

firing squad (feat. teflon)

M.O.P.

[Chorus]

Firing Squad.

Ain't no tellin' what they might do.

Firing Squad.

Yo, them niggas will invite you.

Firing Squad.

To the battlefields so they can wipe you.

Firing Squad.

That's them niggas that don't like you.[Chorus]Everybody hit the floor, "aw shit not again", don't flinch.

All F-A-T emcees lay the bench.

You rock jewels, we just cruise on your maggot ass.

Now make a move and we'll squeeze tools at your faggot ass.

Now, guess who's, back in the place, "kid I missed M.O.P"

Hey I'm sorry you had to wait, G.

In '93 you barely heard us in the crowd.

So we eject from select, and now our shit is bumpin' loud.

Firing Squad, back on the case.

To school ya, turnin' more boys to men than the great Luke Dubra.

BOOYAH! Do ya, plan to, stand and prove?

Remember, I got love for only a handful.

That's Danze architechting the game plan.

To bust down the doors, I've already smacked the shit out your main man.

I don't think you want no static, see.

Automatically, automatic G's, bump somethin'.[Chorus]Count your blessings, just mount your Smith and

Wessons in a hurry.

The more grounds I cover, the more brothers to worry.

Everlasting, got a certified passion for blasting.

Ass, I'm a never show guns but I'm still an assassin.

Yes, some say my rap's about to crack the afterburn.

From out the first, send the whole entire earth into a blackout.

Here's the facts about my M.O.P. click.

We get down, roll in deep waters, we drown niggas, leave 'em sensin'.

Yo let it be known, we own the walks.

Up on the hill we own the thrones, we own the parks.

For real, we own the loan sharks.

Niggas practice what they preach, and back with what they reach wit'.

The ill part is on the mic, I be kickin' the freak shit.

Set it, violators get beheaded, rumors we dead it.

Amazing how we plays, close the show, and roll the credits.

It's over, straight from Saratoga, said these niggas better recognize.
We exercise, our lyric, something deadly.[Chorus](Take it to the streets) Watch niggas collapse.
Perhaps, we could bust raps or bust caps.
This is, ghetto how we in it, and if it's beef.
You tell me and Billy, will go to war like it's Valiance.
Once I catch ya, I'm guaranteed I got ya.
Duke, I bet ya, you leave this piece on a stretcher.
Ain't nothing to kid about.
I put one in your wig and bounce.
Leave the rest for the all time see to figure out.
Now, who's that nigga that's tryin' to take my spot?
New jacks in rap must pay dues before they rock.
Yo, I run shit like Mr. Hoppa, because I pop up.
And I rip raps like crackheads strip copper.
Partner, it's bug, fake thugs gon' get no love.
You could easily get got by hot sinking slugs.
Nigga what, I take your pride and slide,
And turn you rap cipher, into a motherfucking homicide.[Chorus]

Songwriters

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