

4 Alarm Blaze (feat. Jay-Z)

M.O.P.

featuring Teflon and Jay Z Lil' Fame: Seventy five
Raised on a strip called here brotha hill
Where guns pop and cops get killed
This is the place where paranoya
Destroyin' niggas cash cases mo' try to flash they lawyers
We're losin' it
Four fives and knives we be movin' wit
Caught up in the things that the street game confused you wit
We're provin' it
Let it be known if retaliation
Home skillet - it's on
That rap nigga bust a cap nigga flat nigga
Open up your back nigga Rosewood black nigga
First family gone brawl
It's president's resident, and I'm the first dog
You know the M.O.P status
In the history of crime and rap we some the baddest
Word to the mommy
Any fool try me
Get hit wit the Llama
Fuck cuminana Chorus - Teflon and Lil' Fame: 2X It's a 4 alarm blaze
Everybody post up next to the stage
Come on
You're all welcome to hell's roadway
First family style
Buck ass wild
What ya say Billy Danze: Get ya man on the jack soldier
Grip your mac soldier
FIRST FAMILY
We're back soldier
And we have swam through the Brownsville sewers
The last on the line of our kind CRIME DO'ERS
Burkowitz MOB STYLE
Spit fire from my hammer like I wasn't God's child
Crucify me - but don't deny me
Or get slit bitch you couldn't slip nothin' by me
Try me and I'll pop shots like I'm supposed to
I'm from the field where the covers are unnoticable
I've noticed a few niggas wantin' my head

Used my smarts and my secret all are firin' lead (Fire ya lead)

With all intentions of droppin' a body

I'm usually nervous so I'm flinchin' when I enter the party

THE BROWNSVILLE NECTAR

That bullshit

Just when you thought it was safe I flipped and hit 'em wit more shit Chorus 2X: Teflon: Introducin' the best

kept secret

It's no sweet shit I sleep wit green beret

Blaze enemies frequent

I speak wit authority

(Black) Perhaps through four to be

Cap quarterly blazed till it's quiet and orderly

The gunsmoke make son soak

The smoke run through the barrel until the gun choke

Raised cold-hearted and deadly

Survive wit a nickel-plated tool and jewels old-timer done fed me

Keep my grip steady

Squeeze till they drop off

Make sure all other guns are popped off as heavy

Blowin some high-tech shit

Through your projects

Makin' whatever was in my way easy to di-tect

I wrecks guys

Over money gone Saratoga son be in a Columbian necktie

We don't respects by

Half-ass niggas

Blast niggas

Gas niggas who won't blast

The sect die All: 2X Just when you thought it was safe

The mashed out posse hit you off wit another taste

Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh)

Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Jay-Z: Yeah, uh-huh, what the fuck

Two asked quick for bastards to step to

Leave wounds too drastic for rescue

When I rock jewels it ain't to impress you

What the fuck niggas commentin on my shit fo'

I'm real - how you think I got rich ho?

Pack steel - ain't afraid to let a clip go

I got enough paper to get low

Come back when the shit blow over get the dough over

Huh wit the Rover snatch the gat from the clip holder

Rip through ya shoulder bitch it's Jay-hovah

I'm too right wit it, too tight wit it

You light witted but if you're feel ya nice nigga spit it

Who am I?

JAY-Z motherfucker
Do or die
IN BROWNSVILLE motherfucker
Blocka, rocka, M.O.P collabo
Front on us and gats blow ya know?Chorus: 2Xmotherfucker

Songwriters

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Gerard / Elliott, Lawrence G. Published by

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