

M.O.P. "Anticipation"

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This is what you waited all year for the hardcore
Firing squad, firing hard
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I'm top of the line, realistic, get rocky never smooth
Ring, ding, ring ding M.O.P. comin' through
Guns and Roses, hit 'em, hit 'em up kid for real
Say what, say what, say what, I'm packin' blue steel

Drama lord, Ice master, quick to blast ya
Thoroughbreds wit hearts cold as Alaska
F A G's get bust down to they knees
M.O.P. to the death kid, yeah, cock and squeeze

I'm here to make moves, I never fake moves, I like to
break crews
In half, put 'em on they ass if they never pay dues
It's time to get rid of you fly talk
Fuckin' with Fame, you be the next stain on the
sidewalk

I make 'em simmer down, whenever I roll into town
And speak for my love thug niggas in the crowd
I'm dedicated, never been over challenged
My over violent, lyrics'll knock you over balance

I whet emcees like Vietnamese but yet they freeze
Like coke when they provoke me to squeeze
Lil Fame represent the turf would suck so hard
They put scars on the face of the earth

Out to hit ya, split ya, hell when I get ya
Fuck the frame, I blow your ass out the picture
So keep your eyes focused on this over dosage
I'm just comin' through to a hip hop spot near you

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Yo it's the world's famous
Niggas born to kill from the ill side of town
So you best get your steel, it's ill
The street life is real son

You shouldn't have to go get it
Sleep wit it, fool, stick to ya gunz, now
Lifestyles of a ghetto child
Representin' for ill crews and

Kid I ain't got nothing to lose
I been there to my peoples up in them shavs
Up in them Javs bring it back
Clack, clack, salute, raise Hell

I believe you don't, don't, yep, yep
But you can't fuck around, fuck around
It take a lot to have actual natural sound
Bam, bam, motherfucker we didn't leave

We just laid back in the cut
Stuck some shit up our sleeve
Please, we don't roll deep, we squeeze
Predict them [Incomprehensible] niggas around to sink
a fucking ship

What I feel is what I do and G
I see, I might hafta straighten your ass out to
I wish, I would let a nigga take mine
Where my niggas is niggas that live on the front line

Hardcore raw, Brownsville B Boy quick on the draw
Like the late great Prince Le Roy when my nigga was on
the scene
More ammunition passed through his ass than the
average marine
From the ill parks, fool, where the steel start to ruckus
Deal a whole steel for you motherfuckers

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