

# Brownsville

M.O.P.

Brownsville's the place where crews seem the livest  
Cops get knocked down body counts' only rising  
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 smoking caffeine  
Looking to do a quick stick, move, and swift  
With your \_ on your hip  
Ready to flip  
Whenever you empty your clip, dip  
And get the fuck up out of Dodge  
That's if you know what's up kid  
Niggas is getting 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  
Living these crazy ways unprotected  
Every day is a jam  
So expect the unexpected  
Crime time!  
1-718 Brownsville, Brooklyn  
The housing property be getting taken  
So we're intended  
Be under pressure getting blackmailed  
Villains using their dealings  
Making killings off of crack sales  
The theme song of murder  
Nobody's kidding,  
These fools are forbidden  
Automatics just be spittin'  
And devastating, and profound  
You get lumped up soon as you jump up  
Or get gunned down in Brownsville

Young bucks got guns  
(Now that's a damn shame)  
Everybody claim they represent and do they thing  
\_ toting in cases hard to believe  
The firing squad'll throw your whole borough under siege  
Beyond twin chrome and farmers  
Nigga it's Billy Danze  
And when I'm double clutching my hands  
Them fuckers won't jam  
So my man, if your seeking an advance to your grave  
It's the land of the drama lord  
And the home of the fucking 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 stepping, hops  
When shit be getting' 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! Clack Clack!  
Mad guns in your grill  
In the 'Ville

Brownsville! (Yeah)  
Killings here only bring retaliation  
No crying  
See dying's an everyday thing  
Swing 25 niggas down by my battlegrounds  
I'll move in with 8 thugs that love busting 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 twisting 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  
Turning a small section of Brooklyn  
Into the OK 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  
Ill nigga  
Kill or be killed  
In the 'Ville nigga  
All up and down Mother Gaston  
They blasting steel  
Blow your stacks and chips  
In AC's with rims  
We be living 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