

## **M.O.P. "Stress Ya'll"**

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KICK ASS!

First Family!

[Chorus: M.O.P.]

Don't let these motherfuckers stress y'all  
M.O.P. to the death y'all, the good Lord have blessed  
y'all  
So these niggaz can't touch y'all  
FIRING SQUAD! Yes yes y'all

[Verse One: Billy Danze]

Good evening, you contaminated semen  
I'm here for a different reason (continue breathin)  
I notice you been schemin, on the First Family  
(Family) Disbelieving we're  
(forever rockin) yeah (forever hip-hopping and  
popping)  
Yes yes y'all!  
I'm not a rapper, I never made a rap song  
You motherfuckers got it all wrong!  
I'm a man standin behind a cannon, plannin to pop ya  
We got on yo' click like I'm with Trenchcoat Mafia  
I'm not afraid of you bitches, I raise hell  
And get respect when niggaz, struggle for riches  
As the wind blow, through my window, real slow at  
night  
It shakes me in fright, it's well after twelve  
but I still see a bright light (take 'em back to crime time)  
Oh you, motherfuckin right, cousin  
I see them fake thugs, givin up fake dap and fake hugs  
We appreciate the fake love  
Keep in mind I'm determined to shine like my son  
Industry enemy number one, yes yes y'all!

[Chorus x2]

[Verse Two: Lil' Fame]

I'm bout to start this bitch from Ground Zero (oh!)  
When I start cussin and bustin, niggaz call pound zero  
I'm not just a rap AR-tist  
I'm also a gat pack artist (oh!) gat clap artist (oh!)

And a condor, killer, set trap artist (oh!)  
Send forty-pound slugs through your back artist  
(Now that's an artist!) I leave 'em left out  
with his flesh out, layin stretched out, sketched out  
(No doubt!) I still do the same thing  
Streey life is still a Fame game  
What you thought the game changed?  
I hang out and break day until the street lights go off  
Or the heat pipe go off (BOOM!)  
It's what we pack on the Hilltop, (true!)  
What's the sound when the steel pop? (BOOM!)  
Bitch! I will dismiss you  
You got issues, deal witcho issues  
I look 'em dead in the face, pop one in 'em  
and knock the venom out a motherfuckin snake  
I'm a thoroughfy his death y'all, and creep back  
through  
And if he's stretched I'm like yes yes y'all

[Chorus x2]

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