Calm Down

CNN

7-1-8 Brownsville, what the fuck you want niggaz?
New York, you ready for this shit? I don't think so, motherfucker
Yeah M.O.P. for life
Radio, niggaz never play us
Yeah, first family, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh, uhh
Direct from the concrete jungle troops
(First Family)
Survivors of the struggle Duke
Don't be handin' me them bullshit, soldier stories, I make noise
You fuckin' with the original Backstreet Boys
(Billy)
That's the nigga name, he been trained
To duck copper-tops when you poppin' them thangs
He's a sinner with no shame, he's addicted to the pain
He's restricted from the games, he's for real
We love you, Billy, you've been missin' the man
Get ready for the unlimited edition of Danze
(Raise him)
The most highest
He's stuck on the street like car tires, first family
(What y'all niggaz wanna try us?)
Down in Brooklyn, 'til his motherfuckin' life expire
Listen this world revolves around, niggaz that rob
And steal and deal and, kill for thrills and
How could you refuse the Danze?
(It's hard to confuse the Danze)
He's a very unusual man
With or without a plan, to outshine those that shine
Just gimme mine, you understand?
Yo, it's the legendary M.O.P.
We put it down everywhere we go, but you don't hear me though
Calm down
(Get back)
Calm, down
(Get, back)
And we have the constitutional rights
To bear arms and flare arms, whenever we fear harm
So, calm down
(Get back)

Calm, down

(Get, back)
Fizzy, wo-magnificent
(Rock, rock on)
You dead wrong, to think I got caught in the storm
I got cats like you wild, you mad
I put it down slick as Nu-Nile, without a doo-rag
Look, y'all niggaz is bitch-made, switchblades
Walkin 'round like you paid, heart pump Kool-Aid
Ba-bump, your heart thump low, fluid pumps low
You ain't a cowboy, sit down, play the hump hoe
(Ease back)
Fall, back
See this nine M-double? All, black
Everybody's a killer; y'all, wack
Here's a clip full you can have all, that
In fact hold this instead, cause I wrap
Aluminum bats around niggaz heads
You see it Brooklyn you heard?
I yapped the gold cross off John Paul the 3rd
Y'all niggaz act like y'all came here to shoot
I kick all y'all ass, with the same pair of boots
Witness the game unfurl, don't be another
(Reject)
Fuck around and get
(Eject)
From the world
It's the legendary M.O.P.
We put it down everywhere we go, but you don't hear me though
Calm down
(Get back)
Calm, down
(Get, back)
'Cause we have the constitutional rights
To bear arms to flare arms, whenever we fear harm
So, calm down
(Get back)
Calm, down
(Get, back)

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