Welcome To Brownsville

M.o.p.

[Intro]Ah here we go, here we go
I gotta go (ahahahaha)
Ehh, you motherf***ers (arhd)
Ehh, I just gotta dig on
Play my track
Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrr
[Teflon]Aha
City All
Yeah (oww)
4 life
Life, uh
[Chorus: Teflon]Ayo, it's all live nigga
But it's allright, one fine, fo' fine nigga
But it's all tight (gimme that!)
Where you from nigga? (that's right)
Make it real clear (clear!)
The ville (ville!) (that's right)
Here (Hell yeah!)
We still here
[Teflon]Another year scratchin'
But this time around, Loud that got down with the action
Nigga, y'all know what's happenin'
We full grown nigga
What you call Hell, we call home
So pack your fuckin' bags and move on nigga
Hostile takeover, still got the camp time
Lock and let this deal pop
I..take your place soldier
Nine years frontin', been a long time comin'
And you can bet your sweet ass to comin' from all my cousins
I'm a Brownsville slugger with a pound's where I slug ya
And them hounds will mug ya but the town still love ya
(Fi-Ayaaah!) get yours
Get raw, get pissed off
We trained them up to the big door
Train hard to get your cabin twist off
This tough law baby
But you still got to learn how to bust laws crazy
On a hilltop but you still got some rough dogs baby

It's all fundamental to hold guns and blow guns is a sin too
Welcome to Brownsville
[Chorus with variations][Lil Fame]
Whatever, whatever nigga
I grip it, cock it
Pop, pop, pop, pop it til your blood run
Hear the flood come now!
You niggaz just called amnesia
I should grap this bat and beat your ass into a seizure
[Teflon]Let 'em know who's real son
This ain't no luggage tight trippin'
M.O.P. first fam, slip the clippin' right
[Lil Fame]Heat up your chest and mind
Show your people flesh and blood
When I join the gun orgie with this forty-edged doe (OHH!)
I put it down with my niggaz from the dungeon
Since the day the pigeon coohs Kelly caught your free lunches
We hit the industry and straight send it for the hill
Ain't nothin' worse I spit it
Bitch, I did it for the Ville (C'MON!)
I'm from B-R-O-W-N-S-V-I-double L-E
What the fuck you gon' tell me?
This is the place where M.O.P. foundation was built
And some of the illest killaz was killed
[Chorus w/ variations][Billy Danze]Nigga, you witcha man the Danze now!
(SHOULD YOU BE ALARMED?!!) should you be alarmed?
You betta grease your palms, you betta grip your arms
And step lightly, I pop shots from both so don't intize me
It's the RETURN of the realest niggaz M.O.P. (FIRST FAMILY!)
Some of the world's illest niggaz
Guerilla niggaz with all intention to win
All intention to sin
It's on a pop and again nigga (Man, fuck M.O.P!)
Whoa Flip, he's just playin'
It's time for you's the man
Don't understand what he is sayin'
Maybe he don't see Manna P logo for they post it
Maybe he didn't know Shaq was back in double toasted
Ready to smoke crack (THE OL' BK WAY!)
We gentlemen tell em all goddamn day
Say what you wanna say about it but don't doubt it
I fill your face from eleven knocks, holes through the back
[Chorus w/ variations] 2x
Hahahaha
Arhhhhhhhhhh (nigga!)

Hahahaha (Shhhhhhhhhhh)
Hahaha
Nigga! (ow!)

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