

Down 4 Whateva

M.O.P.

Brooklyn, uh, yeah, now
Check this shit out Now check this motherfucking capo right here
Mash Out Posse, Slash, O.C. come together like a glock and a clip
We gon' jam when its time to blast
Big niggaz that rap, we 'bout to get in your ass We done played the background, ayyo all my peops
I'm naming names, fuck it, it's on
I'm taking it back to some Brooklyn shit
With this ten man clique Who don't know how to act, lookin' for some niggaz to hit
And if you ever think it can't happen to you
You might just end up in the East River with some bale ass shoes
I ain't playin' no more, I'm gonna bring it to your ass raw I flipped the word around, nigga, this means war
Yo, fuck that, Brooklyn's on the map forever
To Billy and Fame, I hope you niggaz down for whatever
With Mike, go get the guns when it's time to shoot
To Brooklyn I give a 21-gun salute
(Come on) Flatbush
Crown Heights, "Thought I'd remind y'all"
Brownsville
(Firing Squad)
"Thought I'd remind y'all" Bushwick, "Thought I'd remind y'all"
(See I)
[Unverified]
East New York, "Thought I'd remind y'all" I used to roll 'em, this is a holdup
Make 'em roll up, come up out your clothes
And get your whole shit swole up
This game ain't changed 'cause I became a rapping dude I'm still a black cat, quick, and straight clapping dude
Play the mascot
(Try to act rude)
With your clown ass ways, these days, look what your ass got
Clap, shot the body, I'm keeping it real That cartoon ass nigga thought he was King of the hill
That whole shit was animation, imitation
When I shipped that ass on out, like immigration
Ways of Emancipation, proclamation Constitutional rights, the last generation
Your facin', M.O.P., O.G.'s, flippin' this track with O.C.
Niggaz know we, hold this shit down for Brooklyn, nigga
Where guns spark and leave them things smoking, nigga Flatbush
Crown Heights, "Thought I'd remind y'all"
Brownsville
(Firing squad)

"Thought I'd remind y'all" Bushwick, " Thought I'd remind y'all"

(See I)

[Unverified]

East New York, "Thought I'd remind y'all" Hot damn, danze shot your head

Full cooperation, I'm taking donations, ante up the bread

You got that fat while we were gone

(Clap, clap)

So, the balance that I wrote like [unverified], we're taking on Put the rest of that shit in the bag

I would tear your ass to pieces, so you please don't make me mad

You ain't known, I control my destiny

(Here we go again)

I only got love for the thugs that's next to me Berkuanze, soldier, I'm ill

(Who that?)

I told ya, I'm real

And I've been doing a double danly

Everyone, from my crew is sayin'

(Daddy, don't fail me) Hold on, the way that I jettin' my foes may never be even

I'm one of them dudes that niggaz refuse to believe in

So keep weeping

(Life is full of obstacles)

My only goal is too keep breathing

(At 24 years old) Brooklyn, "Thought I'd remind y'all"

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