

## 4 Alarm Blaze

M.O.P.

Seventy-five  
Raised on a strip called here brotha hill  
Where guns pop and cops get killed  
This is the place where paranoya  
Destroyin' niggas cash cases mo' try to flash they lawyers  
We're losin' it  
Four fives and knives we be movin' wit  
Caught up in the things that the street game confused you wit  
We're provin' it  
Let it be known if retaliation  
Home-skillet - it's on  
That rap nigga bust a cap nigga flat nigga  
Open up your back nigga Rosewood black nigga  
First family gone brawl  
It's president's resident, and I'm the first dog  
You know the M.O.P status  
In the history of crime and rap we some the baddest  
Word to the mommy  
Any fool try me  
Get hit wit the Llama  
Fuck cuminana

Chorus - Teflon and Lil' Fame: 2X

It's a4 alarm blaze  
Everybody post up next to the stage  
Come on  
You're all welcome to hell's roadway  
First family style  
Buck ass wild  
What ya say

Billy Danze:

Get ya man on the jack soldier  
Grip your mac soldier  
FIRST FAMILY  
We're back soldier  
And we have swam through the Brownsville sewers  
The last on the line of our kind CRIME DO'ERS  
Burkowitz MOB STYLE  
Spit fire from my hammer like I wasn't God's child  
Crucify me - but don't deny me  
Or get slit bitch you couldn't slip nothin' by me  
Try me and I'll pop shots like I'm supposed to  
I'm from the field where the covers are unnoticable  
I've noticed a few niggas wantin' my head  
Used my smarts and my secret all are firin' lead (Fire ya lead)  
With all intentions of droppin' a body  
I'm usually nervous so I'm flinchin' when I enter the party  
THE BROWNSVILLE NECTAR  
That bullshit  
Just when you thought it was safe I flipped and hit 'em wit more shit

Chorus 2X:

Teflon:

Introducin' the best kept secret  
It's no sweet shit I sleep wit green beret  
Blaze enemies frequent  
I speak wit authority  
(Black) Perhaps through four to be  
Cap quarterly blazed till it's quiet and orderly  
The gunsmoke make son soak  
The smoke run through the barrel until the gun choke  
Raised cold-hearted and deadly  
Survive wit a nickel-plated tool and jewels old-timer done fed me  
Keep my grip steady  
Squeeze till they drop off  
Make sure all other guns are popped off as heavy  
Blowin some high-tech shit  
Through your projects  
Makin' whatever was in my way easy to di-tect  
I wrecks guys  
Over money gone Saratoga son be in a Columbian necktie  
We don't respects by  
Half-ass niggas  
Blast niggas  
Gas niggas who won't ''last  
The sect die

All: 2X

Just when you thought it was safe  
The mashed out posse hit you off wit another taste  
Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh ) Uh (Uh)  
Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah)

Jay-Z:

Yeah, uh-huh, what the fuck  
Two asked quick for bastards to step to  
Leave wounds too drastic for rescue  
When I rock jewels it ain't to impress you  
What the fuck niggas commentin on my shit fo'  
I'm real - how you think I got rich ho?  
Pack steel - ain't afraid to let a clip go  
I got enough paper to get low  
Come back when the shit blow over get the dough over  
Huh wit the Rover snatch the gat from the clip holder  
Rip through ya shoulder bitch it's Jay-hovah  
I'm too right wit it, too tight wit it  
You light witted but if you're feel ya nice nigga spit it  
Who am I?  
JAY-Z motherfucker  
Do or die  
IN BROWNSVILLE motherfucker  
Blocka, rocka, M.O.P collabo  
Front on us and gats blow ya know?

Chorus: 2X