

M.O.P. "Stick To Ya Gunz"

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Calling the police, calling the G men
Calling all Americans to war on the underworld
All I need is money and I'm getting that money, tonight

Let's take a slide through the illside of town with this B-
Boy
Watch out for Jakes, snakes and decoys, the streets
keep you P-noid
Every day's a new game, we do thangs for new thangs
This kid got stopped for like three G's and two chains

Yo, I know about these streets I was raised in
In my crib I heard villains outside blazin'
Mad shots was poppin' and I see visions of droppin'
men
Five minutes later some nigga was sprawled out on
Hopkinson

That's why this downtown swinga
Ruckus bringa be packin' bangers
That make your whole shit out of clothes hangers
It's only one life to give in, get in where ya fit in
The fo'-fo' will cold push ya shit in

So keep ya gun breezed for fuckin'
With these New York desperadoes
We'll bust open your head like avocados
Heavy artillery in my facility
For you snake ass ones I stick to my gunz

Yo, what up? Ain't nothin' is it real? Yeah son
What's todays mathematics nigga? Stick to ya gunz
What's the word? Ain't nothin' is it real? Yeah son
What's todays knowledge of self? Stick to ya gunz

The most beautifulest thing in the world
Is a fo' fo' Desert Eagle, nigga, that shit is Diesel
Lethal hollow point slugs bust through any object
Squeeze it at rapid fire, clear the whole projects

I ain't gonna be beefin' or eyein' you
Silently I move violently, me, ain't no reliable see

I been chasin' and lacin' tough guys for days
Findin' ways to erase 'em and place 'em in the grave

If it happen the squad's cappin', I'm in the mix
And I'd rather be judged by twelve, than laid by six
My kind, on the front line still standin'
Mr. Billy Danze and I'll work you with a mini cannon

Holdin' it down it's the drama lord
So you riff, you be lift and laid stiff as a fuckin' board
Firin' squad, niggaz on the run
Get props from top notch niggaz that ill bill, stick to
they guns

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Aiyyo, I represent Queens, on crime scenes
A murder machine, put M-16's in niggaz spleens
So head for the hills, nigga 'cause
When I get ill, it's blood spilled for real
I aim my fuckin' steel and shoot to kill

So grab your body shield get ready for the duckin'
The biscuit that I'm clutchin'
Puffin' like cess but that's the fuckin' Dutchman
Buckin' at all you sucka cluckin' niggaz that want the
ruckus

We'll be three niggaz who's clappin' but we ain't
applaudin'
You motherfuckers, keep my mack hid up under back
Two shots to crack lids, ain't gotta go rush
To toys R U's to get you cabbage patch kids

Once I let the laser beams gleam and the red dots are
seen
Your whole team is gettin' blown to smithereens
Queens on the motherfuckin' map nigga we stay
strapped
In fact I let a AK cap push your toupee back

Runnin' with mad sons gunnin' shit up
And leave you hit up for the funds

Niggaz better stick to they guns

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