

# 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, 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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