

M.O.P., Wanna Be G's

(feat. Sheritha Lynch)

[Intro] - w/ variations

(*singing of "Oh", repeated in background of Intro*)

Yeah, nigga

(*laughing*), yeah

One time nigga, First Family

Yeah, uh

This one's a banger nigga

Please believe it ain't fake

Yeah, let's go

[Chorus]

All you wanna be G's, pants background

We're back now, it's the legendary send up Murry

No, cock and have locked down

M.O.P. will eat on the block now

If not we'll pop rounds

Every since the family came, we've maintained

A strange but a strong game

[Billy Danze]

And who's first up to bat, Fox

[Sheritha Lynch]

Excuse me, you might not wanna get it twisted don't confuse me
with any other chick (CHICK), this is not my thing (THING)

I was kinda pushed by Billy and Fame

Ya'll know my work, I punch big bouncers in they faces

Put grimy little bitches in they places

My dogs is the aces, me renegade Queen of Spades

This M.O.P. shit will never fade, be afraid

(Billy Danze: Slow down Fox, your killin 'em)

I did it again

She ain't gotta know how to fight, she know how to win

You know what (what?), ya'll niggaz pretend like thugs

I know how to send, I know how to defend my love

Look ya'll wanna run (run), go head and run (clear)

(Not in our house), (send) (not about black) and

Ya'll know what, ya'll niggaz ain't ready for this shit

(nigga), Fox (Fox)

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze]

Try to remember Danze (Danze) doin the unthinkable

(FIRST FAMILY), we unsinkable

(M.O.P.), outta the ordinary

For cats that grip gats and sell back commisary

The street's still lovin me

But see the ode, still buggin me

Cause I'm still Price Thuggery

Fuck with me if you wanna

I'm not responsible for my actions, when I'm backed into a corner

My love's up the hill, my heart's in the Ville

I'll forever beat you with a bat, you a partner Bill

I'm actually a nice guy, you see how I get down to

I can be a little bit destructive when I want to

It's the (WARRIORZ), always, all day

These M.O.P. cats, back on the block to play

You might wanna duck that little play thing, no it's just a flame

You love it when we runnin where your playin, nigga

[Chorus]

[Lil' Fame]

You ungrateful bastards
How many niggaz gotta fall off
Before you realize that we all we got
It's the M.O.Pizzo, where ya bo dizzo
If it's yellow rizzo, clijay, fizzy mo mizzo
Givin it up to Biggie Smalls, last king of New York
They underground but they all crack with New York
Real G's, royalties of New York
So niggaz get robbed in they own PJ's for bling bling in New York
Look ya'll (ya'll) niggaz (niggaz) better recognize
We still live for the N, yes for your exercise
And break faces for raises, what you think for how we bump
Better chill with the propaganda before I just start your throne
I'm like a pitbull trained and programmed to kill
Out on the prowl, cat huntin motherfucker so stop frontin
Yo Big Fox tell 'em (they already know)
And if you don't know, then your ass gonna learn

[Chorus] - 2X

(*humming noise, mixed in with "oh" from the Intro*)

[Outro - Talking] - w/ variations

Nigga, oh oh, nigga
Fuck what?
What the fuck did you just put on
Crack-O!
Yeah, Crack-O
M, dot, O, dot, P dot
I will fuck you up nigga (*laughing*)
YEAH