

Ring Ding

M.O.P.

[D] Ring ding [F] Ring ding
[D] Ring ding [F] Ring ding
[D] Ring ding [F] Ring king motherfuckers
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Yo, I'm ringin bells across the nation, ain't nuttin changed
Still hittin motherfuckers at point blank range
If I ain't in it to win it I wouldn't be in it
It's Billy Danze, here me kid? (Lil' Fame co-defendant)
This little bastard can't be tamed, he's strange
I wonder what the fuck be goin on through his brain
Year of Def Jam while you're Cold Chillin
Shorty wanted props in hip-hop cause he's the last villain

Aiyyo aiyyo stop the record {*needle*} What's my motherfuckin name?
{*scratched: "Lil' Fame, Lil'-Lil' Fame"*}
We ringin bells (ring ding) ring ding
with that hardcore swing, Fame and Billy be doin the same thang
The way, I'ma show you how
motherfuckers jump up, them motherfuckers get down..
Anybody that asks to battle
you better pass, cause I'ma kick a bone out your ass
A lot of people went and seen the movie "Posse"
but ain't seen a real POSSE, until you seen the M.O.P.
Chill kid, cause you gon' cause Fame to get fatal
Smash and mash your monkey-ass like potatoes (uhh)
You said it, you dead and, it ain't hard to tell kid
M (fuckin) O (fuckin) P's ringin bells

{*CHORUS*}

Yo, we makin moves while the herbs lookin silly
Cause Bill and Fame'll really spark 'em down like a Phillie
For real, when that nigga Bill starts to puff his Wheaties
Niggaz calm down and play the wall like graffiti
If I see, niggaz want it then I'ma give it to 'em
Pull out the seventeen shot glock and I'ma do 'em
Yo Bill, I think we gotta bring the ruckus..

.. I'ma kill one of you motherfuckers
Give me my propers (ring ding, there it is) Where it at?
(Ring ding) All the (??) run each time we bust a cap
(Everytime) we bust a rhyme (Everytime) we empty the clip
(Everytime) we threw you a hit (Everytime) we split somebody shit
Not really but illy is Fame and Billy and really you gotta know
If it ain't the M.O.P. then check this and you gotta go
Let me show you where I'm AT, cause I'm FAT
Give me my propers after THAT, or I'll lay you on your fuckin back
I leave you stumblin, niggaz know we're trouble when-
-ever you see, M.O.P., G we be bubblin
(Bill is a real nigga) Yeah Bill is a real nigga
Come on now, you're fuckin round with a ill figure
I'm ringin bells on top of the line, you're blind
Stevie Wonder can see you niggaz can't fuck with me
The Lord tested, me and mine finessed it

Word is bond we got it goin on no need for stressin
My 40's the drug, you see I'm the (?) then I'ma leave it alone
I'm out, get witcha maggot-ass player homes

Yo this one goin out to my motherfuckin nigga P-Lawn
(Yeah, to my nigga nigga man)
To my nigga Pit
(My nigga Bo)
That nigga McGruff
(Prince Leroy, rest in peace)
Spud McKenzie, rest in peace
(To my brother Big Nal, rest in peace)
Yeah.. M.O.P. up in the house!
Billy Danze holdin it down, y'knahmsayin?
My nigga Lil' Fame, Lazy Laze
Boo Bang under the B's, Black Shawn, McGruff
Shit, my whole Home Team kid
Hill Figga Niggaz
Goin out in a blaze, yeah