

Get Yours

M.O.P.

your off beat dj, everything he play, is all punk shit
Tell him to bump this
That old gorilla in the trunk shit

I'ma tip off the whole block,
I'm all I got, get yours
I call the shots, get yours
You call cops, ah
Them boy's twats
when it gonna stop? come on nigga you a warlock, or not?
You ain't a real killer, you just talk a lot about
Your coke spots about your dope spots about picking up bricks from the boat
dock
about your bullet proof whips like the pope got

Get clipped on your own block,
You hit a road block, it's like Fort Knox
This is Brownsville homie, keep them both cocked
And we ain't worried, legendary meaning won't stop
We don't stop, we fluid on the black top
And 1-5-4-5 still the back drop
Been there, done that, so whatever you got lock run that
Or get your snapshot sun back, ugly

And they say New York city
What's that, get yours, what's that, get yours, what's that
And we say New York city
Fuck that, get yours, fuck that, get yours, fuck that
Cause if it was a fifth shit we'd all be drunk
Is something in your bottle nigga pour me some
If I ain't stand up, you could call me punk
But I'm real so a bitch can't call me one

Dirty like a stolen black nine with a body on it
Don't nobody want it, I put my mama on it
Chrome, (teks?) so what the hell you probably find me on it
tools down to my kicks you know how I be on it
They saying them niggas fame and bill too aggressive
They say them M.O.P. boys is too reckless
ya niggas is P.U. with 2 s'es
And I ain't never bought up a house for you (heffers?)

You keep fucking around and we'll stretch ya
Saratoga Ave., bet it, whole different texture
we all in the mix of the blitz while ya lecture
Find More lyrics at www.sweetslyrics.com
we in the thick of the shit with no pressure
Get it and go, you gettin' it raw, fishscale
Top of the line, kept on the low... M.O..
We outshine them niggas in prime time
deliver the bam! bam!, this undeniable grind

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I still stay in touch with the streets it's spit thugerry
I stay sucker free, who wanna run with me
salute to the die hard fans that fuck with me
sparta marksman fuck around, loose a couple teeth
That's what people want so we designed it raw with the snowgoons behind the
boards
the paul bearers of hip hop
We carry ya whack ass off then bury ya, this is real heavy yall
marksman

3 steps ahead of ya, 3 generations in so we bet it all
In the middle of the street where we set it off
Nigga really want a win he gotta get involved
M.O.P. dog we been awol, big hemi in my chest for the long haul
turning a nigga to mess is what i'm going for
Leaving hollows in his chest is what we cause

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