

# M.M.O., Lollypopp katz feat. Ill Knob

[Intro: Pearl Handle]

If your shit is hot, then it's hot  
If it's an original flow, watch you blow  
Keep it tighter than a knot, every show  
If it's not, let it go, see the top is a heavy load  
We need to step it up, step it up, ya'll cats, the truck up  
It's Pearl, Pearl Handles... uh, uh

[Pearl Handle]

Let's step it up with intelligence, growth and development  
We sufferin', some are reluctant to stop bustin'  
Hate is the most expensive indulgence, the greatest need is common sense  
Supreme math, teach us consciousness  
Black and dominant, check your documents  
Sports, Cablevision, Jackie Robinson to Iverson  
Court system, can't go margin' the Cochran  
Yes, shots spark in the roof top-ins  
Foul apartments, niggas is starvin'  
Water bugs and mouse droppings, opeds that once had name  
Straighter halls, praise the Lords, stickers in every door  
Footprint picture frames in every wall  
Now the play is AK's and sawed-offs  
Big pistols, nickel plated cronz hit you  
Rippin' you tissues, amputatin' your arms  
Hidin' warm symptoms, numbin' your system  
Handicap parked in the wheelchair emblem

[Naisha]

There's too much drinkin' and smokin', leads to fightin' and cursin'  
Jeeps worth to see the tour Suburban  
Even the body left the service, but what it takes  
The early wake, for niggas to advance stakes, and best cake  
More hate, leavin' bottles at wakes  
We all a victim of this every day chase  
Rhymes shaped, Riker's Island gates, Naisha one of the greats  
I see it in my baby face, black face my way  
Lettin' the aids to the presence of his day  
Can crime pay? Paper cliché, saw the skies to L.A.  
Up in cafe's, Holiday Inn's, the elegant  
Pretend, she laid in the Benz, a honey with friends  
Center of attraction, shorty playin' my direction  
Feelin' these ears and these eyes, payin' attention  
This goes for all the snitches, from New York to Sweden  
Life is what you make it, said Esco, I rock an S.O.  
Product of M.M.O., producin' the sick flow  
Hittin' them up with dope blow, that terrorize your side show  
And scream for more M.M.O.

[Chorus: Triggnomm]

These cats is lollypop, M.M.O. real hip hop  
Killa one dart, blood on your block, we crime swap  
Why your rhyme stop? High beam and lime squat  
Give me light, of beatin' the mic, I give you insight

[Itchy-Fingas]

Aiyo, my eyes open, vision a million when I wrote this  
Proceed caution, you take a toke and say it's potent  
Just stay focused and keep your burners in a holster  
These cats approach you, I make a menace of they culture  
Writin' exact, generate, money in stacks, for the whole summer  
I'm slumped in a bulletproof hummer  
Federal serve, observe, up in the telly in a hot tub  
We rock clubs, ya'll niggas better cop more Icebergs  
Hit ice and chains, niggas that ain't ice in your Range  
Where the pricey thing? I stop back and let your life hang  
Up in the zone, press chrome against flesh and bones  
I see ya'll niggas ain't ready, the more guns, the merry  
Put rhymes, confetti style, turn fed the criminal

Hit your general, four times, spread him around  
[Ill Knob]  
Who be the thug criminal, hit you hard with the subliminal  
Individual, Ill Knob, with the visual  
Attack, where my niggas at? Watch your step, don't forget  
We be rollin' deep like, beauty when she sleep through  
Snow White with your seven dwarfs, slash, faggot ass, little maggot ass  
Beat you down and drag your ass  
What you talkin' bout, snitched on my man and took the walk about  
Outline your sketch on the pavement, what's the talk about?  
The murder rap, couldn't beat the case, cause you heard the rap  
Chewin' on the telephone wires, at the Burger Shack  
5-0 rush in the lab, paraphernalia down the toilet  
Everything was good, 'til niggas spoiled it  
The foul underhanded ways'll get your ass clapped  
Ga Bow nigga, blaow nigga, where you runnin' now, nigga?  
[Chorus 2X]  
[Interlude: Triggnomm]  
These cats is lollypop, lollypop cats  
M.M.O., official, operation, all upon cooperation  
Russ Prez on the track, never wiz-ack  
Mac to your biz-ack, what nigga, lollypop cats  
M.M.O. real hip hop, Klik Ga Bow cats, foul cats, A.T.L. cats  
[Chorus]