

Old Timerz

M.O.P.

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Slick Money was a popular phrase
And we learned to let the pistol spark, bark and blaze

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This is for them cats from way, way back
When every pair of sneakers had to have a hat to match (damn)
Y'all look good in them sheep skins
Make noise in the middle of the street all week
Always had a plan, it only took a dime to reach out and touch a man
Can't be fuckin up them sneakers while you at ya jam
Get up on the speakers and your B-Boy stand
I remember the Beemer, I remember the Cadillac
I remember the seat broke back
I remember the chick wasn't legit unless her ass was fat
Uncle, I remember all that
When the main reason for squeezin was to let 'em know your got one
Pop shots at the party to see niggas run
When the 38 long, was the worst biggest gun
You niggas had a lotta fun

I used to them lean (lean) hard as fuck
Hit the scene (scene) hard as fuck
Spoke rims, white walls, cruisin the block
In them 98 Oldsmobile wit the rag top
Try to look these in your BVD
In the wind, wit ya Kangols, Puma's and Lee's
Used to drink private stock, Millers and Old Gold
Had the v-goose sweater when the weather got cold
Oh (oh) dirty 38's was the tool that'll bless you
(Saturday Night Special)
O.G. niggas, God damn I miss 'em
Pumpin Run-D.M.C. thru the goose neck system
It don't matter, up or down hill nigga
Nobody whoop ya ass like a Brownsville nigga
If you locked down, deceased or up in the bow
This is M.O.P., shout to your isle, for the love

Back in the days, back in the days
I love it when we dream about the old, old, old school
Back in the days, back in the days
I really want to take it back to the way things used to be