

Calm Down

M.O.P.

7-1-8 Brownsville, what the fuck you want niggaz?
New York, you ready for this shit? I don't think so, motherfucker
 Yeah M.O.P. for life
Radio, niggaz never play us Yeah, first family, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh
 Direct from the concrete jungle troops
 (First Family)
 Survivors of the struggle Duke
Don't be handin' me them bullshit, soldier stories, I make noise
 You fuckin' with the original Backstreet Boys
 (Billy)That's the nigga name, he been trained
 To duck copper-tops when you poppin' them thangs
 He's a sinner with no shame, he's addicted to the pain
He's restricted from the games, he's for real We love you, Billy, you've been missin' the man
 Get ready for the unlimited edition of Danze
 (Raise him)
 The most highest
He's stuck on the street like car tires, first family
 (What y'all niggaz wanna try us?)
Down in Brooklyn, 'til his motherfuckin' life expire Listen this world revolves around, niggaz that rob
 And steal and deal and, kill for thrills and
 How could you refuse the Danze?
 (It's hard to confuse the Danze)
 He's a very unusual man
 With or without a plan, to outshine those that shine
Just gimme mine, you understand? Yo, it's the legendary M.O.P.
We put it down everywhere we go, but you don't hear me though
 Calm down
 (Get back)
 Calm, down
 (Get, back)
And we have the constitutional rights To bear arms and flare arms, whenever we fear harm
 So, calm down
 (Get back)
 Calm, down
 (Get, back) Fizzy, wo-magnificent
 (Rock, rock on)
You dead wrong, to think I got caught in the storm
 I got cats like you wild, you mad
 I put it down slick as Nu-Nile, without a doo-rag

Look, y'all niggaz is bitch-made, switchblades
Walkin 'round like you paid, heart pump Kool-AidBa-bump, your heart thump low, fluid pumps low
You ain't a cowboy, sit down, play the hump hoe
(Ease back)
Fall, back
See this nine M-double? All, black
Everybody's a killer; y'all, wackHere's a clip full you can have all, that
In fact hold this instead, cause I wrap
Aluminum bats around niggaz heads
You see it Brooklyn you heard?
I yapped the gold cross off John Paul the 3rdY'all niggaz act like y'all came here to shoot
I kick all y'all ass, with the same pair of boots
Witness the game unfurl, don't be another
(Reject)
Fuck around and get
(Eject)
From the worldIt's the legendary M.O.P.
We put it down everywhere we go, but you don't hear me though
Calm down
(Get back)
Calm, down
(Get, back)
'Cause we have the constitutional rightsTo bear arms to flare arms, whenever we fear harm
So, calm down
(Get back)
Calm, down
(Get, back)

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>