

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-YAHHHHHHHH) HeheheheheHEHE, geah!
Get in yo' ass nigga
Firing Squad huh? Let's go, let's go, let's go!
(FI-YAHHHHHHHH) 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-YAHHHHHHHH} It's tricky, they put 'em in boots
And camoflaugue 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-YAHHHHHHHH} Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Nigga
B-R, O, W-N-S-V, I-L-L-E, motherfucker we spittin
{FI-YAHHHHHHHH} 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-YAHHHHHHHH) 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, AOWWWWW

[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) HAHAAHAHAHAHAHA! 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]