

# Riding Through

M.O.P.

Geah! Who got the weed up in this motherfucker man?  
(You already know what it is nigga) Yo yo whattup M.O.?  
(The world's famous, M.O.P.!!)

Look I got Brooklyn on my back when I'm (riding through)  
Niggaz better know how to act when I'm (riding through)  
Steady hittin the 'gnac when I'm (riding through)  
And I'm broke back in the 'llac when I'm (riding through)

The hood throwin it up when we (riding through)  
Ain't nuttin changed, +Ante Up+ when we (riding through)  
Whether the slums or the burbs we (riding through)  
Plenty birds on the curb when we (riding through)

Let me enlighten you motherfuckers on my conspiracy theory  
THEY GOT US STUCK IN A BOTTLE so y'all can't hear me  
THEY SAID THE HOMEY'S A PROBLEM that's just so y'all can fear me  
And never break bread with this family who take care of me  
Just keep in your head (SHALL WE BANG) dude we bang too  
Don't make me pick up my shit and spit, none of these flames at you  
(WE BREATHEIN EASY) That's right, that's the thang to do  
(WE KEEP IT GREASY) and we ride like the Rangers do  
Dude believe me, the gangsters that I'm bringin through  
Is down to bang a dude, maybe even hang a dude  
Maybe even bring you to a town full of vultures  
And cobras, and these niggaz'll cut yo' ass homey  
And the way we do our thang is somethin like a magic trick  
You might wanna get in line or get killed in this faggot shit  
You faggot bitch! Nigga you done got all flossy and glossy  
And that's where you lost me (son)  
And plus you ridin with this God damn  
It's like the kind of brokenest niggaz infected your frame  
(IT'S THE LEGENDARY M.O.P.) back with the heat y'all  
(IT'S THE LEGENDARY M.O.P.) back for the streets y'all

[Chorus 1]

[Lil' Fame:]

I'm screamin out BK all day when we (riding through)  
You don't want the Marxmen to collide with'chu  
I dump five at you and wouldn't give a fuck who see me  
I get it poppin like J.D., dancin for Whodini  
Ain't nuttin +Jive+ about that  
All that is 1-5-fo'-5 about that  
Nigga you with me (THROW IT UP) for the world's most dangerous niggaz  
From the Marx, Fizzy Wo' the orc, slingin my tomahawk  
I sling 'em a couple of slugs and let the llama spark  
At your tough ass, get the fuck from 'round here with that kind of talk  
This is Brook-Nam nigga and I'm Mo' P'd up  
G'd up, dude gon' fuck around and get beat up  
Cause you treed up, intoxicated off the alcohol  
Homey my niggaz ain't worried 'bout y'all  
Cause when it's on we gon' ride for the cause  
And spit more than 16 at yo' ass and we ain't talkin 'bout bars

[Chorus 2: Redman, Lil' Fame]

Half the Brick's on my back when I'm (riding through)

Niggaz better know how to act when I'm (riding through)  
Steady hittin the 'gnac and I'm (riding through)  
High as hell in the 'llac and I'm (riding through)

The hood throwin it up when we (riding through)  
Ain't nuttin changed, +Ante Up+ when we (riding through)  
Whether the slums or the burbs we (riding through)  
Plenty birds on the curb when we (riding through)

[Redman:]

Yeah, yo

Redman got the sour diesel, haze and blunts  
I move the crowd when I'm wavin the pump (yo let 'em know nigga)  
Yo, my Timbs'll fuck your gators up  
You'll leave the hospital braided up (from the fo' nigga)  
Yo, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it, you doubt it, dial it  
Fuck the alarm, Doc cause a power outage  
Many men wanna test, bring a thousand dollars  
Watch 'em, flip over a hundred miles an hour  
Pop my collar, DAMN NIGGA, Doc a rider  
Grab two hoes, then I'm hasta manana  
Lil' Fame got the llama  
I play Paulie from Sopranos, Billy I'm about the drama  
Who said Redman don't, be in the hood?  
I'm true to the game, nigga I bet Terry would!  
I'm very good on the mic, you barely hood  
So it's only right nigga, you +Ante Up+  
YO FIRST FAMILY! (What?) When I'm riding through  
I keep a shotgun nigga about the size of you  
Brick City ain't poppin? We lied to you  
It's like livin with ten niggaz, hide your food

[Chorus 2]

[Outro: Redman]

Yeah, M.O.P.

Them some hard ass niggaz nigga  
Gilla House, Brick City to Brook-Nam fools  
YEAH!  
The first time I bumped into M.O.P., and shit  
I was broke as hell and I ain't even come out with an album yet  
I was drivin my moms little Chevette, and shit  
And I knew, Scoob Lover and shit and Scrap Lover  
And I bumped into Scrap Lover, in New York  
Drivin around the Coca Cabana and shit  
I was dolo, and he ran to the Chevette like he had beef  
With somebody in the club  
So he jumped in, like yo, and he brought his lil' man with him  
And he was a rider, and that was Lil' Fame!  
And we drove around the block and shit  
Back around to the club, and uh Scrap Lover jumped out  
Started buckin in the air like WHO WANNA JUMP ME NOW?  
Cause I think some niggaz tried to jump him  
And Lil' Fame was in the back squattin with the hammer  
Ready to let loose, and we ain't even know each other from door!  
Then he came out with M.O.P.  
That's how I knew they were some hard ass niggaz  
That shit was real  
AND THEN THEY STARTED GETTIN PAPER - DAMN!