

Roll Call

M.O.P.

In the year 2000...
{M-O-P} still bangin
{Firing Squad!}
{The last generation...}
Hey, hey, hey, hey
All right let me brake it down one for time for you
You motherfuckers
Yo Primo hold me down son, cuz we ain't playin no motherfuckin games

Fuck the East Coast, this is N.Y., N.Y.
N-I-N-E, make niggas M-I-A
And I spray a, it's Fizzy Womack truck
Bitch don't get in my way
Fuck the jail faces, I leave your body for the homicide to trace
Fight along with the shell aces
Holler if you hear me
I turn your head into a skeleton skull
And leave it hollow if you hear me
I keep it funky, understand me son
I rock my Timb's untied, I don't plan to run
Niggas see Lil' Fame creep thru the back street
With my aluminum ass whoopa in the back-seat
What the fuck is this? Your Van Damme flick, that's cute
But I'm hear to fuck up your day do
Yes (yes) yes (yes) yo
I step to my backwood to brown face and start clippin

International, bell ringer, ruckus bringer
Downtown swinga, SS Thousand, my index finger
We here with the whole squad, First Family empire
Fizzy Womack (clack-clack) reportin for Roll Call
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Bert Dog (Bucka-Blaow) reportin for Roll Call

Yo, what if I leave you, will you stand?
B-I-Double L-Y-D-A-N-Z-E (Danze)
Back with a vengeance, listen Mr. Simmer
Before I throw copper tops through the back of your skimmer
Y'all niggas remember, 1-9-9-3 (M-O-P) what it's goin be
Just make it loud and clear
Come here nigga, I can't hear nigga
I'm deaf in one ear nigga (yeah nigga)
You cowards are pathetic, if you wonderin if I'm sympathetic
Don't bet it, you should give me a little credit
I grew up where it's equivalent to none (none)
Wit blood in my palm (palm), I walk wit my arms (arms)
Hellerin marksmen (uh-huh), in the dark and the punks sparkin & barkin
At ease soldier, it's the untouchable type, that you like
We burn pipes, it's over

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I rip ya body on a Nagamichi system
Nigga feel me, I want my goons
Straight bumpin the tunes of Makaveli
Headed to Queens kid, bumpin some mean shit
Bumps thumps on the side of me, smokin some green shit
(First Faaaaaaaam) Feel the premonition son
We heavy metal, what's your love? (Ghetto prisoners)
Racka (bung-bung) Racka (bung-bung) rrrrrrrrrrrrrracka, motherfucker

Aiyo we live by the code of the streets
Move wit our peeps
Since it's hard to eat, we hardly sleep
I put my life on the line every step of the way
It's for a good cause (for you and yours) of course
Okay, now that we establish that
Nigga where the fuck that money at
I know you got it, and I want it Jack
Just give me half of that
Take the other half and get yourself another pack
And I'll be back for that

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