

Hood Muzik

Memphis Bleek

Ceah

Know what this shit sound like right niggas?

That old gun out music in the hood right?

You hear it nigga, don't be scared nigga

My niggas is wit' me, we focused man, yeah

Get low in the building, y'know, nigga

Let's do it, c'mon, yo

It's gettin' hot so the shorts is on

Gotta tote the snub it's too warm for the long, nigga

You could pass me to baby's zoo

One shot'll turn a nigga face into baby food, blah

Get it clear, now why they lookin' for Saddam

Weapons of mass destruction is here

I got a few in my hood

In case a nigga ever get the feelin' and he think that he could

Or would, pull sket on me

I could show you first hand what's a felony

And a hobby and the process of gettin' money is nothing

I'm not Sosa, but the dogs is coming

This is not not, no, no, motherfucking game

Entertain you motherfuckers is not why I came

It's R.O.C. and M.O.P.

I wipe floors wit' little niggas for fuckin' wit' my team

My nigga think so god that ounce and mo ice and the nicest MC

But yo big, tell god I said naah, 'cuz he throw like a bitch

When he threw it he missed, the niceset MCs is right here

Why the fuck you throw it over there

The whole rap game turned into a 2-Pac-a-don

Gangsta boy boppin', with his nuts and cock in your palm

Playa pass the baton, got a few jack tools and bullet scars

Now you got your 2-Pac costume on

First of all, y'all niggas gon' need more songs

This M.O.P. nigga we put it down

Motherfuckers trying to figure me out

Wanna see what a nigga be 'bout

But if I told ya, I predicted the death of my oldest brother was last

And the death of my mother you'd probably think I'm crazy as fuck

Rumor has it that I'm half past the seventh hour

Naw nigga, I'm a quarter to eight, M.O.P.

Now let me clear this up for you youngun, Bill still comin'
The Ville still gunnnin'
Runnin' I come from the Browns where niggas don't play fair
It's no love lost 'cuz it was never none there
Put me in a position to blast
I'll pop you and drop you, where they be fishin' for bass
So once you ramblin', take you, drape you and break you
To small pieces and FedEx your fingers to one of your nieces
We hold fort, we don't give a fuck about you
Ask them bouncers we'll stomp the shit out you
Bill's, not concerned wit' a turn and it's the shine
'Cuz every step along the line I'ma take mine, nigga
In '87, I started my career
I'll jump back and get it goin' this year
I live my life, in crime time bitch
And that's about the size of it

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