

Muddy Waters

M.O.P.

[gunshot] {... Marxmen!}

[Intro]

Nigga we been here forever (First Family)
Let's go! Yeahhh, y'all know how the game go
Yeah, nigga we at it, we still at 'em nigga
(Put 'em up nigga) Firing Squad! YEAH!
Just make a note of it
One, one, we like it rockin nigga
(Put 'em up) Yeah, we still hip-hoppin nigga
(It's the way of the world) One on one, yeah
Fuckin with the murder staff now (TRUE TO LIFE!!!)

[Billy Danze]

Yo I was drivin an \$80,000 car befo' I got with Dash
But I won't lie and say this ain't about the cash
Cognac, six-pack, and some dough in the stash
Sit back and watch my children play in the grass
And hopefully through this writin I'm enlightenin the hood
(Seems sorta sheisty) Yeah; but it ain't all good
Everyone that did me wrong, know this nigga strong
So hopefully for you that animosity is gone
(THROW IT UP!) For the homey Headquarters
And all the other brothers we lost in muddy waters (waters)
How do we go through life when our peeps don't support us
(You put up a good fight) Yeah but the streets still caught us
And the beef still brought us, in the middle of the street
Bodies riddled from bullets from our head to our feet
The game get deep, but y'all just see the surface
Y'all don't see no purpose, y'all just sleep
(HOW SHOULD A YOUNG G STAND?) Don't ask Danze
I don't fuck with them children I'm a grown-ass man
I live on the edge, I was raised where most niggaz pledge
to murder motherfuckers by the dozen

[Hook: unknown singer]

I'm drownin in the... shallow waters
And I'm trying so hard, to reach the top
Something so unpure... in the air to catch
I feel siiiiin upon me

[Chorus: First Family]

You win some, you lose some
It's two roads to choose from, choose one - muddy waters
If your family chose, the road of the old code
You bound to lose one - these muddy waters
You win some, you lose some
It's two roads to choose from, choose one
Remember how you and the homey rode, make sure you travel
with the homey soul, when steppin through muddy waters

[Lil' Fame]

Yo, I'm in once, hustled in the rain, sleet, snow
(ON THE GRIND) Sheepskin, 40 belows
To feed his family, it was sweet tears and blood
That's what I call love, what do you call love?
Picture the same man losin his life for some lame bitch

he was out on the grind for, long story short
For Father's Day she'll place flowers on his grave
Then head upstate, to visit the nigga that murdered him the next day
(Look at that) My fundamentals come from the Hill
Travelled to it but left love in the 'Ville
Still hear the sound of my footsteps, steppin away
from my childhood toward the physique and the frame of a nigga
But mentally I'm stuck in the past
Askin myself why I was walkin so fast
Muh'fuckers think I'm ballin, I ain't ballin
I'm drinkin wit'cha'll tryin to get heart to face me stallin
It's like my moms is the angel in the sky
And I can see tears comin down the West Indian lady eyes
But, I apologize, and those I've hurt
with my bullshit, please believe I ain't mean it
(He ain't mean it) But I'm still a good man
As a kid I was given a fucked up hand, but I
still march as I scream at the top of my lungs
M.O.P. TO THE DEATH, stompin through muddy waters

[Chorus]

[Hook]