

Robbin' Hoodz

M.o.p.

[M.O.P.]

Uh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!

Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo!

[Lil' Fame]

Take minks off! Take thangs off!

Take chains off! Take rings off!

Braclets is yapped, Fame came off!

(Ante Up!) E'rything off!

Fool what you want? We stiflin fools

Fool what you want? Your life or your jewels?

The rules (smack 'em down) next thing (clap 'em down)

Respect mine we Brooklyn bound (bound!) now (now!)

[Billy Danze]

Brownsville! Home of the brave

Put in work in the street like a slave...

Keep a rugged dress code, always in the stress mode

(That sh*t gon' send you to your grave) So?

You think I don't know that? (BLAOW!) N#%GA hold that!

(BLAOW!) N#%GA hold that! (BLAOW!) N#%GA hold that!

From the street cousin, you know the drill

I'm nine-hundred and ninety-nine thou' short of a mill'

[Hook: M.O.P.]

Ante Up! Yap that fool!

Ante Up! Kidnap that fool!

[Danze] It's the perfect timin, you see the man shinin

[Danze] Get up off them G#d damn diamonds - HA!

Ante Up! (Oh!) Yap that fool! (Oh!)

Ante Up! (Oh!) Kidnap that fool!

Get him (get him) get him!

Hit him (hit him) hit him!

Yap him! (Zap him!) Yap him! (Zap him!)

[Lil' Fame]

Them thugs you know, ain't friendly

Them jewels you rock, make 'em envy

You thinkin it's all good, you creep through a small hood

Goons comin up outta the cut for your goods and they all should

Ante Up! Yap that fool!

You want big money, kidnap that fool!

If you up in the club, back out your pis-tal money

Catch them fools at the bar for that Cristal money

[Billy Danze]

The eighty-seven stick up kids (what you n#%gaz sayin?)

Get the f#%k up out that 740 shorty I ain't playin

It's flash that thang time (bang) bang time

Ante Up! N#%ga, it's game time

Hand over the ring, kick over the chain

Gimme the f#^in watch before I pop one in your brain

Stop playin these childish games with me

Representin 1-7-1-8, dangerously, n#%ga!

[Hook]

[Lil' Fame]

I'ma, street regulator, true playa hater

Get back down, make your ass a mac sprayer hater

Things that we need, money, clothes, weed - indeed

Hats food booze - essentials, credentials

Code of the streets, omens of creep

Slow when you sleep, holdin the heat

Put holes in your Jeep, respect the streets

It's the L-I L-F A-M (M!) E (E!)

[Billy Danze]

Yeah N#%ga Danze, gave you a chance

Cause I blast your man, I'm in the wrong?

He said he was strong - I had reason to believe

He had some s\$^t up his sleeve all along (so?!)

F#%k you Your Honor! Check my persona

I'm strong enough for Old Gold and marijuana

I'mma do what I wanna, quiet as kept (Raise hell!)

'Til I'm expired and stretched, yes Lord!

[Hook]

ANTE UP!

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