

Guns N Roses

M.O.P.

Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
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Whenever a nigga bleed, it lead to Guns N Roses
And a real nigga knows is
Everybody that have held had shot one
It's like a asshole, cause everybody's got one
Niggaz is gettin' kinda bold
Little shorties thirteen years old, tryin' to leave a nigga cold
I'm packin' my gat, and watchin' my back, and ready for one
You niggaz wanna jump up, cause I ain't goin' out like Willie
I propose a toast next nigga that play me close
(Yeah)
I'ma have your faggot ass hangin' off a lamp post
(Salute)
To my nigga that slid and did bids
To them niggaz that slipped and caught clips kid
It's yo' play on the blessings
Me I send your maggot ass back to the essence
Niggaz have told ya, Guns N Roses that's the path
So pack yo' gat and watch yo' ass
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Guns N Roses, no one opposes the mash out posse
You can't stop me, I'm packin' blue steel
Steppin' with my weapon, waitin' for the rumble
I'm trouble, step into the concrete jungle
Foes'll hear the words from the reverend
And caught hell fuckin' with fame
So now they ass gotta go to heaven
I fear no man and I ain't Omar Epps
But I'm lettin' motherfuckers know the program
Too many motherfuckers died on the street
That's why I tell motherfuckers to back up and play me feet
Just the other day I put my man in the ground, so now
I walk around with the motherfuckin' trey pound
Just for my enemies so I can blow they chest in'
Cause Smith and Wesson's will have your whole family
stressin'
Another basket, casket closin'
They put away the guns, then here come the motherfuckin' Roses
Tags are promptly placed on your toes
You're just another nigga dead, gotta go, gotta go
The game is called survival when you play it to the end
Before you go out in a blaze, may the best man win
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid

Songwriters

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