

M.O.P. "Old Timerz"

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This is for the old school niggas from back in the day
When bubblegum soul was legit wit waves
Slick Money was a popular phrase
And we learned to let the pistol spark, bark and blaze

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This is for them cats from way, way back
When every pair of sneakers had to have a hat to
match
(Damn)
Y'all look good in them sheep skins

Make noise in the middle of the street all week
Always had a plan, it only took a dime to reach out and
touch a man
Can't be fuckin' up them sneakers while you at ya jam
Get up on the speakers and your B-Boy stand

I remember the Beemer, I remember the Cadillac
I remember the seat broke backv
I remember the chick wasn't legit unless her ass was
fat
Uncle, I remember all that

When the main reason for squeezin' was to let 'em
know you got one
Pop shots at the party to see niggas run
When the [unverified] was the worst biggest gun
You niggas had a lotta fun

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I used to them lean hard as fuck

(Lean)

Hit the scene hard as fuck

(Scene)

Spoke rims, white walls, cruisin' the block

In them 98 Oldsmobile wit the rag top

Try to look these in your BVD

In the wind, wit ya Kangols, Pumas and Lees

Used to drink private stock, Millers and Old Gold

Had the [unverified] sweater when the weather got cold

Oh

(Oh)

Dirty 38's was the tool that'll bless you

(Saturday Night Special)

O.G., niggas, God damn I miss 'em

Pumpin' Run-D.M.C. through the goose neck system

It don't matter, up or down hill, nigga

Nobody whoop ya ass like a Brownsville nigga

If you locked down, deceased or up in the bow

This is M.O.P., shout to your isle for the love

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Back in the days, back in the days

I love it when we dream about the old, old, old school

Back in the days, back in the days

I really want to take it back to the way things used to be

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