

## **M.O.P. "New Jack City"**

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This is, ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare  
Prepare, get on your post and stand clear  
If you start it, defend it, start it, we'll end it  
We're highly recommended, listen, this is

Ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare  
Prepare, get on your post and stand clear  
The Brownsville sluggers, about to attack

Bring it back, yo I'm tired of you herbs  
Gettin' on my nerves  
Pretendin' to be drug dealers, and killers

You fold up, hold up, let me ease the grip  
So they can jack talkin' 'bout how many keys you flip  
Your sleeves get ripped off for that bracelet you rockin'  
This li'l nigga get to poppin', pistol grippin' and cockin'  
'Cuz nine times outta ten

I'm guaranteed to leave you stragglin'  
Plus I bag emcees that's babblin'  
I ain't tryin' to hear ya but I'm about ready to ear ya out  
Get the gats and clear ya out

'Cuz you's a part time felon, kid killing yellin'  
Before I send a slug through your melon  
I'm a basket case, don't make me bash your face  
You sittin', I'm sittin on chrome like Masta Ace

It's live nigga, no jive, hear the guns blast  
I be wreckin' like the fuckin' Jamaicans at SunSplash  
It ain't where you from it's where ya at  
And where you be at times, you don't have your fuckin'  
gat  
So chill with your riff raff, your bitch staff  
Is some new cats, living in New Jack City

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Yo what the fuck is the deal, here comes a new  
generation of rap dudes  
With fake attitudes that refuse to play by the rules  
It's a shame the way they be dissin' the game  
They fantasize then go to something I would tell lies

These fake thugs replace slugs that's have three to  
nigga  
Actin' like he want it no one wanna see my niggas  
Firing Squad still firing, fuckin wit old timers  
Wit rhymers ready to come out of retirement  
Stoppin' your traffic, a classic  
(M O P)  
Puttin' you bitch ass niggas in caskets you lil bastards

Don't know this rap shit, get this  
My family is ready to lynch, and roll before all you  
devils and sins  
Raw breed indeed, we proceed to give you what you  
need  
You way out of your motherfucking league

It's the, warpath, O.G. staff  
Ambidextrous and I'll tear your maggot ass in half  
My family don't give a fuck about you  
How 'bout I, jump up and smack the shit out you  
Get at 'em took you down the Firing Squad committee  
Wit no pity, detonating this New Jack City

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