

Blow The Horns

M.o.p.

We comin at you live from the home of the pine box (hit 'em up)
Every block, every boulevard (get 'em up)
You know the name in the game (whattup doe)
We still bang (bang) band (whattup doe)
Up in the spot, you wild black at
Down a couple of bottles and party, your pants sag (drunk)
It's poppin off dawg (oh you gangsta with it)
It's poppin off dawg (let's get gangsta with it)

Yeah, when shit pops off in the club it's all us
It ain't Henny, it's all heart and all guts
Y'all remember me from when the real niggas clutched
And wherever I ride, live niggas throw it up
I, switched the game, I'm doin boss things
I'm rollin in the Presidential lane, I ain't playin
I (still) do it with Foxx (still) do it with Tef
(Still) do it with Fame (still) do it to death I

Blow the horns on 'em
Yeah, yeah, yeah, gyeah, blow the horns on 'em
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What'chu think you like me? You ain't like me
Nigga you a punk, my homies get it in
And we let it out
A pistol in the waist is mo' different from a pistol in the trunk
So, act up if you want it
Y'all know me, I'm gon' keep it Olde English 800
F-I-Z-Z-Y Dub-Oh-Mack
Brownsville where you at? Where you at?

BLAOW! Niggas wonder how me and Fame remain strong
BLAOW! Five albums, six deals and we still on
BLAOW! My lil' homies trainin to bang, we straightarm
BLAOW! To let 'em feel the pain of the game, we play God
So now, we back nigga with straight bombs
And in fact nigga it's napalm
So stay calm, I get to twitchin my arm

Grippin hittin you with e'rything I got in my palm now

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Here's your chance to advance
Get in your stance, I shoot the holster off of cowboy pants
I borrow a rap line from a legend, and put it with mine
Whatever rapper shit is hoodier than mine?
This is Brook-Nam phenomenon (yeah) the whole nine yards
You know that old bullshit that we be on
(WHAT!) Cause where we at we adapt to drama
(AND I) tackle the track like it yapped my momma

I've been branded, and labelled a bandit
Stuck in the cut on some quicksand shit
One motion, pull click ass clique
I'm full and I'm focused you hoes just don't fit
For y'all niggas thinkin I'm sick and then hopeless
I'm just winnin and bringin the dope shit
So, I slay y'all you get what you pay for
We ain't forfeit the game, we was above the radar nigga

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