

Young Noble f/ Muszamil, Napoleon, Homicide "Gotz 2 Go"

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(Young Noble) Everybody put cha middle fingers up
And represent yo block If ya hands stays down You a
snitch or a cop A bitch with cock And dont belong out
here What I say -- whole waist So we strong out here
Outlaw clique niggaz King Kong out here And
everybody know the words to our songs out here And
everybody on the block love Pac out here And
everybody on the block love Yak out here We like pits
on a strip Ya can't swat out here You don't know how
many guns my niggaz got out here But yall niggaz
really think that yall could clock out here When every
night the old folks call the cops out here Every night the
old folks here shots out here Jerzey Mob -- Outlaw got it
locked out here And anything that goes down we got to
drop out here And anybody creppin' thru we gon' spot
out here (Chorus) (4x) Stop, pop, drop, and roll Out of
towners on ya block And they gotz 2 go now (Muszamil)
I came long ways From blockz of Jerzey Three-80
building hallway Cops surround me The bloody streets
of Irvington Young thugs caught up But ever since 10
That's the way I was brought up They shoulda' killed
me then I wonder why they didn't Ain't no friends in this
cold-hearted muthafuckin' business I know -- my
parents got murdered over dough I'm rappin' now I
ain't selling coke no mo' I put the drugs down Left the
game all along You'll neva win and some of these
niggaz'll neva know They addicted and burnt out -- in
position It's too late to get out now Charges poppin' up
stickin (Homicide) Stop, drop -- nigga why you 'round
here? We Outlawz -- put that game down 'round here
They call me Homi Ground the caine round all year I
talk to Tommy While the Jerz Mob downstairs They
came to hate a Homi But get an Army Cause it's off
yeah We first to bomb Specializing in warefare Ride or
die for the war Where I put in work Screamin' fuck the
earth Middle finger to the law -- yeah (Chorus) (4x)
Stop, pop, drop, and roll Out of towners on ya block
And they gotz 2 go now (Napoleon) It's like I'm walking
thru a cemetary Breathin' but I'm really buried Starting
trouble everyday at clubs It ain't necessary Half-way
thug started thuggin 'bout a week ago I was slappin'

niggaz before Pac signed to Death Row Jerzey niggaz
know it Cause it's all in my blood Fag niggaz show
respect when they see my black gloves I ain't got
nuttin' to live for but Salik And Salik know daddy on the
urge of release Stand with heat But prayin for peace
But die for war Ain't nuttin' to eat so we told the streets
like before Who the fuck wanna see the down stare of a
reaper I ain't tryna die either So talk to this mili-meter
So --- break yoself, make yoself, take yoself fuckin' with
me -- I'll make you hate yoself Empty the shelf or empty
what's left Burn thru yo chest Sellin' these tracks is like
sellin' yo death Napoleon (Chorus) (4x) Stop, pop,
drop, and roll Out of towners on ya block And they gotz
2 go now

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