

# Handle Ur Bizness

M.O.P.

Check check check

Ah

Handle your business

Can't get your grip

Can I get a witness?!

Ghetto people your dreams have now been fulfilled

Grip your steel

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Back out your steel

What the rawdog feelin?

An author like, Terry McMillan

The cat that, maniac

My fam dark as death in less than a minute

(The world stop spinnin')

The rapid firing squad

Keep on mix fire and (hard to kill)

Loud wires and bombs, firing arms

Look, we all for it

Its the dutch burning herbalice

Gallon drinkin' alcoholics

Walk through your toughest pack of goons with my chain out

Kept it real ever since the first jam came out

First family turned this whole rap game out

Sheisty individuals, tryin' to wipe my name out

But they don't fuck around cause they know I back that thing out

And try to mark em off when the gun shots ring out

And in the myst of black, kid I'ma try to wipe they name out

And keep on dubbin till I break a fucking spring out

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You motherfuckas better raise up (they already did)

Who that? The '87 stick up kids (we're back!)

I'm hopin that your focused on the side

'Cause frontin' on me and my, mad niggaz die

Is this hiphop? Hell no, this is war

I've been trying to tell you that since ? rocked some hardcore

You don't listen. See, gee

I'm on a mission. Look, be

They gonna find your ass missing

Ever since me and Fame came, we maintained  
A strange, but a strong game  
(That can't change!)

The real ghetto bad shit for blastin, subtractin  
Those that ain't matchin my fashion I'm mashin  
(Retality's real) Fatality's ill  
When your stash in my path then your stash is a raw deal  
(Clap, clap) Get your gat  
(Buckabuckabububububububuckabucka) blow, blow, get the fuck back

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Face mine 'cause I'm here  
Dog its' all clear  
Rap jewels put it on my baseline from a snare  
Then the want to doubt The Kid  
Who analyze this whole fucking shit?  
Trying to make somethin' out of it  
Explode quicker than landmines  
M.O.P. tapes make earthquakes and cause landslides  
Bump this in your Lex coupe  
Or your Lex hoop  
Danze, finish em, twenty-one gun salute  
(The Crew)

How many niggas runnin with me? (this few)  
A hundred niggaz gunnin with me (to shoot)  
Firing Squad, draw blood on the enemy  
At point-blank range, deliverin the penalty  
Ain't nothin' but the thugs  
Slangin out hollow slugs  
(Nigga), anti-love keepin it real (Thug, let em slide today)  
I'm known best for leavin em stretchin like Doc Holliday  
Salute!