

# Rugged Neva Smoove

M.O.P.

(4x)

It's the Mash Out Posse  
Rugged neva smooth  
M fuckin O fuckin P on the move

The M.O.P.'s about to run this you couldn't shun this  
I'm leavin rappers with the dumbness  
Because I got no feelings, I done this  
Takin you propers, we comin right  
And now we gotta (take money money)  
Yeah, you motherfuckin right  
Lil' Fame's removin MC's like terpentine  
Droppin that shit that MC's couldn't search and find  
Not even if you was a golddigger  
I'm a bad - nah! let me chill  
Yo Bill, hold me down, nigga

M fuckin O fuckin P keep it rugged  
Herbs can't touch it, and a real nigga got to love it  
Ain't nuttin changed, it's Billy and Lil' Fame  
Still bustin your brain  
Yeah! doin the thang thang  
Home team keepin it phat  
How about some hardcore?  
(Yeah! we like it raw) here is more of that  
Don't be amazed if you're left in a daze  
M.O.P. is in the place, so you chumps best behave

-chorus-

I'm ready and all for you niggaz that wanna get it on  
Cause when we get it on, only competators is gettin torn  
Straight up and down, that was for all em niggas  
With your gang truce, or whatever the fuck you call em, nigga  
Rappers, I rip em in half, they can't get with math  
Or the ruggedness niggaz be bumpin on the ave  
So get the cash out, I put your glass out  
Throw the trash out, niggaz fuck with us, you catch a mash out  
They can't fuck with that shit that we be droppin on it  
Hardcore, got your mama hippin and hoppin on it  
And once a nigga make a record  
Bitches be like: fuck Mystic, they get this dick and go naked  
Billy Danze pass the smoke and I ain't gonna smoke till I choke  
I'ma smoke till I croak  
I call niggaz bluff when I puff the lala  
Then I put niggaz to rest like boom bye bye  
When I snap will I get busy, kid? (no doubt)  
When I rap do I get busy, kid? (no doubt)  
Is M.O.P. knockin motherfuckers out? (no doubt)  
Is it raw? (yeah!) so what the fuck them niggaz talk about?  
Don't have me jack or disrespect sumthin  
The M.O.P. make a nigga wanna wreck sumthin  
Because we show em and prove that the M.O.P. is the move  
We keep it rugged neva smooth

-chorus-

Aiyo! let's take it to they ass kid!  
Nah - gained while we came  
We're international, niggaz know the name  
I'm Billy Danze (plow!) I'm mad loud (plow!)  
I represent the 1-5-4 fuckin 5  
It's M.O.P., and you know we stay strapped  
So when you bustin, motherfucker, we'll be bustin back  
I gotta hip grip if you wish, cause I'm swift  
I'm bugged, you can catch a slug from my Smith  
I put herbs out of they myseries  
And a lotta niggaz in hip hop with props cant't get with me  
I had my name ever since I was a little kid  
For all the ill Hill shit I done did  
I've been down for years and years to come  
The nigga that you're hearin ain't the motherfuckin one  
Now if you're real, motherfuckers, please stand  
(Clack clack! salute!) clack clack! salute, it's Mr. Billy Danze  
I realize, that real guys will take a look at our size  
But there's more than what meets your eyes  
From Monday through motherfuckin Sunday  
M.O.P. will be bringin that motherfuckin gunplay