

Follow Instructions

M.O.P.

C'mon c'mon, c-c-c'mon!
Check it out now
All games aside, all lames aside
I'm a rebel, with all games combined
All things in line
I ain't heard of y'all, I'm from Murder March
One of the illest spitters with a verbal bark
Yo where your burners at?
Fizzy Wo' will raise the heat like a thermostat
Don't get the man vexed, you'll get scratched, pronto
Bill and Fame make magic like Premier and, Eddie Sancho
(Yo where you been kid?) I don't know, gettin ready for war
Parlayin with Ebony and Kwa
Foes wanna surround me with jealousy and war
But dem nah worry me, what you wan' bury me for?
I'm tired of fools askin me
if M.O.P. stand for "Monkeys On Parole"
And how many copies did the first album
"M.O.P.: To the Death" sold?
And if "How About Some Hardcore" went gold?
What up with these R&B cats nowadays
rockin doo-rags with braids (they fucked up now)
Singers wanna be gangsters, gangsters wanna be rappers
But Fizz is gonna be Famester, Famester's gonna be slapper
I been doin this pah
I done stuffed tissue in the top of a tape
just to record Marley Marl
(it's the firing squad) Yo (jump) yo (jump)
(first family) For the two (oh) oh (ohhhhhh)

Follow instructions! Crews, listen!
Who, is it? Move (bounce!)
First Family Move (bounce!)
Now here's what I want y'all to do, for me
Follow instructions! Crews, listen!
Who, is it? Move (bounce!)
First Family Move (bounce!)

Hey yo they stuck me in the line of fire, where everything is wild
I made twenty dollars, and they callin it a mistrial
Now I'm a suspect that play by his own rules
And most dudes can't fit in my shoes
The world needs to know it's only one William Danzini
You synthetic-ass niggaz can't see me (nope)
You plexiglass-ass niggaz can't be me
You generic-ass nigga won't believe me
(We've been trained by the old code)
Talk while you unload (???)
I try to keep it tight, but I can't sleep at night
cause I hear voices, and I get the blinky lights
I'm still sufferin from alcohol abuse
And any beef I ever had, I never called a truce
(Damn nigga you loose) I'm just me
I'm sick of tellin you dudes, so (what it's gon' be)
Who put them hammers to use now (M.O.P.)
It's what the ghetto produce yo (First Family)
I'm a predicate, you niggaz is delicate

All that bullshit you talkin is irrelevant
I am devil sent (blow em down)
All the way live motherfucker on some rebel shit
I make it tragic, when I rapdily (fire!!)
(buck buck buck buck buck buck) bastard!

Now here's what I want y'all to do, for me
Follow instructions! Crews, listen!
Who, is it? Move (bounce!)
First Family Move (bounce!)
Now here's what I want y'all to do, for me
Follow instructions! Crews, listen!
Who, is it? Move (bounce!)
First Family Move (bounce!)
Now here's what I want y'all to do, for me
Follow instructions! Crews, listen!
Who, is it? Move (bounce!)
First Family Move (bounce!)
Now here's what I want y'all to do, for me
Follow instructions! [F] Crews, listen!
Who, is it? Move (bounce!)
First Family Move (bounce!)
Now here's what I want y'all to do, for me

Follow instructions! .. (for me)
Follow instructions! .. (for me)
Follow instructions! ..

Hahahahaha, nigga! Nigga!
Hahahahaha..