

New Jack City

M.o.p.

This is, ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare
Prepare, get on your post and stand clear
If you start it, defend it, start it, we'll end it
We're highly recommended, listen, this is
Ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare
Prepare, get on your post and stand clear
The Brownsville sluggers, about to attack
Bring it back, yo I'm tired of you herbs
Gettin' on my nerves
Pretendin' to be drug dealers, and killers
You fold up, hold up, let me ease the grip
So they can jack talkin' 'bout how many keys you flip
Your sleeves get ripped off for that bracelet you rockin'
This li'l nigga get to poppin', pistol grippin' and cockin'
'Cuz nine times outta ten
I'm guaranteed to leave you stragglin'
Plus I bag emcees that's babblin'
I ain't tryin' to hear ya but I'm about ready to ear ya out
Get the gats and clear ya out
'Cuz you's a part time felon, kid killing yellin'
Before I send a slug through your melon
I'm a basket case, don't make me bash your face
You sittin', I'm sittin on chrome like Masta Ace
It's live nigga, no jive, hear the guns blast
I be wreckin' like the fuckin' Jamaicans at SunSplash
It ain't where you from it's where ya at
And where you be at times, you don't have your fuckin' gat
So chill with your riff raff, your bitch staff
Is some new cats, living in New Jack City

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Yo what the fuck is the deal, here comes a new generation of rap dudes
With fake attitude that refuse to play by the rules

It's a shame the way they be dissin' the game
They fantasize then go to something I would tell lies
These fake thugs replace slugs that's have three to nigga
Actin' like he want it no one wanna see my niggas
Firing Squad still firing, fuckin wit old timers
Wit rhymers ready to come out of retirement
Stoppin' your traffic, a classic
(M O P)
Puttin' you bitch ass niggas in caskets you lil bastards
Don't know this rap shit, get this
My family is ready to lynch, and roll before all you devils and sins
Raw breed indeed, we proceed to give you what you need
You way out of your motherfucking league
It's the, warpath, O.G. staff
Ambidextrous and I'll tear your maggot ass in half
My family don't give a fuck about you
How 'bout I, jump up and smack the shit out you
Get at 'em took you down the Firing Squad committee
Wit no pity, detonating this New Jack City

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