

## **M.O.P. "Guns N Roses"**

Visit "[Guns N Roses](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up

Whenever a nigga bleed, it lead to Guns N Roses  
And a real nigga knows is  
Everybody that have held had shot one  
It's like a asshole, cause everybody's got one

Niggaz is gettin' kinda bold  
Little shorties thirteen years old, tryin' to leave a nigga  
cold  
I'm packin' my gat, and watchin' my back, and ready  
for one  
You niggaz wanna jump up, cause I ain't goin' out like  
Willie

I propose a toast next nigga that play me close  
(Yeah)  
I'ma have your faggot ass hangin' off a lamp post  
(Salute)  
To my nigga that slid and did bids

To them niggaz that slipped and caught clips kid  
It's yo' play on the blessings  
Me I send your maggot ass back to the essence  
Niggaz have told ya, Guns N Roses that's the path  
So pack yo' gat and watch yo' ass

Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up

Guns N Roses, no one opposes the mash out posse  
You can't stop me, I'm packin' blue steel  
Steppin' with my weapon, waitin' for the rumble  
I'm trouble, step into the concrete jungle

Foes'll hear the words from the reverend  
And caught hell fuckin' with fame

So now they ass gotta go to heaven  
I fear no man and I ain't Omar Epps

But I'm lettin' motherfuckers know the program  
Too many motherfuckers died on the street  
That's why I tell motherfuckers to back up and play me  
feet  
Just the other day I put my man in the ground, so now  
I walk around with the motherfuckin' trey pound  
Just for my enemies so I can blow they chest in

'Cause Smith and Wesson's will have your whole family  
stressin'  
Another basket, casket closin'  
They put away the guns, then here come the  
motherfuckin' Roses  
Tags are promptly placed on your toes  
You're just another nigga dead, gotta go, gotta go  
The game is called survival when you play it to the end  
Before you go out in a blaze, may the best man win

Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up

Another motherfuckin' massacre, yeah, M.O.P.  
Dese are the niggaz that I'm movin' with G  
To you snake ass, two faced ass niggaz  
You gon' make me grip and squeeze my shit  
Lifestyles of a ghetto child

Gun over rose, choose your weapon or pick your pose  
One or the other nigga, no doubt  
You know the way the motherfuckin' story turns out  
Only your life or you're chancin'

Me, I got a record like my man Charles Manson  
Bill puttin' niggaz on chill, you know the deal  
Quicker than a motherfuckin' hit man will  
(Another motherfuckin' Cadillac)

Yeah, another motherfucker's family dressed in black  
Whatever must be must be  
Me I try to keep my shit a little low key  
See, 'cause you don't know how it feels

Everytime a nigga get killed they try to link that shit to  
Bill  
Mostly because I never of  
(Kid they tryin' to herb ya)

I ain't doin' time for no fuckin' murder

Mad brothers done died on the street  
I know it's crazy motherfuckers that barely sleep  
The color red from a hot hollow piece of lead  
Salute the world and then nod your head

Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up

Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up

Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid  
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up

...

Visit [M.O.P.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.