

Downtown Swinga 96

M.O.P.

Hey yo what up sport, guess who's back on the scene
The human being cannon with the infrared beam
Before the song move on I'm lettin' you know
I'm still in the 'ville and I'm still lettin' it go
So yo, cruise with your official rap dudes
Got the Genovese sayin 'Who the fuck is that dude?'
The family
It's M.O.P
The world famous D-A-N-Z-INIE
Use your lethal and a swift
Never the game, cause game is partially gift, but partially lame
Bringin' back hardcore raps to the atmosphere
Me and my man makin' hits with Premier
You faggots ain't doin' it right
So here's the cup of brew from the firing squad, we're trigga nigga stripes
I'm fishin' the breeze but please, believe when you come, come right
My niggas is tight downtown swinga! I'm international!
Bell ringin'!
International!
Downtown swingin'!
I'm international!
Bell ringin'!
International!
Downtown swingin'! Brooklyn!
That's where it happen at nigga
True, bona fide thoroughbred Hilfigga
Code name Fizzy Womack
Breakin shackles, tackle your ass like Bo Jack
Its goin' down I'm feelin' it, drillin' it killin' it. It's over!
One soldier that most militant
Its Lil Fame
So when I die make sure you bury me with a cassette of To The Death
Its time to face you, lace you, erase you
The movement of my finger make them hollow points chase you
I'm international!
Bell ringin'!
International!
Downtown swingin', comin' to bust gats
When I bust raps I keep heads bobbin'

Doin' this for Brooklyn crooks mobbin' and robbin'
Strugglin', slingin' that crack rock
Jugglin', keepin' them crack spots bubblin'
Downtown swinga! I'm international!
Bell ringin'!
International!
Downtown swingin'!
I'm international!
Bell ringin'!
International!
Downtown swingin'! I'm ready willing and I'm able
Records run worldwide like cable
With rough sounds to shut down your whole record label
Comin' at this whole industry and wouldn't give a fuck if you're platinum
M.O.P. comin' at them!
Makin' soloist acts and rap crews retire
We bring it to 'em raw and my squad start to fire
It's a gunman's festival
Still turnin' all fools to vegetables
You're fuckin' with professionals My people desire the line of fire. Kid, there's two options
You either get the fuck up out of Dodge or get to poppin'
I'm stoppin' herbs from rockin' fake hip-hoppin'
Gangster boy boppin' is fuckin' up the game
I and Fame, Claim, Downtown is on
The underworld's pearls sittin' on the throne
It's on!, and you niggas be killin' me
Facin' relativity you can see the downtown swingas!

Songwriters

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