

Beverly Knight

"Power"

Visit "[Power](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Chorus: Lil' Fame, Billy Danze]

Power (power) power
(M dot O dot P devour) our
(Loyalty is royalty boss
We roll through wit tremendous force and bring)
(Power) power (power)
M dot O dot P devour (our)
Family stick to the plan (we) we
(Will) will (stand) stand, stand

[Billy Danze]

You motherfuckers gotta deal wit the consequences
(for sure)
I'm takin no prisoners under no conditions (for sure)
I'm on a one way mission to hell, I'm missin details
Thinkin of ways to rebel, as I sat in my cell
(I know they wanna see you fail)
Fuck 'em, tell 'em see me
I come thru wit two, hands full of fire, don't see me
You can find me on the back blocks (in BK)
I be posted up at the crack spots (all day)
Where the sun don't shine, we immune to the rain
In the blood, sweat & tears, from the years in the game
My connection to Fame, is immortal
Them bullshit we fought through
(Remember what them Old Timerz taught you)
Treat fee like royalty, the First Family, about loyalty
Don't let a nigga change that, or rearrange that
(If a nigga try to change that)
You know where to aim at

[Chorus]

[Lil' Fame]

This is it y'all, I don't hold back
I'ma roll back, cock your four back, it's Womack nigga
Pack guns, back gems, sold crack nigga
I know the drug game but I chose rap, nigga
You want that raw shit, well it rock right here
You want that iced out shit, it's not right here
Cuz it drop right here, I'm top of the line

You at your borderline, how wack your shit, stop right here
Fizzy Wo', spittin on niggas
I drop diarrhea, watery shittin on niggas
We can clown all day, I come about the hole like it's Groundhog Day
And dump rounds all day (run up)
I'mma fuck ya funnel
This ain't no motherfuckin jam, bitch, squeeze ya gun up
(First Fam) Make the heat scream, watch the heat scheme
That's what the fuck I call a street team, we bring

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze] (Lil' Fame)
Stand up for the Family (shut shit down)
Bodies pop up (close shop up)
Some thugs wanna waste us (but them thugs won't face us)
Cuz our guns don't discriminate (and the slugs ain't racist)
(Pull a cock, back on it, nigga act on it
My blue steel shine, like I push a 'llac on it
No serial numbers, so it gotta scratch on it
And it make slugs travel like I put a Mack on it)
When we where just little boys (we seen the big picture)
Stuck down in the bottom (so we wrote our own scripture)
Surrounded by my niggas (day in and day out)
Got into shit to get figgas and couldn't find a way out
(Them Old Timerz in the hood)
They understand why we were always up to no good
(we was crying for help)
It's your everyday bring out, born in the middle of society's mess
Motherfucker, I possess

[Chorus]

Visit [Beverly Knight](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.