

# Stick to Ya Gunz

## M.O.P.

Calling the police, calling the G men  
Calling all Americans to war on the underworld  
All I need is money and I'm getting that money, tonight  
Let's take a slide through the illside of town with this B-  
Boy  
Watch out for Jakes, snakes and decoys, the streets keep you P-noid  
Every day's a new game, we do thangs for new thangs  
This kid got stopped for like three G's and two chains  
Yo, I know about these streets I was raised in  
In my crib I heard villains outside blazin'  
Mad shots was poppin' and I see visions of droppin' men  
Five minutes later some nigga was sprawled out on Hopkinson  
That's why this downtown swinga  
Ruckus bringa be packin' bangers  
That make your whole shit out of clothes hangers  
It's only one life to give in, get in where ya fit in  
The fo'-fo' will cold push ya shit in  
So keep ya gun breezed for fuckin'  
With these New York desperadoes  
We'll bust open your head like avocados  
Heavy artillery in my facility  
For you snake ass ones I stick to my gunz  
Yo, what up? Ain't nothin' is it real? Yeah son  
What's today's mathematics nigga? Stick to ya gunz  
What's the word? Ain't nothin' is it real? Yeah son  
What's today's knowledge of self? Stick to ya gunz  
The most beautifullest thing in the world  
Is a fo' fo' Desert Eagle, nigga, that shit is Diesel  
Lethal hollow point slugs plunge through any object  
Squeeze it at rapid fire, clear the whole projects  
I ain't gonna be beefin' or eyein' you  
Silently I move violently, me, and Old Reliable see  
I been chasin' and lacin' tough guys for days  
Findin' ways to erase 'em and place 'em in the grave  
If it happen the squad's cappin', I'm in the mix  
And I'd rather be judged by twelve, than laid by six  
My kind, on the front line still standin'  
Mr. Billy Danze and I'll work you with a mini cannon  
Holdin' it down it's the drama lord  
So you riff, you be lift and laid stiff as a fuckin' board  
Firin' squad, niggaz on the run  
Get props from top notch niggaz that ill bill, stick to they guns  
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Aiyyo, I represents Queens, on crime scenes

A murder machine, put M-16's in niggaz spleens  
So head for the hills, nigga 'cause  
When I get ill, it's blood spilled for real  
I aim my fuckin' steel and shoot to kill So grab your body shield get ready for the duckin'  
The biscuit that I'm clutchin'  
Puffin' like cess but that's the fuckin' Dutchman  
Buckin' at all you sucka cluckin' niggaz that want the ruckus We'll be three niggaz who's clappin' but we ain't  
applaudin'  
You motherfuckers, keep my mack hid up under back  
Two shots to crack lids, ain't gotta go rush  
To toys R U's to get you cabbage patch kid Once I let the laser beams gleam and the red dots are seen  
Your whole team is gettin' blown to smithereens  
Queens on the motherfuckin' map nigga we stay strapped  
In fact I let a AK cap push your toupee back Runnin' with mad sons gunnin' shit up  
And leave you hit up for the funds  
Niggaz better stick to they guns Yo, what up? Ain't nothin' is it real? Yeah son  
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