Rugged Neva Smoove

M.o.p.

[x4]
It's the Mash Out Posse
Rugged neva smooth
M fuckin O fuckin P on the move

[Lil' Fame]
The M.O.P.'s about to run this you couldn't shun this
I'm leavin rappers with the dumbness
Because I got no feelings, I done this
Takin you propers, we comin right
And now we gotta (take money money)
Yeah, you motherfuckin right
Lil' Fame's removin MC's like terpentine
Droppin that shit that MC's couldn't search and find
Not even if you was a golddigger
I'm a bad - nah! let me chill
Yo Bill, hold me down, nigga

[Billy Danzinie]
M fuckin O fuckin P keep it rugged
Herbs can't touch it, and a real nigga got to love it
Ain't nuttin changed, it's Billy and Lil' Fame
Still bustin your brain
Yeah! doin the thang thang
Home team keepin it phat
How about some hardcore?
(Yeah! we like it raw) here is more of that
Don't be amazed if you're left in a daze
M.O.P. is in the place, so you chumps best behave

[chorus]

[Lil' Fame]
I'm ready and all for you niggaz that wanna get it on
Cause when we get it on, only competators is gettin torn
Straight up and down, that was for all em niggas
With your gang truce, or whatever the fuck you call em, nigga
Rappers, I rip em in half, they can't get with math
Or the ruggedness niggaz be bumpin on the ave
So get the cash out, I put your glass out

Throw the trash out, niggaz fuck with us, you catch a mash out
They can't fuck with that shit that we be droppin on it
Hardcore, got your mama hippin and hoppin on it
And once a nigga make a record
Bitches be like: fuck Mystic, they get this dick and go naked
Billy Danze pass the smoke and I ain't gonna smoke till I choke
I'ma smoke till I croak
I call niggaz bluff when I puff the lala
Then I put niggaz to rest like boom bye bye
When I snap will I get busy, kid? (no doubt)
When I rap do I get busy, kid? (no doubt)
Is M.O.P. knockin motherfuckers out? (no doubt)
Is it raw? (yeah!) so what the fuck them niggaz talk about?
Don't have me jack or disrespect sumthin
The M.O.P. make a nigga wanna wreck sumthin
Because we show em and prove that the M.O.P. is the move
We keep it rugged neva smooth

[chorus]

[Billy Danzenie]
Aiyo! let's take it to they ass kid!
Nah - gained while we came
We're international, niggaz know the name
I'm Billy Danze (plow!) I'm mad loud (plow!)
I represent the 1-5-4 fuckin 5
It's M.O.P., and you know we stay strapped
So when you bustin, motherfucker, we'll be bustin back
I gotta hip grip if you wish, cause I'm swift
I'm bugged, you can catch a slug from my Smith
I put herbs out of they myseries
And a lotta niggaz in hip hop with props cant't get with me
I had my name ever since I was a little kid
For all the ill Hill shit I done did
I've been down for years and years to come
The nigga that you're hearin ain't the motherfuckin one
Now if you're real, motherfuckers, please stand
(Clack clack! salute!) clack clack! salute, it's Mr. Billy Danze
I realize, that real guys will take a look at our size
But there's more than what meets your eyes
From Monday through motherfuckin Sunday
M.O.P. will be bringin that motherfuckin gunplay

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