

M.O.P.

"Lifestyles of a Ghetto Child"

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Watch your back, yo, kid, it's on, it's time on time
Take ten of theirs 'cuz they took one of mine
Them niggas sound sweet, ain't nothing
I think they packin' heat, ain't nothing we cuttin'

Nigga, get up, pick your motherfucking head up
Somebody gon' get whet up, does this look like a set
up?
See that bitch over there? Yeah, she tryin' to get
attention
Watch them niggas to your left, oh, see you mention
and they flinchin'

Get down, hit the ground, goddamnn, my gun jammed
Why the Hill Street Blues make me refuse to leave my
man?
Nigga, leave when I jump up and squeeze, nigga,
breeze
Down upstairs, get Pacino and bees and more toast

They gettin' close, nigga, Larry
These niggas should be buried
The situation's a tough decision
I'm going to get some more ammunition
So we can continue this mission

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Bring it to 'em, kid, catch them niggas before they
slide
True dat, you get the front, I creep from the side
Take 'em down, soon as you hit the dough let your shit
go
I figured that them young punks was scheming from
the get go

Kill that noise, watch your back
Nigga, get back, Bill, where you at?
Over here kid, I spot him
Come on, but I'm comin' your way, kid

I got him, watch yourself, blowin' them herbs
What now? Let them slugs calm your nerves
Let's motivate, wait, Pacino still chasin'
We bringin' this home, leave him alone, kid, he lacin'
'em

That's how it is when it's time to roll
M.O.P. home never fold
They try to set us up, dumpin' you a sin
I'ma, chill, nigga, you know we gon' see them chumps
again

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Five O, go, yo, stash the hammer
Where your's? I just left my shit right there under the
bammer
Make moves, kid, it ain't no time for debatin'
Why go straight when you know the man gon' be
waitin'?

Dip in the building, what if the door's locked?
Damn, we can't stop, the cops's surrounding the block
And them chumps are comin' fast
Nigga, dig up in the building, hit the hazard and bear
last

Nigga, they right behind us, I ain't tryin' to get caught
by the law
Oh, shit, they comin' in the building, open up the door
Hurry up, I ain't sittin' in no pen, nigga
Five O comin' it's us, let us in, nigga

Lock the door, cut them lights off, stash the crack
Crack the safe and see where them chumps is at
They all over the place and we facin' hard times at trial
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Alright, now you two, come out with our hands up
I give you ten seconds, come out with our hands up
We got the place surrounded, don't run
[Incomprehensible] team respond, I need some back
up down here
Send me some back up, I need some back up, damn it
Fuck 'em, yeah, fuck 'em, fuck 'em

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