World Famous

M.o.p.

World, world, world, world
Whattup? Aight?
Whattup, whattup, whattup, niggy?
It's the world's famous
(M.O.P.)
Firing Squad
(Is Home Team in the motherfuckin' house?)
No question
It's the world's famous
(M.O.P.)
Firing Squad
(Is Home Team in the motherfuckin' house?)
No question
It's the world's famous
(M.O.P.)
Doin' our thang
Recruitin' and salutin' real niggaz like Wu bang
(Salute)
Billy Danze, hard to notice when I'm mellow
Makin' moves smoother than Jimmy Fingers in Goodfellow
Never gassed to do, what I have to do
Splashin' you, blastin' you, takin' your stash from you
International, bell ringa ruckus bringa
(Downtown Swinga)
Exercisin' my index finga
Sayin', "Whassup?" to the people that thought we'd desert 'em
"Hardcore" was raw but we got more to hurt em'
Firing Squad all up in your district
(Last album was foul)
But yet some missed it, bet they gon' get with this shit
(Who's in the house?)
It's the last generation
Real ill niggaz from the field you'll be facin'
Ninety-six flavor for your neighbor, how ya like us now?
(Bucka-bucka-bla-blucka-bla-blucka-bucka-blaow)
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(M.O.P.)
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(Is Home Team in the motherfuckin' house?)

No question
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(M.O.P.)
Firing Squad
(Is Home Team in the motherfuckin' house?)
No question
Bust it, who stepped out the woodworks and give
Villains Vietnam flashbacks of doin' all that hood dirt
The M
(Blaow)
O
(Blaow)
P still bangin'
What's strange ain't nuttin' changed, them bells still rangin'
You wanna be drug dealing, fuck killing, wack rappers are foul
And plus that shit you talk is out of bounds
Ask yourself, is you ready for action packed in
Gettin' blasted with your whole ribcage crashed in
I'm outspoken, niggaz, language is broken
Record labels need to stop that wack shit they be promotin'
See me knowin' me G I drop physical science
This lethal rap appliance'll fuck up your whole Alliance
This is the way we bring things, check out how we swing things
M.O.P. be having shit, jumping way up in Sing-Sing
A new star is born, peace to Teflon
I'ma blow up the East when we release the bomb
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No question
Same niggaz got my back and
Still blue steel we're packin'
Same hardcore raps and
Still focused on makin' it happen, whattup?
They wanna see us
Tell 'em hold on
M.O.P. is back and that's one to grow on
The four pound move, rugged rounds that down fools
Rough enough to make the whole fuckin' ground move
Representin' and it ain't playin War Games
With nuttin' to lose
I put him on snooze and blow out his brains
(Lil' Fame)
Kick back and watch how it go down
We here so beware, prepare for the throwdown
Crooklyn Crooks, is the ones that blew 'em
We live in it so I'ma give it to 'em
Bring it to 'em raw
(That's how you bring it)
Bring it to 'em raw
(Let the real nigga swing it)
Bring it to 'em raw
Give it to 'em ruff rugged and fat
Where you at?
Where you at?
Where you at?
Where you at?
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