

M.O.P. f/ Redman

"Riding Through"

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[Redman] + (Billy Danze) Geah! Who got the weed up in this motherfucker man? (You already know what it is nigga) Yo yo whattup M.O.? (The world's famous, M.O.P.!) [First Chorus: Billy Danze, Lil' Fame] Look I got Brooklyn on my back when I'm (riding through) Niggaz better know how to act when I'm (riding through) Steady hittin the 'gnac when I'm (riding through) And I'm broke back in the 'llac when I'm (riding through) The hood throwin it up when we (riding through) Ain't nuttin changed, +Ante Up+ when we (riding through) Whether the slums or the burbs we (riding through) Plenty birds on the curb when we (riding through) [Billy Danze] Let me enlighten you motherfuckers on my conspiracy theory THEY GOT US STUCK IN A BOTTLE so y'all can't hear me THEY SAID THE HOMEY'S A PROBLEM that's just so y'all can fear me And never break bread with this family who take care of me Just keep in your head (SHALL WE BANG) dude we bang too Don't make me pick up my shit and spit, none of these flames at you (WE BREATHEIN EASY) That's right, that's the thang to do (WE KEEP IT GREASY) and we ride like the Rangers do Dude believe me, the gangsters that I'm bringin through is down to bang a dude, maybe even hang a dude Maybe even bring you to a town full of vultures and cobras, and these niggaz'll cut yo' ass homey And the way we do our thang is somethin like a magic trick You might wanna get in line or get killed in this faggot shit You faggot bitch! Nigga you done got all flossy and glossy and that's where you lost me (son) And plus you ridin with this God damn It's like the kind of brokenest niggaz infected your frame (IT'S THE LEGENDARY M.O.P.) back with the heat y'all (IT'S THE LEGENDARY M.O.P.) back for the streets y'all [First Chorus] [Lil' Fame] I'm screamin out BK all day when we (riding through) You don't want the Marxmen to collide wit'chu I dump five at you and wouldn't give a fuck who see me I get it poppin like J.D., dancin for Whodini Ain't nuttin +Jive+ about that All that is 1-5-fo'-5 about that Nigga you wit me (THROW IT UP) for the world's most dangerous niggaz From the Marx, Fizzy Wo' the orc, slingin my tomahawk I sling 'em a couple

of slugs and let the llama spark at your tough ass, get the fuck from 'round here with that kind of talk This is Brook-Nam nigga and I'm Mo' P'd up G'd up, dude gon' fuck around and get beat up Cause you treed up, intoxicated off the alcohol Homey my niggaz ain't worried 'bout y'all Cause when it's on we gon' ride for the cause and spit more than 16 at yo' ass and we ain't talkin 'bout bars [Second Chorus: Redman, Lil' Fame] Half the Brick's on my back when I'm (riding through) Niggaz better know how to act when I'm (riding through) Steady hittin the 'gnac and I'm (riding through) High as hell in the 'llac and I'm (riding through) The hood throwin it up when we (riding through) Ain't nuttin changed, +Ante Up+ when we (riding through) Whether the slums or the burbs we (riding through) Plenty birds on the curb when we (riding through) [Redman] Yeah, yo Redman got the sour diesel, haze and blunts I move the crowd when I'm wavin the pump (yo let 'em know nigga) Yo, my Timbs'll fuck your gators up You'll leave the hospital braided up (from the fo' nigga) Yo, I'm 'bout it, 'bout it, you doubt it, dial it Fuck the alarm, Doc cause a power outage Many men wanna test, bring a thousand dollars Watch 'em, flip over a hundred miles an hour Pop my collar, DAMN NIGGA, Doc a rider Grab two hoes, then I'm hasta manana Lil' Fame got the llama I play Paulie from Sopranos, Billy I'm about the drama Who said Redman don't, be in the hood? I'm true to the game, nigga I bet Terry would! I'm very good on the mic, you barely hood So it's only right nigga, you +Ante Up+ YO FIRST FAMILY! (What?) When I'm riding through I keep a shotgun nigga about the size of you Brick City ain't poppin? We lied to you It's like livin with ten niggaz, hide your food [Second Chorus] [Outro: Redman] Yeah, M.O.P. Them some hard ass niggaz nigga Gilla House, Brick City to Brook-Nam fools YEAH!! The first time I bumped into M.O.P., and shit I was broke as hell and I ain't even come out with an album yet I was drivin my moms little Chevette, and shit And I knew, Scoob Lover and shit and Scrap Lover and I bumped into Scrap Lover, in New York Drivin around the Coca Cabana and shit I was dolo, and he ran to the Chevette like he had beef with somebody in the club So he jumped in, like yo, and he brought his lil' man with him And he was a rider, and that was Lil' Fame! And we drove around the block and shit Back around to the club, and uh Scrap Lover jumped out started buckin in the air like WHO WANNA JUMP ME NOW? Cause I think some niggaz tried to jump him And Lil' Fame was in the back squattin with the hammer ready to let loose, and we ain't even know each other from door! Then he

came out with M.O.P. That's how I knew they were some
hard ass niggaz That shit was real AND THEN THEY
STARTED GETTIN PAPER - DAMN!!!

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