

M.O.P.

"Follow Instructions"

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{"Look nigga, you know the name.."}
{"Where we from nigga? 718"}
{"Brooklyn!" - "M plus O plus P!"}
C'mon c'mon, c-c-c'mon!
{"M plus O plus P!"}

[Lil' Fame]

Check it out now

All games aside, all lames aside

I'm a rebel, with all games combined

All things in line

I ain't heard of y'all, I'm from Murder March

One of the illest spitters with a verbal bark

Yo where your burners at?

Fizzy Wo' will raise the heat like a thermostat

Don't get the man vexed, you'll get scratched, pronto

Bill and Fame make magic like Premier and, Eddie

Sancho

(YO WHERE YOU BEEN KID?) I don't know, gettin ready
for war

Parlayin with Ebony and Kwa

Foes wanna surround me with jealousy and war

But dem nah worry me, what you wan' bury me for?

I'm tired of fools askin me

if M.O.P. stand for "Monkeys On Parole"

And how many copies did the first album

"M.O.P.: To the Death" sold?

And if "How About Some Hardcore" went gold?

What up with these R&B cats nowadays

rockin doo-rags with braids (THEY FUCKED UP NOW)

Singers wanna be gangsters, gangsters wanna be
rappers

But Fizz is gonna be Famester, Famester's gonna be
slapper

I been doin this pah

I done stuffed tissue in the top of a tape

just to record Marley Marl

(IT'S THE FIRING SQUAD) Yo (JUMP) yo (JUMP)

(FIRST FAMILY) For the two (OH) oh (OHHHHH)

Chorus: M.O.P.

[B] Follow instructions! [F] Crews, listen!
WHO, IS IT? [F] Move (BOUNCE!)
[B] First Family [F] Move (BOUNCE!)
[F] Now here's what I want y'all to do, for me
[B] Follow instructions! [F] Crews, listen!
WHO, IS IT? [F] Move (BOUNCE!)
[B] First Family [F] Move (BOUNCE!)

[Billy Danze]

Hey yo they stuck me in the line of fire, where
everything is wild
I made twenty dollars, and they callin it a mistrial
Now I'm a suspect that play by his own rules
And most dudes can't fit in my shoes
The world needs to know it's only one William Danzini
You synthetic-ass niggaz can't see me (nope)
You plexiglass-ass niggaz can't be me
You generic-ass nigga won't believe me
(WE'VE BEEN TRAINED BY THE OLD CODE)
Talk while you unload (???)
I try to keep it tight, but I can't sleep at night
cause I hear voices, and I get the blinky lights
I'm still sufferin from alcohol abuse
And any beef I ever had, I never called a truce
(DAMN NIGGA YOU LOOSE) I'm just me
I'm sick of tellin you dudes, so (WHAT IT'S GON' BE)
Who put them hammers to use now (M.O.P.)
It's what the ghetto produce yo (FIRST FAMILY)
I'm a predicate, you niggaz is delicate
All that bullshit you talkin is irrelevant
I am devil sent (BLOW EM DOWN)
All the way live motherfucker on some rebel shit
I make it tragic, when I rapdily (FIRE!!)
(BUCK BUCK BUCK BUCK BUCK BUCK BUCK BUCK)
BASTARD!

Chorus: M.O.P.

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WHO, IS IT? [F] Move (BOUNCE!)
[B] First Family [F] Move (BOUNCE!)
[F] Now here's what I want y'all to do, for me

[B] Follow instructions! .. (for me)
[B] Follow instructions! .. (for me)
[B] Follow instructions! ..

Hahahahaha, nigga! Nigga!
Hahahahaha..

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