Pop Da Brown Hornet, Stand Up

(Intro)
What's goin on world?
It's Pop Da Brown Hornet
Chillin wit Black, Blackstreet, Chauncey
This song is dedicated to, inspired by
Brother of mine, Poo Johnson
My love baby, this for you

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)
A childhood friend of mine, was shot to death
I visioned his body, fo' they lay him to rest
The autopsy showed he was hit in the head, in the chest
Weakened the strip, straight thru his flesh
Whoever responsible will see the judge
I hold no grudge, I fight evil with love
I hear no evil, and I see non either
Comin from believin the creator
As a juvenile, I would often sit and wonder
Starin out the window at the lightning and thunder
Will they better days for mom dukes and me, at birth
She wrapped up her dreams and gave them to me
Genetically, I could feel the energy
Pullin me towards my destiny, it was meant to be
Eventually, it'll all pay off
If you want it bad enough, you gotta give what it costs

Chorus: Chauncey Hannibal
Every woman, every man
To spread the news across the land
Stand up, stand up, stand up
Everybody, there has to be a better plan
Stand up, stand up, stand up

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)
Nothin in life for free, not even death
Can know and at em, cut out to be the best
With we form mistakes, no one was born perfect
Be careful who you love, because they might no deserve
The knowledge that I drop, pure enough to worship
As for Pop the individual, I'm just a mere mortal
I'm trying to make it out of poverty
Buy some property, build for the family
Establish and establishment
Put the proceeds I receive from entertainment
All I want is love-love, so I can retire the all black knockout glove
And just touch you in the mental, reach the next level
Weed out the devil, assemble the puzzle
Blow up a 8X10 so you can see the big picture
Take care of self, we can all get richer

Chorus

(Pop Da Brown Hornet)
Yo, any day could be our last, a world full of psychopaths
Learn ya math, or you just might crash
How to reality and into insanity
In this cold world we can't even trust family
Nowhere to turn when you stuck in between a
Concrete jungle and a pack of hyenas
Scavenger huntin, ain't no time for frontin
Brothers in the street with nothin
Always tryin to take somethin from somebody
They usually pray on the week,
sacrifice a life cuz somehow they gotta eat

No regrets when actin out threats
It's a different world when growin up inside the Projects
Outsiders get hawked by night riders
You bound to get game in a world full of liars
You gotta stand firm on shaky grounds
Yo Chauncey, break it down for Da Brown

Chorus 3X