kickin ass, got the mic and the smash

Step up, feel the blast from the Brown Bomber

You don't really want drama, quick to start shit

But then go runnin to ya mama "Dial 911

Brown Hornet on the new cent, he fuckin with my son"

Bitch tell that piece of shit to finish what he started

With this cold hearted, half retarded, hip hop artist

Weak rapper, told ya lame ass not to cry

But you gotta fry fuckin wit no more Mr. Nice Guy

Chorus

(Outro)

Aiyo, aiyo, aiyo, this Smoke right here

The new millennium, ain't no more Mr. nice guy

That's right, that's right

When you see us in the club, there's no more Mr. nice guy

When you see us in the streets, no more Mr. nice guy

That's right, Baby Pop, Brown Hornet baby

Smoke Records, RNS Productions, Ain't no more Mr. nice guy

We're not playin, it's not a game