

Pop Pop

Natas

[Chorus:]

Pop Pop piggity pop pop pop pop (4x)

(Mastamind)

Can you hear my battle cry can you look me in the eye
Did you feel the heat when I let these caps, crackel in the sky
Don't get caught in the blood shower don't die as no coward
The night is mine cause I was born in the midnight hour
Never shoulda let my hate for this world develop see
Now I gives less than a fuck it's time to raise the hell of guns
Blast piggity pop pop pop crash the day
It's the season of the head hunter chop chop head check
Hypocondriac insomniac I'm reachin in my nutsack
Nigga fuck that bust at me I bust back
Once I get out this coma come up out this meditation
Ima start chasin niggas down with retaliation
N to tha a-t-a-s back up in this bitch hell yes
What you hearin ain't no fuckin test, so say farewell to the best
Body count I'm down since d-a 1 cause murders fun
My shot gun said freeze em till theys numb

(Chorus x4)

(Tnt)

Pop pop, piggity pop pop
I don't give a fuck if yous a motha fuckin cop
What's up now nigga finger on the trigger
Boom boom grave digger body bag zipper
You ain't shit bitch you gonna die
Made my mama cry you murdered my brother why?
Seems ya in the squad car pop that bitch up
Bullets went through ya head now doctors can't stitch you up
I'm comin to the hospital critical condition
I know you on life support so now I'm on a mission
Grab the ski mask and the foe foe mag
Nigga I won't rest until you pissin in a bag
You kiolled my brotha and now I'm gonna kill you
He won't rest in peace until these slugs fill you
Room 212 I'm sendin yo ass to hell
Pop demons in head and watch his body turn pale

(Chorus x4)

(Esham)

Pop the pill c*** the steel
I got the skill to kill I'm from detroit like grant hill
You all alone nigga tonight it's on nigga
I got the chrome and I'm bustin to your dome nigga
Pop pop, pop nigga pop so you
Drop drop, drop nigga drop got that
Blood clot hole in your head chatty
Ass nigga I'll be glad when you dead once I
Get to squeezin and my resons a revolver
My problem solver so tell your mama saiyonara
Wada, da dang, wad da da da dang hey
Listen to my Glock go pop pop, and I like that
The way your blood be spillin up dishin up on the concrete so fast

Never let me see you trippin cause I'm down to blast in your ass
And I got that Glock cocked with my finger on the trigga right now
And I know my homie woulda done the same for me so now I must pow!

(Chorus x4)