

# 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 siiiiiin 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]