F.O.D.

Stuck Mojo

Fuck y'all who thought we were taking a fall you made the call, but we didn't drop the ball.
Took drastic measures time to get the look of the trade, sick of the cry baby serenade.
What you say?
Come out and pla'ay
You know that ass will sla'ay.
'Nuff respect given to the Mojo.
If you don't wanna give it, then we'll take it ho'.Originality get off the dick and all you jealous bands keep talking shit.
Back stabbers, ain't no friend of mine.
Cross the line.
You know that ass will be mine.F.O.D.
Four piece of doom.
F.O.D.
Four piece of doom.
F.O.D.
Four piece of doom.
F.O.D.
Four piece of doom.New sound Atlanta shaking you up like Fanta.Pop goes your top 'cause we're getting real hot.
Two crackers and two niggers who ain't scared to pull the trigger.
Those who dissin' us can get the middle finger.You suckers sold us out 'cause your soul's were for sale.
Mad as hell with a rebel yell.
We walk the walk and talk the talk,it's not our fault that your ass fell of!!!!!!!!!!!Back stabbers, ain't no friend of mine.
Originality get off the dick and all you jealous bands keep talking shit.Cross the line.
You know that ass will be mine.F.O.D.
Four piece of doom.
F.O.D.
Four piece of doom.
F.O.D.Four piece of doom.
F.O.D.
Four piece of doom.Suckers wanna battle, but they don't know how, just another reason why my attitude's foul.
You had enough, you're calling my bluff.
Well step into my zone and see if you're rough enough.
BOOM BAM bands getting (spit).You got to get rid of the flam.
Monkey see, monkey do.
Punk, you're fucking with the four piece of doom, four piece of doom,
four piece of doom.F.O.D.
F.O.D.

F.O.D.
F.O.D.
F.O.D.

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