

# 4 Alarm Blaze (feat. Teflon & Jay-Z)

## M.O.P.

Lil' Fame:Seventy-five  
Raised on a strip called here brotha hill  
Where guns pop and cops get killed  
This is the place where paranoya  
Destroyin' niggas cash cases mo' try to flash they lawyers  
We're losin' it  
Four fives and knives we be movin' wit  
Caught up in the things that the street game confused you wit  
We're provin' it  
Let it be known if retaliation  
Home-skillet - it's on  
That rap nigga bust a cap nigga flat nigga  
Open up your back nigga Rosewood black nigga  
First family gone brawl  
It's president's resident, and I'm the first dog  
You know the M.O.P status  
In the history of crime and rap we some the baddest  
Word to the mommy  
Any fool try me  
Get hit wit the Llama  
Fuck cuminanaChorus - Teflon and Lil' Fame: 2XIt's a 4 alarm blaze  
Everybody post up next to the stage  
Come on  
You're all welcome to hell's roadway  
First family style  
Buck ass wild  
What ya sayBilly Danze:Get ya man on the jack soldier  
Grip your mac soldier  
FIRST FAMILY  
We're back soldier  
And we have swam through the Brownsville sewers  
The last on the line of our kind CRIME DO'ERS  
Burkowitz MOB STYLE  
Spit fire from my hammer like I wasn't God's child  
Crucify me - but don't deny me  
Or get slit bitch you couldn't slip nothin' by me  
Try me and I'll pop shots like I'm supposed to  
I'm from the field where the covers are unnoticable  
I've noticed a few niggas wantin' my head

Used my smarts and my secret all are firin' lead (Fire ya lead)  
 With all intentions of droppin' a body  
 I'm usually nervous so I'm flinchin' when I enter the party  
 THE BROWNSVILLE NECTAR  
 That bullshit  
 Just when you thought it was safe I flipped and hit 'em wit more shitChorus 2X:Teflon:  
 Introducin' the best kept secret  
 It's no sweet shit I sleep wit green beret  
 Blaze enemies frequent  
 I speak wit authority  
 (Black) Perhaps through four to be  
 Cap quarterly blazed till it's quiet and orderly  
 The gunsmoke make son soak  
 The smoke run through the barrel until the gun choke  
 Raised cold-hearted and deadly  
 Survive wit a nickel-plated tool and jewels old-timer done fed me  
 Keep my grip steady  
 Squeeze till they drop off  
 Make sure all other guns are popped off as heavy  
 Blowin some high-tech shit  
 Through your projects  
 Makin' whatever was in my way easy to di-tect  
 I wrecks guys  
 Over money gone Saratoga son be in a Columbian necktie  
 We don't respects by  
 Half-ass niggas  
 Blast niggas  
 Gas niggas who won't blast  
 The sect dieAll: 2XJust when you thought it was safe  
 The mad shell posse hit you off wit another taste  
 Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh ) Uh (Uh)  
 Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah)Jay-Z:Yeah, uh-huh, what the fuck  
 Two asked quick for bastards to step to  
 Leave wounds too drastic for rescue  
 When I rock jewels it ain't to impress you  
 What the fuck niggas commentin on my shit fo'  
 I'm real - how you think I got rich ho?  
 Pack steel - ain't afraid to let a clip go  
 I got enough paper to get low  
 Come back when the shit blow over get the dough over  
 Huh wit the Rover snatch the gat from the clip holder  
 Rip through ya shoulder bitch it's Jay-hovah  
 I'm too right wit it, too tight wit it  
 You light witted but if you're feel ya nice nigga spit it  
 Who am I?

JAY-Z MOTHAFUCKA  
Do or die  
IN BROWNSVILLE MOTHAFUCKA  
Blocka, rocka, M.O.P collabo  
Front on us and gats blow ya know?Chorus: 2X

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