

Sharks In The Water

M.o.p.

Nobody told me it was (sharks) in the water
So I'mma fuck around and spit (sparks) through the water
It's frigidly cold and (dark) in the water
And I don't wanna hear when a (shark) in the water bitch
One time for my niggas in the background
Two times for my niggas that don't back down
(you gotta stay in the pocket playin this cold game)
Fuck procedures nigga we gon' do our own thang

That nigga mighty joe young back to loc' again; y'all niggas better calm down
'fore I give your motherfuckin chest a grand opening
Now who's next up to bat? to get clapped
When the heat bang go 'head your brains leakin through your hat
I'mma do it like a g though, nigga you know the steelo
Hit with a torpedo, stripped like carlito
Hit yo' ass in broad daylight like mark chapman
Did john lennon from the beatles, here's a fresh tuxedo
Get tucked 6 feet below, you get greeted with roses
And obituary cards for your people (no warning)
You don't wanna know what the fuck that's like (it's no warning)
Now you know you done fucked up right?
I got that old fame back, chrome thang strapped, home team strapped
And this whole thang for the home team map, yes sir
F'realla, buck buck, f'realla, blam blam
Cap pealer motherfucker, blood spiller (nigga!)

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Fuck procedures nigga, I do my own shit
You saw what g's I run with, I spit my own clips
I get my own chips, I make my own hits
I chrome my own 6, I bought my own bitch

I'm on my own dick!! in my opinion
Ain't nobody fuckin with danze the man's sick and
Shake your pom poms, and protest up out
Who you niggas feel is the best; me I'mma stomp on!
So one time for my niggas in the background
From the door the treacherous nigga we back down
I'm anxious to see how you motherfuckers act now
Vroom vroom vroom vroom.. how does that sound?
Crucial! hot e's through your p's
With some, shit up my sleeves that'll put you at ease
It's the world famous m.o.p., we rugged rough sayin
M.o.p., we gon' do our own thang

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Shit I'm back where 2pac fell off the roof, I got the +juice+ niggaro
You man whore fuck bitch, +deuce bigalow+
You ain't a she or a he, you a shit rewind
When fame spit it, you ain't fuckin with him, shit
I'll be around, you can find me where the dogs be at
With more motherfuckin machines than a laundromat

Once again from the hilltops
It's your boy bill and boy do the boy bill rock (the homey's so in)
The homey's so real, the true school'll pass over
Any one of you fake slitherin ass cobras
Send every one of them snakes and I'll rattle 'em soldier
And knock potholes in your rover, you vulture

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