

Welcome to Brownsville (feat. Tephlon)

M.O.P.

Ah here we go, here we go
I gotta go (ah ah ah aha)
Eh, you motherfuckers (ah)
Eh, I just gotta dig on
Play my track
BrrrAha
City all
Yeah (ow)
For life
Life, uhAyo, it's all live nigga
But it's alright, one fine, for 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 hereAnother 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 soldierNine 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
Get yours, get raw, get pissed off we trained them up to the big door
Train hard to get your cabin twist offThis 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 BrownsvilleWhatever, whatever nigga I grip it, cock it
Pop, pop, pop, pop it til your blood run
Hear the flood come now you niggas just called amnesia
I should grab this bat and beat your ass into a seizure
Let 'em know who's real son this ain't no luggage tight trippin'
M.O.P. first fam, slip the clippin' rightHeat up your chest and mind show your people flesh and blood
When I join the gun orgy with this forty-edged doe (oh)
I put it down with my niggas from the dungeon
Since the day the pigeon coos 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 be-are-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 killas was killed
Nigga, you with you man the dance 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 entice me
It's the return of the realest niggas M.O.P. (first family)
Some of the world's illest niggas
Guerrilla niggas 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
Ha ha ha ha
Arh (nigga)
Ha ha ha ha (Ssh))
Ha ha ha
Nigga (ow)

Songwriters

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