

Live from Ground Zero

M.O.P.

Ten years nigga
Care to say thank you bitch? Say thank you nigga
Oh! Oh! OH! OH!!!
OHH!! OHH!!! Fuh, die, huh, yuh..

Funky beats and my dope beat rhymin make it so simple
We are the representation of 'Warriorz' monumental
Handle your business, deal with your issues, let's make this official
Before I put my fist to my pistol and be forced to lift you
(YOU WANTED IT?) You aimin punk? (GET IT GULLY!) Before you start
I'ma POP in the name of my dearly departed (MISTER YOU BETTER)
Respect me, it's the F-I-double-Z-Y, W-O-M-A-C-K
Motherfucker from M.O.P. (YES!)

The First Family nigga is me nigga B.D. nigga I'm comin
M.O.P. nigga, O.G. nigga, WATCH YO' ASS!
Amazing how we handle 'em, take 'em and dismantle 'em
Blam blammin 'em like Cam and 'em, leavin them scramblin
Hopin to damage 'em, ain't no time for panickin
I lift the nose of this cannon and slam one in your face (FACE!)
I do what I gotta do, murder international
Ghetto problem we're blastin you to put you in your place!

Mash on 'em, GET 'EM! Step to 'em, HIT 'EM!
You need to show love to the thugs and GET WIT 'EM
BEATS - you send 'em, STREETS - we're still in 'em
Remember you send 'em with venom and run right in 'em, we're (LIVE!)
From Ground Zero (LIVE!)
We right here yo! (LIVE!)
From Ground Zero (LIVE!)
We right here yo! (LIVE!)
From Ground Zero (LIVE!)
We right here yo!
So dump (FIRE!) dump (FIRE!) dump (FI-YAHHHHH!)

So we can wig out, before we get up out the game
Industry on my ass, can't get caught with this wimp rap shit
Not the Fame! I breeze on the lames
That's my advance money, hop the fence, drop the gain
So MC-what's-her-name, try to pocket it, claimin he lockin this
(NOW!) Okay you gon' witness apocalypse
Youse a "check-one-two" on the microphone ass man
Carbon copy of Fizzy, look at him, a clone-ass man

I got 20 on this Family, my man and me and muscle
through half your staff and cruise on snooze past the rest of y'all
True confessions y'all (UH) I ain't gon' mess wit y'all (UH)
I done tested y'all (UH) and y'all ain't got it
It was last spotted in the 'Ville, floatin through, potent too
Pure never stepped on, so it's hard to catch on
(BROOKLYN!) Rep on, Bill and Fame kept strong
Still remainin the illest ever you slept on

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You can believe ain't nuttin stoppin us
No matter how they market us
We'll remain at the top of the charts
With the hardest C-marchin us
The hardest on the market son
With the tools of trade of a carpenter
We shook up the industry
We got 'em sufferin, the ruckus is now
We still runnin 'em (now!)
We still gunnin 'em
We been here for a decade, continiously flowin, it's goin
Down, so recognize
That we still exercise them index fingers
William Danze and Fizzy
Them "Downtown Swingers"
It's the showstoppinest rockinest
Non-stoppinest poppinest
What we be droppin is gotten us ahead of the game
Competitors came
In the form of dozers and lames
Fizzy (talk to 'em)
Billy (put a spark through 'em) now!
You better know the mac'll spit
The wack rap shit you kick is a little inaccurate
You faggot bitch (yeah!)
We emerge from the cellar, it's the neighborhood hoods
And the neighborhood hero
Live from Ground Zero (YEAH!)