

Journalist

"Extended Family"

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f/ M.O.P

[Verse One: Billy Danze]

Allow me to turn this bitch into Fight Club

That's how my family react when there's no love

Young coward probably nothing repostal slug

I'm tired of niggas hollering [A STRAIGHT THUG]

Yeah whatever, if you ain't ready to rock

And pop-pop-pop-pop, non stop.. [STOP!]

We are ready to rock, and pop-pop-pop-pop

And clear the whole motherfucking block

[Billy Danze right], that's right back on some other shit

Stop doin sucker shit, watch who you fucking with

Know that the meaning of the Danze's man

Know that the meaning of the man's his fam [FIRST
FAMILY!]

If you don't like to get to grippin ya thang

If I catch you slipping I'm spitting and splitting ya brain

Praised in the bid of the flame, N-D-O the ability,
extended the game [?]

[Chorus]

Journalist: We gon' shut this game down, and move on
heard

Lil' Fame: Make yourself be heard! [OOOOOH]

Bill Danze: We gon' burn this bitch down, and that's my word

Lil' Fame: Make yourself be heard! [OOOOOH]

Make yourself be heard! [OOOOOH]

Make yourself be heard! [OOOOOH]

[Verse Two: Journalist]

South Phil' with Brownsville, damn that sounds ill
[SJEEZ]

Now watch me, niggas get found killed

Especially those who wear wires

Find theyself stuck in the trunk, stomach on the street
tire

Don't you go try us, shit the Brown stay smoking

You could use the tools for a blow dryer

I don't hold fire, comprende?

Standing there stupid like the Gimbe, I shoot it like M.J

Clap you up then wrap you up in some kintay

Bag you up, then drop you off on your frimway

Before the cops come questioning cats

I'm at the border in a pancho with Mexican hat

For this cheddar y'all be messing with rats so I'ma
Swiss Cheeser

'Til there's no bullets left in the gat

Watch what you say to may (me), or before I skate
away

I spray A.K., heat your grill like Labor Day

Shit, I do this thing day to day

Y'all new rappers walk around like y'all motherfuckers
paved the way

Journalist featuring M.O.P

I'm three letters out the alfabet, look how wild it get

[Chorus]

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Lil' Fame: Make yourself be heard! [OOOOOH]

Make yourself be heard! [OOOOOH]

Make yourself be heard! [OOOOOH]

Journalist: Niggas! [UHHNNH]

Bill Danze: Bitches! [UHHNNH]

Lil' Fame: Make yourself be heard! [OOOOOH]

Journalist: Niggas! [UHHNNH]

Bill Danze: Bitches! [UHHNNH]

Lil' Fame: Make yourself be heard!

[Verse Three: Lil' Fame]

Fame's be like a prayin mantis, fuck who's amp is

Y'all to fuck around, I let the triple fat goose mafia ???

What you champions? I put you on back pressure

Have your grown-ass wearing blue Pampers

Get on a murder out, no need to burn 'em out

We don't cheese 'em cats, heard about word of mouth

And I blast faster, put it on

Nobody see nothing, when po-po ask, they like
'HMMHMM'

Yo, First Fam', full blown blasting

Atlantial Sea, M.O.P. mashing

My niggas held down, throw cocktails in your house

Burn that bitch to a cocktail lounge

Foreby, four runner, for your toy soldiers

Blue steel, I ain't talking Toyota

The game for close ya, close up shop

And put the locks on the game, 'cause the game's all
over

[Chorus]

Journalist: We gon' shut this game down, and move on
heard

Lil' Fame: Make yourself be heard! [OOOOOH]

Bill Danze: We gon' burn this bitch down, and that's my
word

Lil' Fame: Make yourself be heard! [OOOOOH]

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