

## **MOP f Jay**

### **"Teflon 4 Alarm Blaze"**

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Lil' Fame:

Seventy-five

Raised on a strip called here brotha hill

Where guns pop and cops get killed

This is the place where paranoya

Destroyin', niggas cash cases mo', try to flash they lawyers

We're losin', it

Four fives and knives we be movin', wit

Caught up in the things that the street game confused you wit

We're provin', it

Let it be known if retaliation

Home-sillet - it's on

That rap nigga bust a cap nigga flat nigga

Open up your back nigga Rosewood black nigga

First family gone brawl

It's president's resident, and I'm the first dog

You know the M.O.P status

In the history of crime and rap we some the baddest

Word to the mommy

Any fool try me

Get hit wit the Llama

Fuck cuminana

Chorus - Teflon and Lil' Fame: 2X

It's a 4 alarm blaze

Everybody post up next to the stage

Come on

You're all welcome to hell's roadway

First family style

Buck ass wild

What ya say

Billy Danze:

Get ya man on the jack soldier

Grip your mac soldier

FIRST FAMILY

We're back soldier

And we have swam through the Brownsville sewers

The last on the line of our kind CRIME DO'ERS

Burkowitz MOB STYLE

Spit fire from my hammer like I wasn't God's child

Crucify me - but don't deny me

Or get slit bitch you couldn't slip nothin' by me

Try me and I'll pop shots like I'm supposed to

I'm from the field where the covers are unnoticable

I've noticed a few niggas wantin' my head

Used my smarts and my secret all are firin' lead (Fire ya lead)

With all intentions of droppin', a body

I'm usually nervous so I'm flinchin' when I enter  
the party

#### THE BROWNSVILLE NECTAR

That bullshit

Just when you thought it was safe I flipped and hit  
'em wit more shit

Chorus 2X:

Teflon:

Introducin' the best kept secret

It's no sweet shit I sleep wit green beret

Blaze enemies frequent

I speak wit authority

(Black) Perhaps through four to be

Cap quarterly blazed till it's quiet and orderly

The gunsmoke make son soak

The smoke run through the barrel until the gun choke

Raised cold-hearted and deadly

Survive wit a nickel-plated tool and jewels old-timer  
done fed me

Keep my grip steady

Squeeze till they drop off

Make sure all other guns are popped off as heavy

Blowin some high-tech shit

Through your projects

Makin' whatever was in my way easy to di-tect

I wrecks guys

Over money gone Saratoga son be in a Columbian  
necktie

We don't respects by

Half-ass niggas

Blast niggas

Gas niggas who won't blast

The sect die

All: 2X

Just when you thought it was safe

The mad shell posse hit you off wit another taste

Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh ) Uh (Uh)

Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah)

Jay-Z:

Yeah, uh-huh, what the fuck

Two asked quick for bastards to step to

Leave wounds too drastic for rescue

When I rock jewels it ain't to impress you

What the fuck niggas commentin on my shit fo',

I'm real - how you think I got rich ho?

Pack steel - ain't afraid to let a clip go

I got enough paper to get low

Come back when the shit blow over get the dough over

Huh wit the Rover snatch the gat from the clip holder

Rip through ya shoulder bitch it's Jay-hovah

I'm too right wit it, too tight wit it

You light witted but if you're feel ya nice nigga spit it

Who am I?

JAY-Z MOTHAFUCKA

Do or die

IN BROWNSVILLE MOTHAFUCKA

Blocka, rocka, M.O.P collabo

Front on us and gats blow ya know?

Chorus: 2X

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