

All Saints

"Get the Fuck Outta Here"

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Firing Squad nigga!

Hahahaha..

Oh! Oh! Hahahahahahaha - AIY, AIY!

Firing Squad nigga!

One time, one time

Geah, nigga - nigga!

Rock roller, rock roller

Tim {?} in the building, in the building

[Verse One: Billy Danze]

Now look, you niggaz that want to be crooks

You shook, I'm fired out of BK nigga

When I got ahold of some trap, I took it way back

Let 'em {?} claim as I lean in my Cadillac

If you see me walkin sideways, it might be an issue

I might be a little tight, and I might have my pistol

The same niggaz you see goin up, you'll see 'em comin
down

You'll be left in the streets, fuckin 'round like

"ANTE UP!" Don't get it fucked up or twisted

Cause you'll be, fucked up, and twisted

And shipped to ballistics, in the form of a puzzle
as a result of them coppertops, stoppin up your
muscles

These niggaz wanna lead to chumps, but you ride by in
your truck

with niggaz throwin up, you lookin like like WHO DA
FUCK?

And how you gon' handle, not bein able to come
through

Your killers and the vandals can't stand you

Cause you untrue your own crew, doubt you

You wonder what it's about

When it hits you in your mouth, and all the bits jump out
you

Firing Squad, we raise hell

And will prevail

[Chorus: M.O.P.]

[Fame] So what you do now, act like a bitch nigga?
[Will] Get the fuck outta here!
[Fame] Oh you wanna kick off a cliff nigga?
[Will] Get the fuck outta here!
[Fame] These niggas is out to slaughter ya, murder yo'
ass
[Fame] And you ain't gon' do SHIT nigga
[Will] Get the fuck outta here!
[Fame] Where the fuck are your morals homey?
[Will] Get the fuck outta here!
[Fame] Where the fuck is your balls at?
[Fame] We was raised by G's
[Fame] Think I'ma let you disregard that?
[Will] Get the fuck outta here!
[Fame] It'll be a cold day in hell bitch
[Will] Get the fuck outta here!

[Verse Two: Lil' Fame]

Fuck you, in the hemlock position, Duke my name ain't
Richie Rich
Be a nigga deal witcha shit and stop actin Bitchy Bitch
You know the reason that the game gone bad
It's cause you forgot who gave you the car
Quick to help you build your {?}, truly yours
Fame! Look, Fam in my name
Mark, Laze and Jamal got a jam in my name
I defy for the true aces
But you gon' have me done stab you in both of your
face
You two-faced bitch!
Keep talkin bout me bad
You gon' need a plastic surgeon to redecorate your
face up
with pieces of yo' ass!
I'll blast knuckle your face, bust your snot box
So either we can pop shots, that's how OG'z do it on my
block
Cause violence, is the universal language
NAH nigga, you done picked the wrong nigga to bang
with
Glock pop, we'll murder ya, B'Ville nigga
You dialed the dirtiest (we bang) we give 'em the whole
thang!

{*ad libs*}

[Chorus]

{*ad libs*}

