

# Bobby Brown

Blu

Tell me what have I done  
To cause you grieving, baby

400 barbells ain't heavy as these  
I play my tape on them niggas, make heaven for G's  
Uh seven seas, we deeper with one speaker to run  
Your nuns either we done, we [?] from the bleachers  
You can see us we center in the arenas we winners  
Your bench? Need to suspend em throughout the season  
We [?]. gold boss you lost, stop competing we large  
We go hard seven days, you a weekend nigga uh  
Trying to link with niggas, trying to buy links with niggas uh  
Eat a link 'fore your teeth be in the sink nigga  
Niggas in sync like N-sync, with niggas, niggas  
Get your shit back in pocket, need a brinks, need a sweet  
Batch of beats and a million to compete  
From the west, need a bulletproof vest on the beach  
Bobby Brown

I used to like Madonna, now I like Fiona  
Swimming in Vienna, screaming Beni-Hana  
Not your kemo-sabe, know the Dalai Lama  
Sipping on Saki, chilling with your mama  
Growing marijuana, yes I am a farmer  
Breeding all these strains then I push it on the corner  
Uh the lonely stoner, put you in a coma  
Jim told me homie owe me 40 in the morning  
Pouring out a little liquor [?] for my dead folk  
Slice it with a sickle it's similar to the pen stroke  
I been broke but I make it [?] so let's go  
Trench coat all up in your end zone 10 strong  
Jumping on your chest til your head blown up  
Clutch keep your mouth sewn shut  
Bobby Brown

I've been known to clown around, hang around underground spitters  
It's time y'all keep an eye on the kid like babysitters

Oh, the major league heavy hitters; grand slamming  
Look I was getting bored with this game; backgammon  
I'm back blam-blamming, they keep pulling me back in  
Oh, Inglewood's finest minus the mac-10, No  
All I need is my mind I'm fine I'ma clap [?]  
Toss him inside a coffin, talking like they want action  
Nah, they don't want it, what for?  
It sucks for, rappers after us 4 we bust raw  
Rocking for heads like Mt. Rushmore, that's what all the fuss for  
Heavy on the track, train niggas how to rap  
Get it? Nah they won't get it til they wig splitted, dummies  
Walking round rocking that Gumby  
Bobby Brown

All beef disintegrates when we create the masterpiece  
Fire up competition like digits to blast the heat  
Cause in my presence y'all peasants and I'm your majesty  
Y'all court jesters of this industry it's sad to see  
I lay my game down cause shit just ain't the same now

Refuse to be devoured got soul power like James Brown  
Mad cause I came round, rocked spots in your same town  
After we hit the stage, no one recalls your name now  
The world's my playground, economy's in recess  
The policy is respect, we clowning all the rejects  
If this shit was a game then you'd probably press the reset  
Schooling on this console and I ain't reach my peak yet  
Yeah I hear talking but all I'm hearing is weak threats  
I can't take all the credit cause y'all niggas in deep debt  
Bobby

Tell me what have I done  
To cause you grieving  
And make you wanna leave me this way