

# Roc La Familia

M.O.P.

Ha! Yeah, welcome the newest addition to the Roc  
M.O.P. (BK!) Yes, yessss  
Most unstoppable record label on the planet  
(Get the fuck up nigga) R.O.C., The Dynasty  
Yessssss

It's the M.O.P. "Calm Down" First La Familia  
Bang it out with the R.O.Cafe  
Air La Familia - get famil-iar  
Pop him pop him and drop him drop him until he drown  
We are, beyond, phenomenon, from Brook-Nam  
First niggaz to make hip-hop her-on  
Like a song featuring 'Pac, Biggie and The Pope  
But my name is on the Walk of Fame like Bob Hope  
Baby pah, I am the two-thousand and Dre say  
CRAZY, baby Malik, dub-oh-izzm, izzay  
She came you faggots (send 'em out)  
with a semi, and loop to 'matic like, FOOM  
Then hop in the truck  
like what the fi-dduck, sounds bump like  
BOOM, BOOM, BOOM  
It's the First Fam, laugh at y'all nigga, home peace

And I'm thee, M-E, fresh out of the start  
M-B 'til I dizzie, high when I re-side  
I pop, pop, pop; nigga go against the Roc  
I'll make his heartbeat stop  
Them from Saratoga, me from Far Rockaway  
Moved up in Marcy but never put the glock away  
I reps, my, set  
Shit I'm no Blood or Cuz, I make cuz lose blood  
Talk anything, I pop it fast  
Talk about clothes I done popped some tags  
Talk about dram', I done popped the gat  
You can talk about hoes I done popped them pads  
Like G to get up in it, let my niggaz live a minute  
Let you niggaz breathe a minute now you can't sleep a minute  
Cause it's easy, dawg, back in this bitch  
No peace talk nigga, it's on in this bitch

Well it's the S, T, A-T-E  
P-R-O-P, E-R  
T, Y, State Property nigga  
We knockin nigga, ain't no stoppin nigga  
First a S.P. flick then the S.P. stitched it  
Must admit, since a playpen gifted  
And ain't no tellin what the car tune net gross  
You characters like Cartoon Network  
Nigga what you dumb high? I wring your neck like Spongebob  
Go get your sets dripped cause son dry  
Nigga get your crumb snatched, I ain't dumb keep the M-1  
with the fully matty thug latch, get a lung 'laxed  
Yes Crack, the official shit is back  
Who else can rep the heartbeat whistles of a Mac  
like brrack, brrack, brrack, be in the street  
like a pistol in the pack, in position with the gat

Uhh! Beans, give me that thang, shit is lookin strange  
These young motherfuckers think it's a game  
(Shorty hide ya chain) I'm on tour, I sold shit  
that hang from a rope when I spit it's goin through 'em  
Now that's whassup; I don't give a fuck  
about what set you throwin up - I'm from the 'Ville  
where we fire, fire, fire  
With intention to kill and burn down yo' entire empire f'real  
The word on the street, you're sweet  
The toughest shit in your ruggedest song is the beat  
You irrelevant ass nigga  
You pro-fessional, bi-sexual, dilettante ass nigga  
(Get ready to blast nigga) If not, take flight  
Say M.O., think O, and get it right  
Cause when the "Warriorz" come through, you're low  
See me B-I-double-L-Y D-A-N-Z-ini I'm gone

It's the R-O-C Cafe, y'knahmean?  
M.O.P., Billy Danze, you slept, y'knahmean?  
Memph Bleek, Young and Mack, y'knahmean?  
Get back, y'knahmean? Get clapped, y'knahmean?

Crack! Young! Gunz! Geah!  
(And the question is) {That's it that's all}  
You gotta love it  
(What exactly) It's the O.G.  
(Did you niggaz expect?) Young  
Ride out, ride out (Fitzroy)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, uh