

# Calm Down

## M.o.p.

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  
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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