

**M.O.P.****"Blow The Horns"**

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[Lil' Fame:]

We comin at you live from the home of the pine box (hit 'em up)

Every block, every boulevard (get 'em up)

You know the name in the game (whattup doe)

We still bang (bang) band (whattup doe)

Up in the spot, you wild black at

Down a couple of bottles and party, your pants sag (drunk)

It's poppin off dawg (oh you gangsta with it)

It's poppin off dawg (let's get gangsta with it)

[Billy Danze:]

Yeah, when shit pops off in the club it's all us

It ain't Henny, it's all heart and all guts

Try to remember me from when the real niggaz cussed

And we have our pride, live niggaz throw it up

'Bout to, switch the game, I'm doin ball stacks

I'm rollin in the Presidential lane, I ain't playin

I (still) do it with Foxx (still) do it with Tef

(Still) do it with Fame (still) do it to death I...

[Chorus:]

Blow the horns on 'em [x2]

... yeah, yeah, yeah, gyeah, blow the horns on 'em

Blow the horns on 'em [x2]

... yeah, yeah, yeah, gyeah, blow the horns on 'em

[Lil' Fame:]

What'chu think you like me? You ain't like me

Nigga you a punk, my homies get it in

And we let it out

A pistol in the waist is mo' different from a pistol in the trunk

So, act up if you want it

Y'all know me, I'm gon' keep it Olde English 800

F-I-Z-Z-Y Dub-Oh-Mack

Brownsville where you at?... Where you at?

[Billy Danze:]

BLAOW! Niggaz wonder how me and Fame remain

strong  
BLAOW! Five albums, six deals and we still on  
BLAOW! My lil' homies trainin to bang, we straightarm  
BLAOW! To let 'em feel the pain of the game, we play  
God  
So now, we back nigga with straight bombs  
And... in fact nigga it's napalm  
So stay calm, I get to twitchin my arm  
Grippin hittin you with e'rything I got in my palm now

[Chorus]

[Lil' Fame:]  
Here's your chance to advance  
Get in your stance, I shoot the holster off of cowboy  
pants  
I borrow a rap line from a legend, and put it with mine  
Whatever rapper shit is hooder than mine?  
This is Brook-Nam phenomenon (yeah) the whole nine  
yards  
You know that old bullshit that we be on  
(WHATTUP!) Cause where we at we adapt to drama  
(AND I) tackle the track like you yapped my momma

[Billy Danze:]  
I've been branded, and labelled a bandit  
Stuck in the cut on some quicksand shit  
One motion, pull click ass clique  
I'm full and I'm focused you hoes just don't fit  
For y'all niggaz thinkin I'm sick and then hopeless  
I'm just winnin and bringin the dope shit  
So, I slay y'all you get what you pay for  
We ain't forfeit the game, we was above the radar  
nigga

[Chorus]

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