

# Sharks In The Water

M.O.P.

Nobody told me it was (SHARKS) in the water  
So I'm a fuck around and spit (SPARKS) through the water  
It's frigidly cold and (DARK) in the water  
And I don't wanna hear when a (SHARK) in the water bitch  
ONE TIME for my niggaz in the background  
TWO TIMES for my niggaz that don't back down  
(You gotta stay in the pocket playin this cold game)  
Fuck procedures nigga we gon' do our own thang

That nigga Mighty Joe Young back to loc' again; y'all niggaz better calm down  
'fore I give your motherfuckin chest a grand opening  
Now who's next up to bat? To get clapped  
When the heat bang go 'head your brains leakin through your hat  
I'm a do it like a G though, nigga you know the steelo  
Hit with a torpedo, stripped like Carlito  
Hit yo' ass in broad daylight like Mark Chapman  
Did John Lennon from the Beatles, here's a fresh tuxedo  
Get tucked 6 feet below, you get greeted with roses  
And obituary cards for your people (NO WARNING)  
You don't wanna know what the fuck that's like (IT'S NO WARNING)  
Now you know you done fucked up right?  
I got that old Fame back, chrome thang strapped, Home Team strapped  
And this whole thang for the Home Team map, yes sir  
F'realla, buck buck, f'realla, BLAM BLAM  
Cap pealer motherfucker, blood spiller (NIGGA!)

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze:]

Fuck procedures nigga, I do my own shit  
You saw what G's I run with, I spit my own clips  
I get my own chips, I make my own hits  
I chrome my own 6, I bought my own bitch  
I'm on my own dick! In my opinion  
Ain't nobody fuckin with Danze the man's sick AND  
Shake your pom poms, and protest up out  
Who you niggaz feel is the best; me I'm a stomp on!  
So ONE TIME for my niggaz in the background  
From the door the treacherous nigga we back down  
I'm anxious to see how you motherfuckers act now  
VROOM VROOM VROOM VROOM... how does that sound?  
CRUCIAL! Hot E's through your P's  
With some, shit up my sleeves that'll put you at ease  
It's the world famous M.O.P., we rugged rough sayin  
M.O.P., we gon' do our own thang

[Chorus]

[Lil' Fame:]

Shit I'm back where Tupac fell off the roof, I got the +Juice+ niggaro  
You man whore fuck bitch, +Deuce Bigalow+  
You ain't a she or a he, you a shit rewind  
When Fame spit it, you ain't fuckin with him, shit  
I'll be around, you can find me where the dogs be at  
With more motherfuckin machines than a laundromat

[Billy Danze:]

Once again from the hilltops

It's your boy Bill and boy do the boy Bill rock (the homey's so in)

The homey's so real, the true school'll pass over

Any one of you fake slitherin ass cobras

Send every one of them snakes and I'll rattle 'em soldier

And knock potholes in your Rover, you vulture

[Chorus]