

# We Pop (feat. Division & Ol' Dirty Bastard)

RZA

We pop, we brawl, gettin' money til the day we fall  
Double barrel shotgun (blaow), pop son  
I told nigga, just not run  
I saw him on 205th in Fordham  
This dog was frozen, so my high heat thawed him (Wu!)  
I blown ya, you need a blood donor  
My bitch ghetto, like Florida and Laronia (girl)  
Laundry mat hoes, who want clothes?  
I flow checks, one followed by six o's (six o's)  
I got hoes, in codes, in different areas  
Four ton whips that's sittin' on interiors  
The bass shake in the club like it's earthquakin'  
I cock arm, pass the bomb, like Troy Aikman (Aikman)  
Play the basement like Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson  
You miserable, you get kidnapped by Kathy Bason  
Thrown to the dungeon, for your spongin'  
Of Wu Killa Bee, what's your total malfunction?  
We pop, we brawl, get money til the day we fall (yeah)  
My glock (my glock), my four (my four)  
throw shots through your bedroom door (bedroom door)  
From the P's, to the morgue, cop Louie all the way to my drawers (New York)  
We pop (pop), we brawl (brawl), get money til the way we fall  
Come on, let's cut the crap, money  
I've been gettin' this rap money  
Crack money, stack money, I'm tryin' to get that Shaq money  
That Mike Tyson, Michael Jordan, Michael Jack' money  
Five hundred mill' and better, dog, yeah, now that's money  
Act funny, ya'll make me laugh (haha)  
Frontin' like you tough, you softer than a baby's ass  
These lazy ass labels -- fuck you! Pay me cash  
My crazy path promoted me into a Mercedes class  
We pop, we brawl, get money til the day we fall (yeah)  
My glock (my glock), my four (my four)  
throw shots through your bedroom door (bedroom door)  
From the P's, to the morgue, cop Louie all the way to my drawers (New York)  
We pop (pop), we brawl (brawl), get money til the way we fall  
Yeah, all ya'll can see is the back of my jersey  
Blowin' in the wind, goin' back to Jersey  
Off to Brooklyn, left you back in Jersey  
I was doin' a buck 90 like a throwback jersey  
Shame on a Nigga, take it back to Dirty  
Run, game on a nigga, I'll be back in thirty  
Seconds, got the world's greatest record  
And that money I'mma spend it like your greatest record

This Division, all the ladies respect it  
Disrespect it and the eighty'll check it  
It ain't hard to see how ya'll ignorin' the steel  
Niggas that I clap, lookin' for me still  
Til they look like they came out of George Foreman grill  
Thoughts are stolen on Free, must be on them crills  
Plus my, team gon' be holdin' like forty mill'  
Thoughts are rollin' on E., must be on those pills  
We pop, we brawl, get money til the day we fall (yeah)  
My glock (my glock), my four (my four)  
throw shots through your bedroom door (bedroom door)  
From the P's, to the morgue, cop Louie all the way to my drawers (New York)  
We pop (pop), we brawl (brawl), get money til the way we fall

Songwriters

DORSEY WESLEY, ROBERT F. DIGGS, RUSSELL T. JONES, FREDERICK WILSON CUFFIE, S.

CUFFIE Published by

Lyrics Â© Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by  
U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>