

M.O.P.

"Stop Pushin"

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[Intro] Uhh! Fizzy Wo', MO P's Uhh, uhh, uh Kah-uh kah-uh, kah-C'MON!! Gangsta boogie with the Famesta Famesta boogie with the gangsta, gangsta [Lil' Fame] I gets gangsta big now with it! Bust how the homey get down with it (C'MON) If you want you can get down with it, or sit down with it We tear shit down with it in the (GHETTO!!) Still runnin with my homebody from 3-3-9 And 1-5-4-5 (STILL) totin fo'-fives Nigga what the fuck is on yo' mind? Can't none of you rap niggaz hold mine, nigga Fizzy Wo' shine Y'all niggaz rappin like y'all rap for Nickelodeon with a mouth full of cubic zirconias I catch you at the Hip-Hop Summit (uh-huh) smack fire out'cha mouth call you a bitch and piss on the podium! What I say on a record, I MEAN on a record The hood love my voice, I'm mean on a record! It's cream on a record, nigga you ain't gon' do shit You just blowin off steam on a record [Chorus: Lil' Fame] STOP PUSHIN!! You better stop pushin me dog You see a nigga comin through, gimme room Tell them niggaz to move (NIGGA MOVE!) Y'all motherfuckers better stop pushin (NIGGA STOP PUSHIN) The next motherfucker that push me I'm goin right upside your motherfuckin head (STRAIGHT LIKE THAT) The next motherfucker that push me I'm goin right upside your motherfuckin head (STRAIGHT LIKE THAT) [Billy Danze] Hey yo I'm big Bill Danze in it, Y'KNAHMEAN? And had enough to cop the drop and the Chevy is clean I mean there's somethin 'bout the way that I lean that'll shake a nigga out of a scheme, that means it's (GHETTO!!) Geah and I break a nigga right at the spleen, we do it gritty Down with niggaz who scattered around Sin City Equipped with the pounds and semis, so I ain't worried 'bout you fuckers as I ride by, drownin Henny They give me DAP - how it's lookin pa? - I see you still floatin Keep it raw! - Oh fo' sho' son, my shit is still smokin From the do', niggaz gave you the vibe - MOVE ON! And it'll take a miracle for you to get out alive (BROOKLYN!!) Real G's get it on I rub you under the chin with a gemstar homes You know I got a condition, you see me twitchin At my death one of you motherfuckers slippin, I'm hittin [Chorus]

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