

## Roll Call

M.O.P.

In the year 2000...  
{M-O-P} still bangin  
{Firing Squad!}  
{The last generation...}  
Hey, hey, hey, hey  
All right let me brake it down one for time for you  
You motherfuckers  
Yo Primo hold me down son, cuz we ain't playin no motherfuckin games

Fuck the East Coast, this is N.Y., N.Y.  
N-I-N-E, make niggas M-I-A  
And I spray a, it's Fizzy Womack truck  
Bitch don't get in my way  
Fuck the jail faces, I leave your body for the homicide to trace  
Fight along with the shell aces  
Holler if you hear me  
I turn your head into a skeleton skull  
And leave it hollow if you hear me  
I keep it funky, understand me son  
I rock my Timb's untied, I don't plan to run  
Niggas see Lil' Fame creep thru the back street  
With my aluminum ass whoopa in the back-seat  
What the fuck is this? Your Van Damme flick, that's cute  
But I'm hear to fuck up your day do  
Yes (yes) yes (yes) yo  
I step to my backwood to brown face and start clippin

International, bell ringer, ruckus bringer  
Downtown swinga, SS Thousand, my index finger  
We here with the whole squad, First Family empire  
Fizzy Womack (clack-clack) reportin for Roll Call  
International, bell ringer, ruckus bringer  
Downtown swinga, SS Thousand, my index finger  
We here with the whole squad, First Family empire  
Bert Dog (Bucka-Blaow) reportin for Roll Call

Yo, what if I leave you, will you stand?  
B-I-Double L-Y-D-A-N-Z-E (Danze)  
Back with a vengeance, listen Mr. Simmer  
Before I throw copper tops through the back of your skimmer  
Y'all niggas remember, 1-9-9-3 (M-O-P) what it's goin be  
Just make it loud and clear  
Come here nigga, I can't hear nigga  
I'm deaf in one ear nigga (yeah nigga)  
You cowards are pathetic, if you wonderin if I'm sympathetic  
Don't bet it, you should give me a little credit  
I grew up where it's equivalent to none (none)  
Wit blood in my palm (palm), I walk wit my arms (arms)  
Hellerin marksmen (uh-huh), in the dark and the punks sparkin & barkin  
At ease soldier, it's the untouchable type, that you like  
We burn pipes, it's over

International, bell ringer, ruckus bringer  
Downtown swinga, SS Thousand, my index finger  
We here with the whole squad, First Family empire  
Fizzy Womack (clack-clack) reportin for Roll Call  
International, bell ringer, ruckus bringer

Downtown swinga, SS Thousand, my index finger  
We here with the whole squad, First Family empire  
Bert Dog (Bucka-Blaow) reportin for Roll Call

I rip ya body on a Nagamichi system  
Nigga feel me, I want my goons  
Straight bumpin the tunes of Makaveli  
Headed to Queens kid, bumpin some mean shit  
Bumps thumps on the side of me, smokin some green shit  
(First Faaaaaaaam) Feel the premonition son  
We heavy metal, what's your love? (Ghetto prisoners)  
Racka (bung-bung) Racka (bung-bung) rrrrrrrrrrrrrracka, motherfucker

Aiyo we live by the code of the streets  
Move wit our peeps  
Since it's hard to eat, we hardly sleep  
I put my life on the line every step of the way  
It's for a good cause (for you and yours) of course  
Okay, now that we establish that  
Nigga where the fuck that money at  
I know you got it, and I want it Jack  
Just give me half of that  
Take the other half and get yourself another pack  
And I'll be back for that

International, bell ringer, ruckus bringer  
Downtown swinga, SS Thousand, my index finger  
We here with the whole squad, First Family empire  
Fizzy Womack (clack-clack) reportin for Roll Call  
International, bell ringer, ruckus bringer  
Downtown swinga, SS Thousand, my index finger  
We here with the whole squad, First Family empire  
Bert Dog (Bucka-Blaow) reportin for Roll Call