Rugged Neva Smoove

(4x) It's the Mash Out Posse Rugged neva smooth M fuckin O fuckin P on the move

The M.O.P.'s about to run this you couldn't shun this I'm leavin rappers with the dumbness Because I got no feelings, I done this Takin you propers, we comin right And now we gotta (take money money) Yeah, you motherfuckin right Lil' Fame's removin MC's like terpentine Droppin that shit that MC's couldn't search and find Not even if you was a golddigger I'm a bad - nah! let me chill Yo Bill, hold me down, nigga

M fuckin O fuckin P keep it rugged Herbs can't touch it, and a real nigga got to love it Ain't nuttin changed, it's Billy and Lil' Fame Still bustin your brain Yeah! doin the thang thang Home team keepin it phat How about some hardcore? (Yeah! we like it raw) here is more of that Don't be amazed if you're left in a daze M.O.P. is in the place, so you chumps best behave

-chorus-

I'm ready and all for you niggaz that wanna get it on Cause when we get it on, only competators is gettin torn Straight up and down, that was for all em niggas With your gang truce, or whatever the fuck you call em, nigga Rappers, I rip em in half, they can't get with math Or the ruggedness niggaz be bumpin on the ave So get the cash out, I put your glass out Throw the trash out, niggaz fuck with us, you catch a mash out They can't fuck with that shit that we be droppin on it Hardcore, got your mama hippin and hoppin on it And once a nigga make a record Bitches be like: fuck Mystic, they get this dick and go naked Billy Danze pass the smoke and I ain't gonna smoke till I choke I'ma smoke till I croak I call niggaz bluff when I puff the lala Then I put niggaz to rest like boom bye bye When I snap will I get busy, kid? (no doubt) When I rap do I get busy, kid? (no doubt) Is M.O.P. knockin motherfuckers out? (no doubt) Is it raw? (yeah!) so what the fuck them niggaz talk about? Don't have me jack or disrespect sumthin The M.O.P. make a nigga wanna wreck sumthin Because we show em and prove that the M.O.P. is the move We keep it rugged neva smooth

Aiyo! let's take it to they ass kid! Nah - gained while we came We're international, niggaz know the name I'm Billy Danze (plow!) I'm mad loud (plow!) I represent the 1-5-4 fuckin 5 It's M.O.P., and you know we stay strapped So when you bustin, motherfucker, we'll be bustin back I gotta hip grip if you wish, cause I'm swift I'm bugged, you can catch a slug from my Smith I put herbs out of they myseries And a lotta niggaz in hip hop with props cant't get with me I had my name ever since I was a little kid For all the ill Hill shit I done did I've been down for years and years to come The nigga that you're hearin ain't the motherfuckin one Now if you're real, motherfuckers, please stand (Clack clack! salute!) clack clack! salute, it's Mr. Billy Danze I realize, that real guys will take a look at our size But there's more than what meets your eyes From Monday through motherfuckin Sunday M.O.P. will be bringin that motherfuckin gunplay