

## **M.O.P. "Power"**

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Power  
(Power)  
Power  
(M dot O dot P devour)  
Our  
(Loyalty is royalty boss )  
(We roll through with tremendous force and bring)  
(Power)

Power  
(Power)  
M dot O dot P devour  
(Our)  
Family stick to the plan  
(We)

We  
(Will)  
Will  
(Stand)  
Stand, stand

You motherfuckers gotta deal with the consequences  
(For sure)  
I'm takin' no prisoners under no conditions  
(For sure)  
I'm on a one way, mission to hell, I'm missin' details  
Thinkin' of ways to rebel, as I sat in my cell  
(I know they wanna see you fail)

Fuck 'em, tell 'em see me  
I come through with two, hands full of fire, don't see  
me  
You can find me on the back blocks  
(In BK)  
I be posted up at the crack spots  
(All day)

Where the sun don't shine, we immune to the rain  
In the blood, sweat and tears, from the years in the  
game  
My connection to fame is immortal

Them bullshit we fought through  
(Remember what them old timers taught you)

Treat fee like royalty, the first family, about loyalty  
Don't let a nigga change that or rearrange that  
(If a nigga try to change that)  
You know where to aim at

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This is it y'all, I don't hold back  
I'ma roll back, cock your four back, it's Womack, nigga  
Pack guns, back gems, sold crack nigga  
I know the drug game but I chose rap, nigga  
You want that raw shit, well it rock right here  
You want that iced out shit, it's not right here  
'Cause it drop right here, I'm top of the line

You at your borderline, how wack your shit, stop right  
here  
Fizzy Wo', spittin on niggas  
I drop diarrhea, watery shittin' on niggas  
We can clown all day, I come about the hole like it's  
Groundhog Day  
And dump rounds all day  
(Run up)

I'ma fuck ya funnel  
This ain't no motherfuckin' jam, bitch, squeeze ya gun  
up  
(First fam)

Make the heat scream, watch the heat scheme  
That's what the fuck I call a street team, we bring

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Stand up for the family  
(Shut, shit down)  
Bodies pop up  
(Close shop up)  
Some thugs wanna waste us  
(But them thugs won't face us)  
'Cause our guns don't discriminate  
(And the slugs ain't racist)

Pull a cock, back on it, nigga act on it  
(My blue steel shine, like I push a 'llac on it)  
(No serial numbers, so it gotta scratch on it )  
(And it make slugs travel like I put a Mack on it)  
When we where just little boys  
(We seen the big picture)

Stuck down in the bottom  
(So we wrote our own scripture)  
Surrounded by my niggas  
(Day in and day out)  
Got into shit to get figgas and couldn't find a way out

Them old timers in the hood  
They understand why we we're always up to no good  
(We was crying for help)  
It's your everyday bring out, born in the middle of

societys mess

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