

G Boy Stance

M.O.P.

Yeah man, when I get old and shit
With my grandkids and shit
I gonna tell 'em, yo' I was down with them
Yo guess what? I'm a G boy, standin' in my G boy stance
Don't get it fucked up, I'm a grown ass man
Same game, nuttin' changed, we gon' do it like we used ta'
Fo' my niggaz that can relate, Mo. P salute ya' Let's tear down the pretty shit
Build up the nigga shit for our kind of niggaz
Dem niggaz that'll slap the shit outta ya', clap the shit outta ya'
Here's to you my nigga, we proud of ya' Let's get it goin', there you go, Billy Danze
Fizzy Wo', good to see you still bangin'
Thou we ain't gon' leave you hangin'
I don't know what you've been saggin' on
You've been braggin' money on But time's up, that's fucked up
Nigga get gone, we don't cruise on 'em when we move on 'em
Keep it rugged, never smooth on 'em
Drop jewels on 'em, grip tools on 'em
And braise everyone of these Y.G.'s
Wannabe Mo. P's, claimin' they O.G.'s If ya'll don't get back, you gon' get yo' ass put on chill
Get a drawer filled and catch a raw deal
Since money make your world go 'round, that's true
And money make you do the dumb shit that you do Who want two? The fuck is wrong wit'chu?
How could you switch your character
And turn your back on your crew? Weak niggaz will fall
Whack niggaz will fail
Live niggaz prevail
Yes, yes, ya'll I'm a G boy, standin' in my G boy stance
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Here's to you my nigga we proud of ya' I spit that old school shit like Lakim Shabazz
This is not a facade, it's the baby boy of Leon and Mrs. Lynette Barnard
My other half, the illest voice of hip-hop today
It's the baby boy of Big Frank and Mrs. Hattie May Okay, you fuckin' with the real motherfuckers
Okay, live from Capitol Hill motherfucker
Crooklyn Crime town, one seven one eight
Home of the one eight seven bitch, who want my John Hancock? I ain't talkin' no autograph written, fuck a

autograph

I'm handin' out auto ass whuppin'

Y'all niggaz know better than to try that ol' bullshit

From Def Jam VendettaRun on up like [Incomprehensible] got you buff

And get fucked the fuck on up, nigga

It's a rude boy awakening

M.O.P., Fizzy Yoski Woski, holla at me niggalI'm a G boy, standin' in my G boy stance

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Here's to you my nigga we proud of ya'Aiyyo, it's William and Womack, y'all talk about throwbacks

Me and the homey go back like [Incomprehensible], nigga

Yeah, nigga hold that, you know we gon' promote that

Come back for the hood in the hooptie niggaY'all can't control that, you niggaz is so whack

Your rugged rap feels like a floozy nigga

You niggaz need to know that me and the homey run rap

You know where the show at, come shoot me niggaSalute me nigga, salute it's me

Big Baby Boogie rookie from M.O.P., squeeze

What it's gon' be, I'll stomp, you flinch

The A.K, aiy, Shareetha Lynch, I'm givin' you a hintTo get it'll take a little sense

I'll come through the illest part of town when I'm bent

And have no fear, you know she O G

You and your homies can hold theseI'm a G boy, standin' in my G boy stance

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