

M.O.P., Handle Ur Bizness (DJ Premier Remix)

Check, check, check

Chorus:

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

Billy Danze: Handle your business

Can't get your grip

M.O.P: Can I get a witness?!

Lil' Fame: Ghetto people, your dreams have now been fulfilled

Grip your steel

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH

Billy Danze: Handle your business

Can't get your grip

M.O.P: Can I get a witness?!

Lil' Fame: Ghetto people, your dreams have now been fulfilled

Back out your steel

Rah*echoes*

Verse one: Lil' Fame

What the rawdog feelin?

An author like, Terry McMillan

The cat that, maniac

My fam dark as death in less than a minute

(The world stop spinnin)

The Rapid FIRING SQUAD

Keep on mix fire and (hard to kill)

Loud wires and bombs, firing arms

Look, we all for it

Its the dutch burning herbalice

Gallon drinkin alcoholics

Walk through your toughest pack of goons with my chain out

Kept it real ever since the first jam came out

FIRST FAMILY turned this whole rap game out

Sheisty individuals, tryin to wipe my name out

But they don't fuck around cause they know I back that thing out

And try to mark em off when the gun shots ring out

And in the myst of black, kid I'ma try to wipe they name out

And keep on dubbin till I break a fucking spring out

Chorus

Verse two: Billy Danze

You motherfuckas better raise up (they already did)

WHO THAT? The '87 stick up kids (we're back!)

I'm hopin that your focused on the side

Cause frontin on me and my, mad niggaz die

Is this hiphop? Hell no, this is war

I've been trying to tell you that since ? rocked some hardcore

You don't listen. See, gee

I'm on a mission. Look, be

They gonna find your ass missing

Ever since me and Fame came, we maintained

A strange, but a strong game

(That can't change!)

The real ghetto bad shit for blastin, subtractin

Those that ain't matchin my fashion I'm mashin

(Retality's real) Fatality's ill

When your stash in my path then your stash is a raw deal

(Clap, clap) Get your gat

(Buckabuckabububububububuckabucka) blow, blow, get the fuck back

Chorus

Verse Three:

Lil' Fame: FACE MINE Cause I'm here
Dog its' all clear
Rap jewels put it on my baseline from a snare
Then the wanna doubt The Kid
Who analyze this whole fucking shit?
Trying to make somethin out of it
Explode quicker than landmines
M.O.P. tapes make earthquakes and cause landslides
Bump this in your Lex coupe
Or your Lex hoop
Danze, finish em, twenty-one gun salute
(The Crew)

Billy Danze: How many niggas runnin with me? *pause* (this few)
A hundred niggaz gunnin with me *pause* (to shoot)
Firing Squad, draw blood on the enemy
At point-blank range, deliverin the penalty
AIN'T NOTHING BUT THE THUGS
Slangin out hollow slugs
(Nigga), anti-love keepin it real (Thug, let em slide today)
I'm known best for leavin em stretchin like Doc Holliday
Salute! *main beat stops, baseline continues*
beat comes back in