

Firing Squad

M.O.P.

Firing Squad
Aint no tellin what they might do
Firing Squad
Yo them niggas will invite you
Firing Squad
To the battlefields so they can wipe you
Firing Squad
That's them niggas that don't like you

Everybody hit the floor, "aw shit not again", don't flinch
All F A T emcees lay the bench
You rock jewels, we just cruise on your maggot ass
Now make a move and we'll squeeze tools at your faggot ass
Now, guess who's, back in the place, "kid I missed M.O.P."
Hey I'm sorry you had to wait G
In '93 you barely heard us in the crowd
So we eject from select, and now our shit is bumpin loud
Firing Squad, back on the case
To school ya, turnin more boys to men than the great Luke Dubra
BOOYAH! Do ya, plan to, stand and prove
Remember I got love for only a handful
That's [Danze] architechting the game plan
To bust down the doors, I've already smacked the shit out your main man
I don't think you want no static C
Automatically, automatic G's, bump somethin

Count your blessings, just mount your Smith & Wessons in a hurry
The more grounds I cover the more brothers to worry
Everlasting, got a certified passion for blasting
Ass I'ma never show guns but I'm still an assassin
Yes some say my rap's about to crack the afterburn
From out the first, send the whole entire earth into a blackout
Here's the facts about my M.O.P. click
We get down, roll in deep waters we drown niggas 'll leave 'em sensin
Yo let it be known, we own the walks
Up on the hill we own the thrones, we own the parks
For real, we own the low sharks
Niggas practice what they preach and back with what they reach wit
The ill part is on the mic I be kickin the freak shit
Set it, violators get beheaded, rumors we dead it
Amazing how we plays, close the show, and roll the credits
It's over, straight from Saratoga, said these niggas beter recognize
We exercise, our lyric, something deadly

[Take it to the streets] Watch niggas collapse
Perhaps, we could bust raps or bust caps
This is, ghetto how we in it, and if it's beef
You tell me and Billy will go to war like it's Valiance
Once I catch ya, I'm guranteed I got ya
Duke, I bet ya, you leave this piece on a stretcher
Aint nothing to kid about
I put one in your wig and bounce
Leave the rest for the all time C to figure out
Now, who's that nigga that's tryin to take my spot
New jacks in rap must pay dues before they rock
Yo I run shit like Mr. Hoppa, because I pop up
And I rip raps like crackheads strip copper

Partner, it's bug, fake thugs gon get no love
You could easily get got by hot sinking slugs
Nigga what, I take your pride and slide
And turn you rap cipher, into a motherfucking homicide