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M.O.P. "Ride With Us"

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Firing Squad nigga, Firing Squad 'First Family', top notch nigga, BD

I used to have so much confidence in myself But now my game is changed and my pain's been felt My hand's been dealt but it was a missed deal And words won't express the way a man William feel

I came up with them thugs, I grew up in that mud Got my hands covered in blood, to stay Above the world (To see a better day) Please my children need and I can't find a fuckin' way

What can I say, I'ma stressed ghetto soldier I'm shell shocked from a back block off Saratoga Remember what I told ya, I'm thirsty now In fact I feel like everybody's out to hurt me now

Roll wit me now, am I the only cat that never see The M slash O dash P on your TV and the Industry Keep fucking wit me, so I brought my cousins wit me From now on they gon' be thuggin' wit me

Eyes and ears, nigga, blunts and beers, nigga For months and years it been Blood, Sweat and Tears Nigga, raise your metal for Firing Squad royalty 'First Family', royalty, holla

How many niggas plan to ride wit us? (Ride wit us) How many niggas came to die wit us? (Die wit us) Pop shots nigga, we don't give a fuck Buck, buck, buck, buck, buck

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This is only the beginning, you ain't know one was comin' Stand face to me, no more runnin' Back from hell, the dramatic, automatic Rap track flippin' acrobatic

Yo we been in this game for damn near a whole decade

To the death 'til the Firing Squad, cop the next tape Brownsville slugger, knucka up in the house Had a rumble with the Grim Reaper, knuckled it out

This ain't for you big willies, this is for my small paws Thuggin' wit guns in they draws Go against the grain, break all laws And keep a bitch wit him, wit drugs in her bra

Brooklyn, brainiest, blast Ain't nothing changed since that nigga been past Sound, pound, make you wanna bark Specialized by Firing Squad, the underdogs, c'mon

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(It's the Firing Squad assassins) Ghetto blastin' Operation' ran by your man toucan, dance for thug fashion (Criminal passion) Top of the line, it's unnecessary, buries but we still manage to shine (Take a life son) Fuck that You know the verdict your only a soldier duke but don't get murdered

You heard I was raised with the elements, it's William And if you feel him then don't fuck with my intelligence I'm from the Ville (That's home) I holds my own being that my father's reflection have connected

And roam, blow 'em and check 'em wit chrome, have ya heard of me I heard you wanna hit me, split me, murder me So I, regulate, designate, demonstrate Blow back you fools wit tools, set 'em straight

What you want nigga? What it's gon' be? I'ma be leavin' you leakin' with clip in the palmy I'ma son of a gun, a automatic 4 5th Gun shots let off for my dogs, leave your boy stiff

Ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare Play a part 'fore you fuck around and start a war here (We bust back) Collapse, I'm rated R, bringin' it real strong 'cuz you niggas Still gon' hit me pa, y'all want me, come find me motherfucker

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How many niggas, ride wit us, can you ride? Firing Squad nigga Yeah, wit us, 'First Family', murder, top notch nigga You know the rules of the motherfucking game, c'mon

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