

Brownsville (Hwarang Wondah)

M.O.P.

[Incomprehensible], mother fucking M.O.P. way
Mother fucking M.O.P. way, mother fucking M.O.P. way
Mother fucking M.O.P. way, mother fucking M.O.P. Brownsville's the place where crews seem the livest
Cops get knocked down, body counts only risin'
Them streets look full to ya, villains look poor to ya
Them niggas'll slaughter ya For your goose Nautica, you got jewels?
Stash 'em, son, 'cause there's a thousand niggas broke
And we all got guns
And you know what that means Niggas be open like they smokin' caffeine
Lookin' to do a quick stick, move and swift
With your [Incomprehensible] on your hip, ready to flip
Whenever you empty your grip, dip And get the fuck up out of Dodge
That's if you know, what's up, kid?
Niggas is gettin' Mandela time
Plus the crackers is corrupted But then you got them clockers down at 73rd
That was drug associated since the 70's, word
It's kinda skeptic
Livin' these crazy ways unprotected Every day is a jam
So expect the unexpected, crime time
1-718, Brownsville, Brooklyn
The housin' property be gettin' token So we're intended
Be under pressure, gettin' blackmailed
Villains usin' their dealings
Makin' killings of crack sales The theme song of murder, nobody's kiddin'
These fools are forbidden, automatics just be spittin'
And devastatin' and profound, you get lumped up
Soon as you jump up or get gunned down in Brownsville Brownsville, Brownsville
Brownsville, Brownsville
Brownsville, Brownsville
Brownsville, Brownsville Young punks got guns, now that's a damn shame
Everybody claim they represent and do they thing
[Incomprehensible] totin' in cases, hard to believe
The firin' squad'll throw your whole borough under siege Beyond twin chrome and farmers
Nigga, it's Billy Danze
And when I'm double clutchin' my hands
Them fuckers won't jam So my man, if your seekin' an advance to your grave
It's the land of the 'Drama Lord'
And the home of the fuckin' brave
It's hard to trust us 'cause it's mad ruckus We toe tax with mufflers for small time hustlers

It's blue steel concealed under my sweater
To calm down whoever, Duke, I move clever
I must keep it steppin' hops when shit be gettin' hot I step and bop while I stroll with my weapon cocked
The hill that's real, we kill at will
Clack-clack, clack-clack, clack-clack
Mad guns in your grill in the 'Ville Brownsville, Brownsville
Brownsville, Brownsville
Brownsville, Brownsville
Brownsville, Brownsville Brownsville, yeah, killings here only bring retaliation
No cryin', see dying's an everyday thing, swing
25 niggas down by my battlegrounds
I'll move in with 8 thugs that love bustin' rounds You know the deal
In my streets your heater be ready to blaze
Keep cash in your stash in case you gotta be Swayze
For twistin' a nigga cap back That's that work of M.O.P., who we be? Firing squad of 11233
Clack-clack, whole clips in your back
That's thug style, turnin' a small section of Brooklyn
Into the O.K. Corral Now, news flash, razorfied lead, one grazed Ted
Two paralyzed, three dead
Gunmen fled the scenery
With heavy automatic machinery Niggas ain't got nothing to lose
And yo it seems to be I'll nigga
Kill or be killed in the 'Ville, nigga
All up and down Mother Gaston, they blatin' steel Blow your stacks and chips in A.C.'s with rims
We be livin' good with a Mac and black Tims
Keep this in mind and they might not find you in the river
With the next guy that fly shit that Brownsville deliver, nigga Brownsville, Brownsville
Brownsville, Brownsville
Brownsville, Brownsville
Brownsville, Brownsville [Incomprehensible]

Songwriters

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