

Power

M.O.P.

Power
(Power)
Power
(M dot O dot P devour)
Our
(Loyalty is royalty boss)
(We roll through with tremendous force and bring)
(Power)Power
(Power)
M dot O dot P devour
(Our)
Family stick to the plan
(We)We
(Will)
Will
(Stand)
Stand, stand You motherfuckers gotta deal with the consequences
(For sure)
I'm takin' no prisoners under no conditions
(For sure)
I'm on a one way, mission to hell, I'm missin' details
Thinkin' of ways to rebel, as I sat in my cell
(I know they wanna see you fail) Fuck 'em, tell 'em see me
I come through with two, hands full of fire, don't see me
You can find me on the back blocks
(In BK)
I be posted up at the crack spots
(All day) Where the sun don't shine, we immune to the rain
In the blood, sweat and tears, from the years in the game
My connection to fame is immortal
Them bullshit we fought through
(Remember what them old timers taught you) Treat fee like royalty, the first family, about loyalty
Don't let a nigga change that or rearrange that
(If a nigga try to change that)
You know where to aim at Power
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Stand, standThis is it y'all, I don't hold back
I'ma roll back, cock your four back, it's Womack, nigga
Pack guns, back gems, sold crack nigga
I know the drug game but I chose rap, nigga
You want that raw shit, well it rock right here
You want that iced out shit, it's not right here
'Cause it drop right here, I'm top of the lineYou at your borderline, how wack your shit, stop right here
Fizzy Wo', spittin on niggas
I drop diarrhea, watery shittin' on niggas
We can clown all day, I come about the hole like it's Groundhog Day
And dump rounds all day
(Run up)I'ma fuck ya funnel
This ain't no motherfuckin' jam, bitch, squeeze ya gun up
(First fam)
Make the heat scream, watch the heat scheme
That's what the fuck I call a street team, we bringPower
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(Will)
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(Stand)
Stand, standStand up for the family
(Shut, shit down)
Bodies pop up

(Close shop up)
Some thugs wanna waste us
(But them thugs won't face us)
'Cause our guns don't discriminate
(And the slugs ain't racist) Pull a cock, back on it, nigga act on it
(My blue steel shine, like I push a 'llac on it)
(No serial numbers, so it gotta scratch on it)
(And it make slugs travel like I put a Mack on it)
When we where just little boys
(We seen the big picture) Stuck down in the bottom
(So we wrote our own scripture)
Surrounded by my niggas
(Day in and day out)
Got into shit to get figgas and couldn't find a way out Them old timers in the hood
They understand why we we're always up to no good
(We was crying for help)
It's your everyday bring out, born in the middle of societys mess

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