We Pop (remix)

Rza

Gettin' money 'til the day we fall
We pop, we brawl, gettin' money 'til the day we fall
Double barrel shotgun, pop son
I told nigga, just not run
I saw him on 205th in Fordham
This dog was frozen, so my high heat thawed him
I blown ya, you need a blood donor
My bitch ghetto, like Florida and Laronia
Laundry mat hoes, who want clothes?
I flow checks, one followed by six O's
I got hoes, in codes, in different areas
Four ton whips that's sittin' on interiors
The bass shake in the club like it's earthquakin'
I cock arm, pass the bomb, like Troy Aikman
Play the basement like Bruce Wayne and Dick Grayson
You miserable, you get kidnapped by Kathy Bason
Thrown to the dungeon, for your spongin'
Of Wu Killa Bee, what's your total malfunction?
We pop, we brawl, get money 'til the day we fall
My glock, my four, throw shots through your bedroom door
From the P's, to the morgue, cop Louie all the way to my drawers
We pop, we brawl, get money 'til the day we fall
Come on, let's cut the crap, money, I've been gettin' this rap money
Crack money, stack money, I'm tryin' to get that Shaq money
That Mike Tyson, Michael Jordan, Michael Jack' money
Five hundred mill' and better, dog, yeah, now that's money
Act funny, ya'll make me laugh
Frontin' like you tough, you softer than a baby's ass
These lazy ass labels, fuck you, pay me cash
My crazy path promoted me into a Mercedes class
We pop, we brawl, get money 'til the day we fall
My glock, my four, throw shots through your bedroom door
From the P's, to the morgue, cop Louie all the way to my drawers
We pop, we brawl, get money 'til the day we fall
Yeah, all ya'll can see is the back of my jersey
Blowin' in the wind, goin' back to Jersey
Off to Brooklyn, left you back in Jersey
I was doin' a buck 90 like a throwback jersey
Shame on a nigga, take it back to Dirty

Run, game on a nigga, I'll be back in thirty
Seconds, got the world's greatest record
And that money I'mma spend it like a greatest record
This Division, all the ladies respect it
Disrespect it and the eighty'll check it
It ain't hard to see how ya'll ignorin' the steel
Niggas that I clap, lookin' for me still
'Til they look like they came out of George Foreman grill
Thoughts are stolen on free, must be on them crills
Plus my, team gon' be holdin' like forty mill'
Thoughts are rollin' on E, must be on the pills
We pop, we brawl, get money 'til the day we fall
My glock, my four, throw shots through your bedroom door
From the P's, to the morgue, cop Louie all the way to my drawers
We pop, we brawl, get money 'til the day we fall
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