

World Famous

M.O.P.

"World... world... world... world..."

Whattup? Aight?

Whattup whattup whattup niggy?

It's the world's famous (M.O.P.) Firing Squad
(Is Home Team in the motherfuckin house?) NO QUESTION!
(2x)

It's the world's famous (M.O.P.) doin our thang
Recruitin and salutin real niggaz like Wu bang (salute!)
Billy Danze, hard to notice when I'm mellow
Makin moves smoother than Jimmy Fingers in Good-fellow
Never gassed to do, what I have to do
Splashin you, blastin you, takin your stash from you
Internat-ional, bell ringa ruckus bringa
(Downtown Swinga) exercisin my index finga
Sayin 'Whassup?' to the people that though we'd desert em
"Hardcore" was raw but we got more to hurt em
Firing Squad all up in your district (last album was foul)
but yet some missed it, bet they gon' get with this shit
(Who's in the house?) It's the last generation
Real ill niggaz from the field you'll be facin
Ninety-six flavor for your neighbor, how ya like us now?
(Bucka-Bucka-Bla-Blucka-Bla-Blucka-Bucka-BLAOW!)

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Bust it, who stepped out the woodworks and give
villains Vietnam flashbacks of doin all that hood dirt
The M (BLAOW) O (BLAOW) P still bangin
What's strange ain't nuttin changed, them bells still rangin
You wanna be drug dealing, fuck killing, wack rappers are foul
And plus that shit you talk is out of bounds
Ask yourself is you ready for action packed in
Gettin blasted with your whole ribcage crashed in
I'm outspoken, niggaz Language is Broken
Record labels need to stop that wack shit they be promotin
See me knowin me G I drop physical science
This lethal rap appliance'll fuck up your whole alliance
This is the way we BRING THINGS, check out how we SWING THINGS
M.O.P. be having shit jumping way up in Sing-Sing
A new star is born, peace to Teflon
I'ma blow up the East when we release the bomb

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Same niggaz got my back and
Still blue steel we're packin

Same hardcore raps and
still focused on makin it happen, WHATTUP?
They wanna see us
tell em hold on
M.O.P. is back and, that's one to grow on
The four pound move, rugged rounds that down fools
Rough enough to make the whole fuckin ground move
Representin and it ain't playin War Games
With nuttin to lose
I put him on snooze and blow out his brains
(Lil' Fame!) Kick back and watch how it go down
We here so beware, prepare for the throwdown
Crooklyn Crooks, is the ones that blew em
We live in it so I'ma give it to em
Bring it to em raw (that's how you bring it)
Bring it to em raw (let the real nigga swing it)
Bring it to em raw
Give it to em ruff rugged and fat
Where you at?
Where you at?
Where you at?
Where you at?

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