

Calm Down

The Brogues

7-1-8 Brownsville, what the fuck you want niggaz?
New York, you ready for this shit? I don't think so, motherfucker
 Yeah M.O.P. for life
 Radio, niggaz never play us
 Yeah, first family, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh
 Direct from the concrete jungle troops
 (First Family)
 Survivors of the struggle Duke
 Don't be handin' me them bullshit, soldier stories, I make noise
 You fuckin' with the original Backstreet Boys
 (Billy)
 That's the nigga name, he been trained
 To duck copper-tops when you poppin' them thangs
 He's a sinner with no shame, he's addicted to the pain
 He's restricted from the games, he's for real
 We love you, Billy, you've been missin' the man
 Get ready for the unlimited edition of Danze
 (Raise him)
 The most highest
 He's stuck on the street like car tires, first family
 (What y'all niggaz wanna try us?)
 Down in Brooklyn, 'til his motherfuckin' life expire
 Listen this world revolves around, niggaz that rob
 And steal and deal and, kill for thrills and
 How could you refuse the Danze?
 (It's hard to confuse the Danze)
 He's a very unusual man
 With or without a plan, to outshine those that shine
 Just gimme mine, you understand?
 Yo, it's the legendary M.O.P.
 We put it down everywhere we go, but you don't hear me though
 Calm down
 (Get back)
 Calm, down
 (Get, back)
 And we have the constitutional rights
 To bear arms and flare arms, whenever we fear harm
 So, calm down
 (Get back)

Calm, down

(Get, back)

Fizzy, wo-magnificent

(Rock, rock on)

You dead wrong, to think I got caught in the storm

I got cats like you wild, you mad

I put it down slick as Nu-Nile, without a doo-rag

Look, y'all niggaz is bitch-made, switchblades

Walkin 'round like you paid, heart pump Kool-Aid

Ba-bump, your heart thump low, fluid pumps low

You ain't a cowboy, sit down, play the hump hoe

(Ease back)

Fall, back

See this nine M-double? All, black

Everybody's a killer; y'all, wack

Here's a clip full you can have all, that

In fact hold this instead, cause I wrap

Aluminum bats around niggaz heads

You see it Brooklyn you heard?

I yapped the gold cross off John Paul the 3rd

Y'all niggaz act like y'all came here to shoot

I kick all y'all ass, with the same pair of boots

Witness the game unfurl, don't be another

(Reject)

Fuck around and get

(Eject)

From the world

It's the legendary M.O.P.

We put it down everywhere we go, but you don't hear me though

Calm down

(Get back)

Calm, down

(Get, back)

'Cause we have the constitutional rights

To bear arms to flare arms, whenever we fear harm

So, calm down

(Get back)

Calm, down

(Get, back)

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