

Top of the Line

M.O.P.

[F] Mash 'em out [D] No doubt
[F] Mash 'em out [D] No doubt
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[F] Top of the line, for your mind
[D] Niggaz hit the floor
[F] Move it out, move it out
[D] M.O.P.'s raw

Get the fuck out the way
I'm bringin the drama to nuccas I got my foot in the door
Now it's time to tear the hinges off the motherfucker
Yeah, my name is on the map like that
My shit is fat like that, because I put it on DAT like dat
This is the best son, there's no suggestion
Is M.O.P. in the motherfuckin house? (No question!)
Rappers be singin it but don't really be bringin it
M.O.P. is roughnecks and we got nuff techs
Chump, you ain't no threat cause we are the same niggaz
that used to rob you for your fuckin summer youth check
In ninety-two I brought the ruckus
But now in ninety-three (ring ding) ring ding motherfuckers! (uhh)
I'm blowin up your spot, makin it hot, leavin 'em in a lot
So when you throwin elbows, I'm throwin shots
All my niggaz that's with me (get your masks out)
And if I really want drama (your ass is out)
Come with it, M.O.P. is undefeated
And you better wear your vest muh'fucker you gon' need it
I bu-bu-break 'em down, get up (whattup nigga?)
I got 'em all from the 'Ville ready to pull the trigger
It's the L-I, L-F, A-M-E
(B-I-L-L-Y, D-A-N-Z-E)
M.O.P., tellin all herbs the time
(IT'S THE MASH OUT POSSE) Yeah, top of the line

[D] Move it out move it out [F] Top of the line
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[D] Move it out move it out..

Top of the line (YEAH NIGGA) rugged never smooth
(M) fuckin (O) fuckin (P) on the move..
.. Billy Danzeini will rock well
Fatter than a fat bitch and madder than all hell
Aight potnah? BITCH NIGGA, shotgun
BLAOW! Ya little punk motherfucker
Don't underestimate, the style of the great
You brothers that waited so long no longer have to wait
(Yeah) Never reject me, my Home Team protect me
Laze hit me with blaze and Silver D select me
Herbs been flowin with wack tracks for years
They don't scare the fierce you niggaz can't compare

So where we at? (We up in this) Where?
(We up in this) Yeah! (So let them niggaz know we in here)
Billy Danzeini shippin you home
with two in your dome, you herbs can't get a bone
I'm affiliate with motherfuckers way in Rome
And check it right, I call a meetin, somebody cheatin
You niggaz that thought it was somethin sweet, I caught you sleepin
Get stupid if you want static, and we'll go at it
Cross me, and that'll force me to let you have it
Herbs be frontin like they got somethin
Back it up, motherfucker cause Danzeini will got at'cha um..
Top of the line!

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