

## **M.O.P. "G Boy Stance"**

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Yeah man, when I get old and shit  
With my grandkids and shit  
I gonna tell 'em, yo' I was down with them  
Yo guess what?

I'm a G boy, standin' in my G boy stance  
Don't get it fucked up, I'm a grown ass man  
Same gam,e nuttin' changed, we gon' do it like we  
used ta'  
Fo' my niggaz that can relate, Mo. P salute ya'

Let's tear down the pretty shit  
Build up the nigga shit for our kind of niggaz  
Dem niggaz that'll slap the shit outta ya', clap the shit  
outta ya'  
Here's to you my nigga, we proud of ya'

Let's get it goin', there you go, Billy Danze  
Fizzy Wo', good to see you still bangin'  
Thou we ain't gon' leave you hangin'  
I don't know what you've been saggin' on  
You've been braggin' money on

But time's up, that's fucked up  
Nigga get gone, we don't cruise on 'em when we move  
on 'em  
Keep it rugged, never smooth on 'em  
Drop jewels on 'em, grip tools on 'em  
And braise everyone of these Y.G.'s  
Wannabe Mo. P's, claimin' they O.G.'s

If ya'll don't get back, you gon' get yo' ass put on chill  
Get a drawer filled and catch a raw deal  
Since money make your world go 'round, that's true  
And money make you do the dumb shit that you do

Who want two? The fuck is wrong wit'chu?  
How could you switch your character  
And turn your back on your crew?

Weak niggaz will fall  
Whack niggaz will fail

Live niggaz prevail  
Yes, yes, ya'll

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I spit that old school shit like Lakim Shabazz  
This is not a facade, it's the baby boy of Leon and Mrs.  
Lynette Barnard  
My other half, the illest voice of hip-hop today  
It's the baby boy of Big Frank and Mrs. Hattie May

Okay, you fuckin' with the real motherfuckers  
Okay, live from Capitol Hill motherfucker  
Crooklyn Crime town, one seven one eight  
Home of the one eight seven bitch, who want my John  
Hancock?

I ain't talkin' no autograph written, fuck a autograph  
I'm handin' out auto ass whuppin'  
Y'all niggaz know better than to try that ol' bullshit  
From Def Jam Vendetta

Run on up like [Incomprehensible] got you buff  
And get fucked the fuck on up, nigga  
It's a rude boy awakening  
M.O.P., Fizzy Yoski Woski, holla at me nigga

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Aiyyo, it's William and Womack, y'all talk about  
throwbacks

Me and the homey go back like [Incomprehensible],  
nigga  
Yeah, nigga hold that, you know we gon' promote that  
Come back for the hood in the hooptie nigga

Y'all can't control that, you niggaz is so whack  
Your rugged rap feels like a floozy nigga  
You niggaz need to know that me and the homey run  
rap  
You know where the show at, come shoot me nigga

Salute me nigga, salute it's me  
Big Baby Boogie rookie from M.O.P., squeeze  
What it's gon' be, I'll stomp, you flinch  
The A.K, aiy, Shareetha Lynch, I'm givin' you a hint

To get it'll take a little sense  
I'll come through the illest part of town when I'm bent  
And have no fear, you know she O G  
You and your homies can hold these

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