

# M.O.P., Ride wit us

Firing Squad nigga

Firing Squad!

Uh, First Family

Top notch nigga

BD, uh

[Billy Danze]

I used to have so much confidence in myself

But now my game is changed and my pain's been felt

My hand's been dealt, but it was a missed deal  
And words won't express the way a man William feel

I came up with them thugs, I grew up in that mud  
Got my hands covered in blood, to stay above  
The world (to see a better day)

Please my children need, and I can't find a fuckin way

What can I say, I'ma stressed ghetto soldier  
I'm shell shocked from a back block off Saratoga  
Remember what I told ya, I'm thirsty now  
In fact I feel like everybody's out to hurt me now

Roll wit me now, am I the only cat that never see the

M slash O dash P on your TV and the Industry keep fucking wit me

So I brought my cousins wit me

>From now on they gon be thuggin wit me

Eyes and ears nigga, blunts and beers nigga

For months and years it been Blood, Sweat and Tears

Nigga, raise your metal for Firing Squad royalty  
First Family, royalty, holla!

CHORUS 2X: Fame and Bill Danze

How many niggas plan to ride wit us (ride wit us)

How many niggas came to die wit us (die wit us)

Pop shots nigga, we don't give a fuck

Buck, buck, buck, buck !! Ha Ha!

[Lil Fame]

This is only the beginning, you aint know one was comin

Stand face to me, no more runnin

Back from hell, the dramatic, automatic

Rap track flippin acrobatic

Yo we been in this game for damn near a whole decade

To the death, til the Firng Squad, cop the next tape

Brownsville slugger, knucka up in the house

Had a rumble with the Grim Reaper, knuckled it out

This aint for you big willies, this is for my small paws

Thuggin, wit guns in they draws

Go against the grain, break all laws

And keep a bitch wit him, wit drugs in her bra

Brooklyn, brainiest, blast

Aint nothing changed since that nigga been past

Sound, pound, make you wanna bark

Specialized by Firing Squad, the underdogs, c'mon!

CHORUS 2X

[Billy Danze]

(It's the Firing Squad assassins)  
Ghetto blastin  
Operation ran by your man toucan dance for thug  
fashion  
(Criminal passion) Top of the line  
It's unnecessary, buries, but we still manage  
to shine  
(Take a life son) Fuck that!  
You know the verdict your only a soldier duke  
but don't get murdered  
You heard I was, raised with the elements  
It's William, and if you feel him then don't  
fuck with my intelligence  
I'm from the Ville, (that's home)  
I holds my own being that my father's reflection  
have connected and roam  
[Lil Fame]  
Blow 'em and check 'em wit chrome, have ya heard  
of me  
I heard you wanna hit me, split me, murder me  
So I, regulate, designate, demonstrate  
Blow back you fools wit tools, set 'em straight  
What you want nigga, hah, what it's gon be  
I'ma be leavin you leakin with clip in the palmy  
I'ma son of a gun, a automatic 4 5th  
Gun shots let off for my dogs, leave your boy  
stiff  
Ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare  
Play a part 'fore you fuck around and start a  
war here  
(We bust back) Collapse, I'm rated R  
Bringin it real strong cuz you niggas still gon  
hit me pa  
Y'all want me, come find me motherfucker  
CHORUS 2X  
heh heh, how many niggas  
Ride wit us  
Can you ride  
Firing Squad nigga  
Yeah! Wit us!  
First Family, murder  
Top notch nigga  
You know the rules of the motherfucking game  
C'mon!