

Riding Through

M.O.P.

Geah! Who got the weed up in this motherfucker man?
(You already know what it is nigga) Yo yo whattup M.O.?
(The world's famous, M.O.P.!!)

Look I got Brooklyn on my back when I'm (riding through)
Niggaz better know how to act when I'm (riding through)
Steady hittin the 'gnac when I'm (riding through)
And I'm broke back in the 'llac when I'm (riding through)

The hood throwin it up when we (riding through)
Ain't nuttin changed, +Ante Up+ when we (riding through)
Whether the slums or the burbs we (riding through)
Plenty birds on the curb when we (riding through)

Let me enlighten you motherfuckers on my conspiracy theory
THEY GOT US STUCK IN A BOTTLE so y'all can't hear me
THEY SAID THE HOMEY'S A PROBLEM that's just so y'all can fear me
And never break bread with this family who take care of me
Just keep in your head (SHALL WE BANG) dude we bang too
Don't make me pick up my shit and spit, none of these flames at you
(WE BREATHTHIN EASY) That's right, that's the thang to do
(WE KEEP IT GREASY) and we ride like the Rangers do
Dude believe me, the gangsters that I'm bringin through
Is down to bang a dude, maybe even hang a dude
Maybe even bring you to a town full of vultures
And cobras, and these niggaz'll cut yo' ass homey
And the way we do our thang is somethin like a magic trick
You might wanna get in line or get killed in this faggot shit
You faggot bitch! Nigga you done got all flossy and glossy
And that's where you lost me (son)
And plus you ridin with this God damn
It's like the kind of brokenest niggaz infected your frame
(IT'S THE LEGENDARY M.O.P.) back with the heat y'all
(IT'S THE LEGENDARY M.O.P.) back for the streets y'all

[Chorus 1]

[Lil' Fame:]

I'm screamin out BK all day when we (riding through)
You don't want the Marxmen to collide with'chu
I dump five at you and wouldn't give a fuck who see me
I get it poppin like J.D., dancin for Whodini
Ain't nuttin +Jive+ about that
All that is 1-5-fo'-5 about that
Nigga you with me (THROW IT UP) for the world's most dangerous niggaz
From the Marx, Fizzy Wo' the orc, slingin my tomahawk
I sling 'em a couple of slugs and let the llama spark
At your tough ass, get the fuck from 'round here with that kind of talk
This is Brook-Nam nigga and I'm Mo' P'd up
G'd up, dude gon' fuck around and get beat up
Cause you treed up, intoxicated off the alcohol
Homey my niggaz ain't worried 'bout y'all
Cause when it's on we gon' ride for the cause
And spit more than 16 at yo' ass and we ain't talkin 'bout bars

[Chorus 2: Redman, Lil' Fame]

Half the Brick's on my back when I'm (riding through)

Niggaz better know how to act when I'm (riding through)
Steady hittin the 'gnac and I'm (riding through)
High as hell in the 'llac and I'm (riding through)

The hood throwin it up when we (riding through)
Ain't nuttin changed, +Ante Up+ when we (riding through)
Whether the slums or the burbs we (riding through)
Plenty birds on the curb when we (riding through)

[Redman:]

Yeah, yo

Redman got the sour diesel, haze and blunts
I move the crowd when I'm wavin the pump (yo let 'em know nigga)
Yo, my Timbs'll fuck your gators up
You'll leave the hospital braided up (from the fo' nigga)
Yo, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it, you doubt it, dial it
Fuck the alarm, Doc cause a power outage
Many men wanna test, bring a thousand dollars
Watch 'em, flip over a hundred miles an hour
Pop my collar, DAMN NIGGA, Doc a rider
Grab two hoes, then I'm hasta manana
Lil' Fame got the llama
I play Paulie from Sopranos, Billy I'm about the drama
Who said Redman don't, be in the hood?
I'm true to the game, nigga I bet Terry would!
I'm very good on the mic, you barely hood
So it's only right nigga, you +Ante Up+
YO FIRST FAMILY! (What?) When I'm riding through
I keep a shotgun nigga about the size of you
Brick City ain't poppin? We lied to you
It's like livin with ten niggaz, hide your food

[Chorus 2]

[Outro: Redman]

Yeah, M.O.P.

Them some hard ass niggaz nigga
Gilla House, Brick City to Brook-Nam fools
YEAH!
The first time I bumped into M.O.P., and shit
I was broke as hell and I ain't even come out with an album yet
I was drivin my moms little Chevette, and shit
And I knew, Scoob Lover and shit and Scrap Lover
And I bumped into Scrap Lover, in New York
Drivin around the Coca Cabana and shit
I was dolo, and he ran to the Chevette like he had beef
With somebody in the club
So he jumped in, like yo, and he brought his lil' man with him
And he was a rider, and that was Lil' Fame!
And we drove around the block and shit
Back around to the club, and uh Scrap Lover jumped out
Started buckin in the air like WHO WANNA JUMP ME NOW?
Cause I think some niggaz tried to jump him
And Lil' Fame was in the back squattin with the hammer
Ready to let loose, and we ain't even know each other from door!
Then he came out with M.O.P.
That's how I knew they were some hard ass niggaz
That shit was real
AND THEN THEY STARTED GETTIN PAPER - DAMN!