

Move Something

M.O.P.

"Aaaaaaaah... I told you motherfuckers.
Now what the fuck is going on?
You done started a war here now it's on here."

Lil Fame speaks: All for this bowl. (Uh) You know what I mean.
Bizzy Womack back up in this motherfucker. (Firing Squad, nigga.)
No I ain't went nowhere, nigga. Fucking with the best.
(Oh yeah, to the death.) Stare into the same ?marked ass?
(Firing Squad, nigga.) I know what the fuck I'm talking about.
(Go 'head, nigga, go ahead, go 'head nigga)

Ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare
You done started a war here, now its on (YEAH)
What the fuck, NIGGA?
You thought you was gonna slide, you gon' run a muck, NIGGA
I'ma make you feel like you got hit by a truck, NIGGA
I pluck herbs like birds, then I brainwash em
Watch Fame squash em
Look what I brought to ya
And when I'm gone do ya
Slugs run through ya, HALLELUJAH
Keep deep focus, the locust of war raps
Hard Fizzy Womack
Set it off like them for Bronx
(Borrow lives!) Roll this thug
(Sorrow lives!) Hold his slug
Bruisin niggaz, but it hurts to lose a nigga (Its bug!)
Anaconda, wanna take me under
For jealousy, Goddamn yo it makes me wonder
But the path I follow been blessed
From my certificate of like, to my. certificate of death

Billy Danze: You gotta, do something, move something
Try to make that shit more (Live for your dogs!)
Lil Fame: Cause ain't nobody gonna rock that shit
If it ain't got that raw (Vibe for your dogs!)

I bring this whole motherfucking world to a standstill
William Danz-ini don't you know this man will?
(Move on em!) D-yea take action
(Step to em!) Straight blasting
Ghetto predator slash retarded motherfucker
Enables me to be one cold-hearted motherfucker
Start it motherfucker (Come on) I leave no traces
(Come on) Run up, I blow your ass back seven paces
(Feel the pressure as we step in the place.)
Pump one in your face
(Blow) Ain't nobody gonna see me, believe me
One of them guys that specialize in (master illusions)
Vanishing in the wind
After committing a sin
Then, I'm laying low till another day
As for your crew, I send them to you when I come through at the wake
(That's right!) Them promise to always roll with you

So nigga I'ma send they soul with you
Get the fuck outta here!

Straight for casters
For full blasters
Survivors that dealt with disaster
Master the plans that twist YA
Cocks back, dismiss ya
Aroused by this too-down militant militia
Listen, niggaz tend to think your soft when you rap
And that will provoke Fame to busting a cap
You can't hide from death
(Nah!) You'll be found with your neck in a noose
stripped for you life, hung form ?scratch?

Billy Danze: Now if I step up in your chest
(Give you cardiac arrest!)
Convert you into a mess
(You been blessed!)
(Damn!) I don't waste time
I bust mine
To splatter ya
First of all, your small, your not even my calibre
(So get up in they ass!)
Niggaz, taking blasts
(Aiyo lets take it to they ass!)
Son, we gotta do this right
(The Marksmen) From the Marx'
Lettin to ?Burner? Park, hot slugs
Leave you so called thugs laying in junk
(bow, bow, bow, bow, bow, bow, bow, bow)

Spoken: Ha ha! Come on. Firing Squad, nigga.
What'd ya say? What, what, what'd ya say?
What, what, what ya say? What ya say?
Goddamn in the mourning, nigga. Come on, ha ha!
(Vibe for your dogs) Salute! (See you when I see you) [beat fades out]