

G-Boy Stance

M.O.P.

[Intro]

Yeah man, when I get old and shit
Hug my grandkids and shit, I'ma tell 'em
Yo, I was down with M.O.P.
(Yo guess what?) {AOWW!}

[Chorus: Lil' Fame]

I'm a G boy, standin in my G boy stance
Don't get it fucked up, I'm a grown-ass man
Same game nuttin changed we gon' do it like we used ta
Fo' my niggaz that can relate, Mo. P salute ya
SALUTE! Let's tear down the pretty shit
Build up the nigga shit for our kind of niggaz
Dem niggaz that'll slap the shit outta ya, clap the shit outta ya
Here's to you my nigga we proud of ya

[Billy Danze]

Let's get it goin (there you go, Billy Danze) Fizzy Wo'
(Good to see you still bangin) Ho we ain't gon' leave you hangin
I don't know what you've been saggin on, you've been braggin money on
But time's up (that's fucked up) nigga get gone
We don't cruise (on 'em) when we move (on 'em)
Keep it rugged never smooth (on 'em)
Drop jewels (on 'em) grip tools (on 'em)
and braise, everyone of these Y.G.'s
Wannabe Mo. P's, claimin they O.G.'s
IF Y'ALL DON'T GET BACK, you gon' get yo' ass put on chill
Get a drawer filled and catch a raw deal
Since money make your world go 'round, that's true
And money make you do the dumb shit that you do
(WHO WANT TWO?) The fuck is wrong wit'chu?
How could you switch your character and turn your back on your crew?
Weak niggaz will fall, whack niggaz will fail
Live niggaz prevail, YES YES Y'ALL

[Chorus - Billy Danze instead of Lil' Fame]

[Lil' Fame - overlaps Chorus]

I spit that old school shit like Lakim Shabazz; this is not a facade
It's the baby boy of Leon and Mrs. Lynette Barnard
My other half, the illest voice of hip-hop today
IT'S the baby boy of Big Frank and Mrs. Hattie May
(OKAY!) You fuckin with the real motherfuckers
(OKAY!) Live from Capitol Hill motherfucker
(CROOKLYN!) Crimetown, one-seven-one-eight
Home of the one-eight-seven BITCH, who want my John Hancock?
I ain't talkin no autograph written
Fuck a autograph, I'm handin out auto-ass whuppins
Y'all niggaz know better than to try that ol' bullshit
from Def Jam Vendetta; run on up like death to him
Fade got you buff and get fucked the fuck on up!
Nigga; it's a rudebwoy awakening
M.O.P., Fizzy-yoski-Woski, holla at me nigga!

[Chorus - Billy Danze instead of Lil' Fame]

[Lil' Fame]

Aiyyo it's William and Womack y'all talk about throwbacks
Me and the homey go back like Wolf D nigga
Yeah, nigga hold that, you know we gon' promote that
Come back for the hood in the hooptie nigga

[Billy Danze]

Y'all can't control that, you niggaz is so whack
Your rugged rap, feels like a (FLOOZY NIGGA)
You niggaz need to know that, me and the homey run rap
You know where the show at come (SHOOT ME NIGGA)

[Big Baby Boogie]

Salute me nigga! (Salute) It's me
Big Baby Boogie rookie from M.O.P. (squeeze)
What it's gon' be, I'll stomp, you flinch
The AK (ay) Shareetha Lynch, I'm givin you a hint
To get it'll take a little sense
I'll come through the illest part of town when I'm bent
And have no fear, you know (SHE) O (G)
You and your homies can hold these!

[Chorus]