

# Opium

M.O.P.

Ok, new rules to the game homie, let's say  
You loosin' the game homie, bk  
Ain't no confusing the name homie, we place  
Then cruise to the land homie, ask them  
You ain't gotta ask about me, you ain't the first  
And won't be the last to doubt me but, know it  
Only live niggers roll with them  
M.O.P. the man opium

I know this hip hop, I'm just supposed to rob  
Collect dough, get shows, go and fuck with hoes  
I'm from a different block, I got my own goals  
I see a different view, I play my own role  
I wear a different shoe, but you don't own yours  
Got another nigger deciding what you riding for  
I cut the mortgage check, you fascinated with mtv cribs  
Wondering what he did  
I just serve that award, the plaque on the wall  
my condition is hard  
I won't mention at all, out condition for war  
It ain't only because, the money man unequally distribute love  
I'll give you, everythang I'll leave it in the booth  
And I'll believe the truth as if I leave it in the booth  
it'll get my everythang, till i get everythang  
place your bets, bill will continue to brain to ache  
opium

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I don't give a fuck, I got the money and the power  
See you ain't like me money, you a coward  
I did it for the love, you did it for a dollar  
I spit it for the thugs, niggers...opium  
When they see me they be like go man  
Man that's a good look, I got the hood hooked  
comparison to Jay B on a good book  
the people quote me like songs from the good book  
Now, how much you want?  
this is real hardcore, and it's raw, push your money to the door  
That's what I'm about y'all. oh god  
when i go hard, create the joyce to make the fiends now that though  
the kid so nice, they bump me on repeat  
I'm bad for your health, paul lice want me off the streets  
I keep them under the influence and make em act belicerent  
M.O.P., digitally distributed  
opium.