

# 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 liveliest  
Cops get knocked down, body counts only risin'  
Them streets look full to ya, villains look poor to ya  
Them niggas'll slaughter yaFor 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 meansNiggas 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, dipAnd 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 corruptedBut 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 unprotectedEvery day is a jam  
So expect the unexpected, crime time  
1-718, Brownsville, Brooklyn  
The housin' property be gettin' tokenSo we're intended  
Be under pressure, gettin' blackmailed  
Villains usin' their dealings  
Makin' killings of crack salesThe 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 BrownsvilleBrownsville, Brownsville  
Brownsville, Brownsville  
Brownsville, Brownsville  
Brownsville, BrownsvilleYoung 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 siegeBeyond twin chrome and farmers  
Nigga, it's Billy Danze  
And when I'm double clutchin' my hands  
Them fuckers won't jamSo 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 ruckusWe 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' hotI 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 'VilleBrownsville, Brownsville  
Brownsville, Brownsville  
Brownsville, Brownsville  
Brownsville, BrownsvilleBrownsville, 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' roundsYou 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 backThat'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. CorralNow, news flash, razorfied lead, one grazed Ted  
Two paralyzed, three dead  
Gunmen fled the scenery  
With heavy automatic machineryNiggas 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 blastin' steelBlow 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, niggaBrownsville, Brownsville  
Brownsville, Brownsville  
Brownsville, Brownsville  
Brownsville, Brownsville[Incomprehensible]

#### Songwriters

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