

## **M.O.P.**

# **"Brooklyn/Jersey Get Wild"**

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Chorus: Treach

Till death do us, can't move us  
We can rat-tat-a-tat-tat-a or build, it don't matter  
Holler if you hear this, realness  
Thugs gon' feel this, Brooklyn banger Jersey jackin  
steal shit

[Billy Danze]

Now we have met and connect with a lot of different  
MC's [sho nuff]  
Raised hell to alot of different degrees  
And we have the Constitution of Rights to bear arms  
To flare arms, whenever we fear harm  
It's near [yeah, clack clack], keep it right  
If you pro gang, you don't belong around here soldier  
I'm like fish scale, without the pedastool  
Come to teach the new school, true school jewels  
I'm never followin them fools, I'm a real stand up dude  
I makes my own motherfuckin rules  
So what's it gonna be, let me know  
Bucka bucka blow, bucka blow blow, there you go  
And we foul to eliminate these habits  
And the best way is to eliminate these faggots  
All disrespect attended  
To anybody who may be affended, by the way I  
represented  
And I'm no stranger, to danger  
Dance with a strange man in a field with anger  
Now ain't that ghetto, for ya  
Cock sucka, we will proceed to squeeze and sproll  
muthafuckas

Chorus

Hook: Treach

Till death ditty do us, and they say tough tough ditty to  
us  
We'll be stompin bitches till they shoot us, get wild  
\*repeated\*

[Lil Fame]

Who wanna go against the man, that walked across hot

fire  
Banned for the kicked down door for my whole empire  
Rapid fire, [First Family], Rapid Fire, [M.O.P.]  
See, I know alot, seen alot, don' been thru alot  
Took alot, never took a shot  
God forbid, If I took a hot slug for a reason  
Try to understand my pain, roll up some trees an'  
Reminisce on them feels I was bringin  
Spark up a L, while you got the M.O.P. shit bangin  
Listen to the words of a nigga, represent that  
You see I really meant that, for the memories I left back  
Lil Fame never was a shady ass nigga  
When it was on, we scar fools and a gravy ass nigga  
So when you crack ya bottle and you pour ya liquor  
holla at me  
[Fizzy Woe Mack] That was my nigga

Chorus

[Treach]  
You did ya hit you had to do most  
Five minutes and you go  
Comin with ya new show, and watch ya get sumo  
Doin this shit since gettin whipped for wastin grtis  
And sneakin out when mom had late shifts and same  
mix  
Snakes quit, I flip up flops and fuck flows  
I fuck up ya fun and they don't care who the fuck knows  
I'm sutile followed and find and fucked up  
Before I take out my garbage I frisk a whole dump truck  
My pump what, so pump up tracks belack back  
Roll crazy with eighty rollin in stollin jack act  
Jersey's on the map for car jacks and gat smacks  
I'm on the map for bringin the bitch outta niggas on  
wax  
What, with M.O.P.

(several names and shit shouted out)

Chorus

Hook

Yea, salute, salute

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