

Breakin' the Rules

M.O.P.

Yeah, check it out y'all. Firing Squad, nigga. (First Family)
Yeah, Firing Squad, nigga. Check it out. (First Family)

The name's Bill (What up Bill?)
I'ma semi-automatic addict for real
Before you test me
Know I feel that the impact from a gat when it kicks back is sexy
I put you motherfuckers back on the ?rip?
Tip and get the split in a nigga's shit
(Ain't nothin changed) I take you motherfuckers back to ?6
And get to dumpin off a clip
(You know the game) You wanna test me? (You gotta)
Let your time be, there's a long line of niggas that's ready to wrong
me, I put my foot down firmly
Stick the nose of my gun in some shit that don't concern me
And most dudes don't like the way I rap
The brown-skinned cat with a helluva fast step, yep
Berkuance, (Retreat!)
I would never be disconnected from these streets
Its deep, as the (ocean!) and my (potion!)
Is to (know when!) to spit fire, nigga *echoes*
The rules of the motherfucking game

Ref: DJ Premier (M.O.P.)

Here it is: ghetto music (ROCK THAT!)
When it drop, if its proper (COP THAT!)
Cause some cats be fakin the move
In other words, breakin the rules! (STOP THAT!)
We make ghetto music (ROCK THAT!)
When it drop, if its proper (COP THAT!)
Cause some cats be fakin the move
In other words, breakin the rules!

Make way, bitch, I'm coming through
I'm Fizzy Wo dog, who the fuck are you?
Y'all niggas be, listenin to that false information
Here your ?-ation
Thugs know home team from the BK and move niggas
Run with them guns bust off like John Woo
Try to sabatoge the game, I'ma start somethin
Try to sabatoge my name, I'ma start dumpin!
Why do fucking motherfuckers act like y'all don't be known?
Fizzy Wo, nigga, going for broke
So when you low, come and hit you with something that gigantic
Automatic and will make your ship sink like the Titanic
Now that I know, that you against me
And you *click*, you *click*, you against me, too
Tell his man, to tell his man, work out another master plan
Cause I'ma blast a man, what?

Ref:

Allow me to express my deepest sympathy
To the family of the cat, that, was hit with the penalty
I begged him not to fuck with me (I tried)
He didn't listen

So they found his ass missin
Put my barrel in the back of his mouth
And knocked his head out do or dead, now
Cold, he actually thought I would fold
So I tore him a new hole, word to nigga's soul!

When I jump off, or I dump off, about eight rounds
Holdin my spot down, I'ma knock down, about eight clowns
Nigga, don't you ever fuck around
With the four-pound token
Bonified thugster (what!) Brownsville slugger
Ex-mugger, for your knucka, bucka, bucka
Bitch motherfucker! (Fuck ya)
You musta bought a ? in the heart
Flinch and I'ma tear your ass apart
Come on, straight like that, nigga

Firing Squad, nigga. Ha-ha-hah. Hundred years and runnin. Yeah, one of
my motherfuckin men, Flipper the Ripper. Y'know what I'm sayin, my
nigga City, Teflon. Firing Squad, nigga. For life *echoes* Yeah
*echoes.
beat to fade