

# Pop Pop

## Natas

(Chorus)

Pop, pop, piggity, pop, pop, pop, pop (x4)

(Verse 1: Mastamind)

Can you hear my battle cry can you look me in the eye  
Did you feel the heat when I let these caps, crackel in the sky  
Don't get caught in the blood shower don't die as no coward  
The night is mine cause I was born in the midnight hour  
Never shoulder let my hate for this world develop see  
Now I gives less than a fuck it's time to raise the hell of guns  
Blast piggity POP POP POP crash the day  
It's the season of the head hunter chop chop head check  
Hypocondriac insomniac I'm reachin' in my nutsack  
Nigga fuck that bust at me I bust back  
Once I get out this coma come up out this meditation  
I'ma start chasin' niggas down with retaliation  
N to tha A-T-A-S back up in this bitch, hell yes  
What you hearin' ain't no fuckin' test, so say farewell to the best  
Body count im down since D-A-1 cause murders fun  
My shotgun said freeze 'em till they's numb

(chorus x4)

(TNT)

Pop, pop, piggity, pop, pop  
I don't give a fuck if you's a motherfuckin' cop  
What's up now nigga finger on the trigger  
Boom, boom, gravedigga, body bag zipper  
You ain't shit bitch you gonna die  
Made my mama cry you murdered my brother why?  
Seen's ya in the squad car pop that bitch up  
Bullets went through ya head now doctors can't stitch you up  
I'm comin' to the hospital critical condition  
I know you on life support so now I'm on a mission  
Grab the ski mask and the foe foe mag  
Nigga I won't rest until you pissin' in a bag  
You killed my brother and now I'm gonna kill you  
He won't rest in peace until these slugs fill you  
Room 2-1-2, I'm sendin' yo ass to hell

Pop demons in head and watch his body turn pale

(chorus x4)

(Esham)

Pop, the pill, cock the steel  
I got the skill to kill I'm from Detroit like grant hill  
You all alone nigga tonight it's on nigga  
I got the chrome and I'm bustin' to your dome nigga  
Pop, pop, pop, nigga pop so you  
Drop, drop, drop, nigga drop got that  
Blood clot hole in your head chatty  
Ass nigga I'll be glad when you dead once I  
Get to squeezin' and my reasons a revolver  
My problem solver so tell your mama saiyonara  
Wada,da dang,wad,da,da,da,dang,hey  
Listen to my Glock go pop, pop, and I like that  
The way your blood be spillin' up dishin' up on the concrete so fast  
Never let me see you trippin' cause I'm down to blast in your ass  
And I got that Glock cocked with my finger on the trigga right now  
And I know my homie woulda done the same for me so now I must pow

(Chorus x4)

---

Lyrics submitted by esswun.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>