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.

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