

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 tricca 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

J. GRINNAGE / E. MURRY / C. MARTIN

Published by
Lyrics © Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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