

4 Alarm Blaze

M.O.P.

featuring Teflon and Jay Z Lil' Fame: Seventy five
Raised on a strip called here brotha hill
Where guns pop and cops get killed
This is the place where paranoya
Destroyin' niggas cash cases mo' try to flash they lawyers
We're losin' it
Four fives and knives we be movin' wit
Caught up in the things that the street game confused you wit
We're provin' it
Let it be known if retaliation
Home skillet - it's on
That rap nigga bust a cap nigga flat nigga
Open up your back nigga Rosewood black nigga
First family gone brawl
It's president's resident, and I'm the first dog
You know the M.O.P status
In the history of crime and rap we some the baddest
Word to the mommy
Any fool try me
Get hit wit the Llama
Fuck cumina Chorus - Teflon and Lil' Fame: 2X It's a 4 alarm blaze
Everybody post up next to the stage
Come on
You're all welcome to hell's roadway
First family style
Buck ass wild
What ya say Billy Danze: Get ya man on the jack soldier
Grip your mac soldier
FIRST FAMILY
We're back soldier
And we have swam through the Brownsville sewers
The last on the line of our kind CRIME DO'ERS
Burkowitz MOB STYLE
Spit fire from my hammer like I wasn't God's child
Crucify me - but don't deny me
Or get slit bitch you couldn't slip nothin' by me
Try me and I'll pop shots like I'm supposed to
I'm from the field where the covers are unnoticable
I've noticed a few niggas wantin' my head

Used my smarts and my secret all are firin' lead (Fire ya lead)
With all intentions of droppin' a body
I'm usually nervous so I'm flinchin' when I enter the party
THE BROWNSVILLE NECTAR
That bullshit
Just when you thought it was safe I flipped and hit 'em wit more shit
Chorus 2X: Teflon: Introducin' the best
kept secret
It's no sweet shit I sleep wit green beret
Blaze enemies frequent
I speak wit authority
(Black) Perhaps through four to be
Cap quarterly blazed till it's quiet and orderly
The gunsmoke make son soak
The smoke run through the barrel until the gun choke
Raised cold-hearted and deadly
Survive wit a nickel-plated tool and jewels old-timer done fed me
Keep my grip steady
Squeeze till they drop off
Make sure all other guns are popped off as heavy
Blowin some high-tech shit
Through your projects
Makin' whatever was in my way easy to di-tect
I wrecks guys
Over money gone Saratoga son be in a Columbian necktie
We don't respects by
Half-ass niggas
Blast niggas
Gas niggas who won't blast
The sect die All: 2X Just when you thought it was safe
The mashed out posse hit you off wit another taste
Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh) Uh (Uh)
Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Yeah (Yeah) Jay-Z: Yeah, uh-huh, what the fuck
Two asked quick for bastards to step to
Leave wounds too drastic for rescue
When I rock jewels it ain't to impress you
What the fuck niggas commentin on my shit fo'
I'm real - how you think I got rich ho?
Pack steel - ain't afraid to let a clip go
I got enough paper to get low
Come back when the shit blow over get the dough over
Huh wit the Rover snatch the gat from the clip holder
Rip through ya shoulder bitch it's Jay-hovah
I'm too right wit it, too tight wit it
You light witted but if you're feel ya nice nigga spit it
Who am I?

JAY-Z motherfucker
Do or die
IN BROWNSVILLE motherfucker
Blocka, rocka, M.O.P collabo
Front on us and gats blow ya know?Chorus: 2Xmotherfucker

Songwriters

Carter, Shawn C / Sullivan, Frank / Sterling, Lynwood / Peterik, James M / Murray, Eric / Grinnage, Jamal
Gerard / Elliott, Lawrence G. Published by

Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., Royalty
Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>