

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