

# Firing Squad

M.O.P.

Firing Squad  
Aint no tellin what they might do  
Firing Squad  
Yo them niggas will invite you  
Firing Squad  
To the battlefields so they can wipe you  
Firing Squad  
That's them niggas that don't like you

Everybody hit the floor, "aw shit not again", don't flinch  
All F A T emcees lay the bench  
You rock jewels, we just cruise on your maggot ass  
Now make a move and we'll squeeze tools at your faggot ass  
Now, guess who's, back in the place, "kid I missed M.O.P."  
Hey I'm sorry you had to wait G  
In '93 you barely heard us in the crowd  
So we eject from select, and now our shit is bumpin loud  
Firing Squad, back on the case  
To school ya, turnin more boys to men than the great Luke Dubra  
BOOYAH! Do ya, plan to, stand and prove  
Remember I got love for only a handful  
That's [Danze] architechting the game plan  
To bust down the doors, I've already smacked the shit out your main man  
I don't think you want no static C  
Automatically, automatic G's, bump somethin

Count your blessings, just mount your Smith & Wessons in a hurry  
The more grounds I cover the more brothers to worry  
Everlasting, got a certified passion for blasting  
Ass I'ma never show guns but I'm still an assassin  
Yes some say my rap's about to crack the afterburn  
From out the first, send the whole entire earth into a blackout  
Here's the facts about my M.O.P. click  
We get down, roll in deep waters we drown niggas 'll leave 'em sensin  
Yo let it be known, we own the walks  
Up on the hill we own the thrones, we own the parks  
For real, we own the low sharks  
Niggas practice what they preach and back with what they reach wit  
The ill part is on the mic I be kickin the freak shit  
Set it, violators get beheaded, rumors we dead it  
Amazing how we plays, close the show, and roll the credits  
It's over, straight from Saratoga, said these niggas beter recognize  
We exercise, our lyric, something deadly

[Take it to the streets] Watch niggas collapse  
Perhaps, we could bust raps or bust caps  
This is, ghetto how we in it, and if it's beef  
You tell me and Billy will go to war like it's Valiance  
Once I catch ya, I'm guranteed I got ya  
Duke, I bet ya, you leave this piece on a stretcher  
Aint nothing to kid about  
I put one in your wig and bounce  
Leave the rest for the all time C to figure out  
Now, who's that nigga that's tryin to take my spot  
New jacks in rap must pay dues before they rock  
Yo I run shit like Mr. Hoppa, because I pop up  
And I rip raps like crackheads strip copper

Partner, it's bug, fake thugs gon get no love  
You could easily get got by hot sinking slugs  
Nigga what, I take your pride and slide  
And turn you rap cipher, into a motherfucking homicide