

M.O.P. "Rugged Neva Smoove"

Visit "[Rugged Neva Smoove](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(4x)

It's the Mash Out Posse

Rugged neva smooth

M fuckin O fuckin P on the move

[Lil' Fame]

The M.O.P.'s about to run this you couldn't shun this

I'm leavin rappers with the dumbness

Because I got no feelings, I done this

Takin you propers, we comin right

And now we gotta (take money money)

Yeah, you motherfuckin right

Lil' Fame's removin MC's like terpentine

Droppin that shit that MC's couldn't search and find

Not even if you was a golddigger

I'm a bad - nah! let me chill

Yo Bill, hold me down, nigga

[Billy Danzinie]

M fuckin O fuckin P keep it rugged

Herbs can't touch it, and a real nigga got to love it

Ain't nuttin changed, it's Billy and Lil' Fame

Still bustin your brain

Yeah! doin the thang thang

Home team keepin it phat

How about some hardcore?

(Yeah! we like it raw) here is more of that

Don't be amazed if you're left in a daze

M.O.P. is in the place, so you chumps best behave

-chorus-

[Lil' Fame]

I'm ready and all for you niggaz that wanna get it on

Cause when we get it on, only competators is gettin
torn

Straight up and down, that was for all em niggas

With your gang truce, or whatever the fuck you call em,
nigga

Rappers, I rip em in half, they can't get with math

Or the ruggedness niggaz be bumpin on the ave

So get the cash out, I put your glass out

Throw the trash out, niggaz fuck with us, you catch a
mash out

They can't fuck with that shit that we be droppin on it
Hardcore, got your mama hippin and hoppin on it

And once a nigga make a record
Bitches be like: fuck Mystic, they get this dick and go
naked
Billy Danze pass the smoke and I ain't gonna smoke till
I choke
I'ma smoke till I croak
I call niggaz bluff when I puff the lala
Then I put niggaz to rest like boom bye bye
When I snap will I get busy, kid? (no doubt)
When I rap do I get busy, kid? (no doubt)
Is M.O.P. knockin motherfuckers out? (no doubt)
Is it raw? (yeah!) so what the fuck them niggaz talk
about?
Don't have me jack or disrespect sumthin
The M.O.P. make a nigga wanna wreck sumthin
Because we show em and prove that the M.O.P. is the
move
We keep it rugged neva smooth
-chorus-
[Billy Danzenie]
Aiyo! let's take it to they ass kid!
Nah - gained while we came
We're international, niggaz know the name
I'm Billy Danze (plow!) I'm mad loud (plow!)
I represent the 1-5-4 fuckin 5
It's M.O.P., and you know we stay strapped
So when you bustin, motherfucker, we'll be bustin back
I gotta hip grip if you wish, cause I'm swift
I'm bugged, you can catch a slug from my Smith
I put herbs out of they myseries
And a lotta niggaz in hip hop with props cant't get with
me
I had my name ever since I was a little kid
For all the ill Hill shit I done did
I've been down for years and years to come
The nigga that you're hearin ain't the motherfuckin one
Now if you're real, motherfuckers, please stand
(Clack clack! salute!) clack clack! salute, it's Mr. Billy
Danze
I realize, that real guys will take a look at our size
But there's more than what meets your eyes
From Monday through motherfuckin Sunday
M.O.P. will be bringin that motherfuckin gunplay

Visit [M.O.P.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.