

# Fire

M.O.P.

[Intro]

Yeahhhhhhhhhhh! Firing Squad  
(You motherfuckers get up) Back in the motherfuckin  
(You motherfuckers get up!) Dungeon, nigga  
(Get up nigga! GET THE FUCK UP!)  
(FI-YAHHHHHHH) HeheheheHEHE, geah!  
Get in yo' ass nigga  
Firing Squad huh? Let's go, let's go, let's go!  
(FI-YAHHHHHHH) M dot, O dot, P dot, we got  
Nigga! Do, flippa[?], uh, ohh

[Verse One: Billy Danze]

Excuse me, I'm here to earn a mere buck or two  
It's Bill Diggy niggy, who the fuck are you?  
Nigga where yo' soldiers at? Dem vultures you ride with?  
The niggaz you coincide with, you don't wanna collide with  
(M!) Exclude them, they already know the name  
They already know the game, they already know we flame  
{FI-YAHHHHHHH} It's tricky, they put 'em in boots  
And camoflauged suits, and they still can't get wit me  
I'm wicked, look at the way I rip it  
I'm off-balance, I'm mentally challenged, but I'm gifted  
(IT'S ON YOU!) You know how we do  
I'll get at yo' crew, with a little twenty-two (hahahahaHA!)  
The question is - where the fuck it came from?  
Why the fuck you banged him, and who the fuck untamed him?  
And why can't they restrain him?  
There's somethin goin on with this kid  
Look in his eyes, he's angry and straight spittin

[Chorus: M.O.P.]

{FI-YAHHHHHHH} Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Nigga  
B-R, O, W-N-S-V, I-L-L-E, motherfucker we spittin  
{FI-YAHHHHHHH} Hahahahahaha!  
Cobra-ass nigga, NIGGA! (Yeah) NIGGA!

[Danze] Yo, let's go!

[Verse Two: Lil' Fame]

I have the mind, of a sick psychiatric  
{?} perish, with my tactic  
Terminate, act hell, I bust brain cells  
I'm international, my name rings bells  
So take the battle on the beach homeboy, this is a war  
Live nigga rap, straight from the Bricks, we got the raw  
Fuck a watered down rapper on your hot five at four  
We live from the crackhouse, push your money through the door  
This is (FI-YAHHHHHHH) we give a fuck about your rag  
You motherfuckers made New York look bad  
With all you gangsta-ass, Michael, gorillas recognize my M.O.  
Or bitch come see me, and Fizzy Wo'  
Nigga sixteen bars'll get you caught up - this ain't Mickey D's  
But fuck around, and I'll suicide your order  
Pop shit I'm poppin hollows in you niggaz 'tinue to serve  
When the Desert burn whoever's left on the menu  
First Fam', we don't start wars with you, but my dogs will  
Lock jaw with you, pop pop pop, [?] witchu

We get love in the cracks of the hood, and they need love  
So we just spit it back to the hood, motherfucker we spittin

[Chorus: M.O.P.]

{FI-YAHHHHHHHH} Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Nigga  
B-R, O, W-N-S-V, I-L-L-E, motherfucker we spittin  
{FI-YAHHHHHHHH} Get yo' ass up, nigga!  
What? What? What-what-what-what-what, ow, oh, AOWWWWWW

[Verse Three: Billy Danze]

What happened to the M.O. (P!) nigga we make history  
You don't know? Then find yo' ass on Unsolved Mystery  
When the gun blow (the gun blow rapidly)  
It's a twenty-one gun dispute when your troops, come after me  
You gotta be a thorough dude my borough rules, live motivators  
Fuck a driveby, we walk up, look you in yo' eye and dump

[Verse Four: Lil' Fame]

(FI-YAHHHHHHHH) And that's whassup, so nigga whattup?  
You know we reppin B-R, O, W-N-S-V, I-L-L-E, ho yeah!  
You know the motherfuckin style, my goons is wild  
We turn this whole, motherfucker into the OK Corral  
(So what it's gon' be bitch?) Nigga look into this  
What a ridiculous, conspicuous son of a bitch you is  
We was trainin, count your revolver shots when you pop 'em  
Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam! Blam!  
(BUKKA-BUKKA-BU-BUKKA DROP HIM!) We spittin

[Chorus: M.O.P.]

(FI-YAHHHHHHHH) Wha, whoo, wha, ha, ha, ha! Nigga  
B-R, O, W-N-S-V, I-L-L-E, motherfucker we spittin  
{FI-YAHHHHHHHH} Whoo! What, nigga?  
B-R, O, W-N-S-V, I-L-L-E, motherfucker we spittin

[Outro]

(FI-YAHHHHHHHH) HAHAHAHAHAHAAAA! Ride out nigga  
(It's the way of the world nigga) Yeah!  
Fall up out this bitch  
(Sopranos!) C'mon (Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!) [fades out]