

Downtown Swinga '98

M.o.p.

A yo what up sport, guess who back on the scene
The human being cannon with the infrared beam
Before the song move on I?m lettin' you know
I?m still in the ville and I?m still lettin' it go
So yo, crews with your official rap dues
Got Genovera's sayin' who the fuck is that dude?
The family it's M.O.P, the world famous Danzinie
Used your lethal and a swift
Never the game, 'cause game is partially gift but partially lame
Bringin' back, hardcore raps to the atmosphere
Me and my man makin' hits with premier
You faggots ain?t doin' it right, so here?s the [unverified]
From the firing squad, we?re trigga nigga stripes
I?m fishin' the breeze but please, believe when you come, come right
My niggas is tight downtown swinga
I?m international
Bell ringin'
International
Downtown swingin'
I?m international
Bell ringin'
International
Downtown swingin'
Crooklyn, that's where it happen at nigga
True, bonafied thoroughbred hilfigga
Code name, Fizzy Womack breakin' shackles
Tackle yo ass like Bo Jack
It's goin' down I?m feelin' it, thrilin' it, killin' it it?s over
One soldier that moves militant it's Lil' Fame [unverified]
So when I die make sure you bury me with a cassette of to tha death
It's time to face you, lace you, erase you
The movement of my finger make them hollow points chase you
I?m international, bell ringin' international
Downtown swingin', comin' to bust gats
When I bust raps I keep heads bobbin?
Doin' this for crooklyn mobbin' and robbin'
Strugglin', slingin' that crack rock
Jugglin', keepin' then crack spots bubblin'
Downtown swinga

I'm international
Bell ringin'
International
Downtown swingin'
I'm international
Bell ringin'
International
Downtown swingin'
I'm ready wiling and I'm able records run worldwide like cable
With rough sales to shut down your whole record label
Commin' at this whole industry and wouldn't give a fuck
If you're platinum, M.O.P. commin' at them
Makin' soloist acts and rap crews retire
We bring it to 'em raw and my squad start to fire
It's a gunman's festival, still turnin' all fools to vegetables
You fuckin' wit' professionals
My people desire the line of fire, kid it's to options
You either get the fuck up out of dodge or get to poppin'
I'm stoppin' herbs from rockin', fake hip hoppin'
Gangster boy boppin' is fuckin' up the game
I and fame claim downtown is on
The underworlds pearls settin' on the throne
It's on and you niggas be killin' me
Facin' relativity you can see the downtown swingas

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