Guns N Roses

M.o.p.

Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up
Whenever a nigga bleed, it lead to Guns N Roses
And a real nigga knows is
Everybody that have held had shot one
It's like a asshole, cause everybody's got one
Niggaz is gettin' kinda bold
Little shorties thirteen years old, tryin' to leave a nigga cold
I'm packin' my gat, and watchin' my back, and ready for one
You niggaz wanna jump up, cause I ain't goin' out like Willie
I propose a toast next nigga that play me close
(Yeah)
I'ma have your faggot ass hangin' off a lamp post
(Salute)
To my nigga that slid and did bids
To them niggaz that slipped and caught clips kid
It's yo' play on the blessings
Me I send your maggot ass back to the essence
Niggaz have told ya, Guns N Roses that's the path
So pack yo' gat and watch yo' ass
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up
Guns N Roses, no one opposes the mash out posse
You can't stop me, I'm packin' blue steel
Steppin' with my weapon, waitin' for the rumble
I'm trouble, step into the concrete jungle
Foes'll hear the words from the reverend
And caught hell fuckin' with fame
So now they ass gotta go to heaven
I fear no man and I ain't Omar Epps
But I'm lettin' motherfuckers know the program
Too many motherfuckers died on the street
That's why I tell motherfuckers to back up and play me feet
Just the other day I put my man in the ground, so now
I walk around with the motherfuckin' trey pound

Just for my enemies so I can blow they chest in
'Cause Smith and Wesson's will have your whole family stressin'
Another basket, casket closin'
They put away the guns, then here come the motherfuckin' Roses
Tags are promptly placed on your toes
You're just another nigga dead, gotta go, gotta go
The game is called survival when you play it to the end
Before you go out in a blaze, may the best man win
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up
Another motherfuckin' massacre, yeah, M.O.P.
Dese are the niggaz that I'm movin' with G
To you snake ass, two faced ass niggaz
You gon' make me grip and squeeze my shit
Lifestyles of a ghetto child
Gun over rose, choose your weapon or pick your pose
One or the other nigga, no doubt
You know the way the motherfuckin' story turns out
Only your life or you're chancin'
Me, I got a record like my man Charles Manson
Bill puttin' niggaz on chill, you know the deal
Quicker than a motherfuckin' hit man will
(Another motherfuckin' Cadillac)
Yeah, another motherfucker's family dressed in black
Whatever must be must be
Me I try to keep my shit a little low key
See, 'cause you don't know how it feels
Everytime a nigga get killed they try to link that shit to Bill
Mostly because I never of
(Kid they tryin' to herb ya)
I ain't doin' time for no fuckin' murder
Mad brothers done died on the street
I know it's crazy motherfuckers that barely sleep
The color red from a hot hollow piece of lead
Salute the world and then nod your head
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up

Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up
...

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/