

# M.O.P., Move Something

"Aaaaaaaah... I told you motherfuckers.  
Now what the fuck is going on?  
You done started a war here now it's on here."

□

Lil Fame speaks: All for this bowl. (Uh) You know what I mean.  
Bizzy Womack back up in this motherfucker. (Firing Squad, nigga.)  
No I ain't went nowhere, nigga. Fucking with the best.  
(Oh yeah, to the death.) Stare into the same ?marked ass?  
(Firing Squad, nigga.) I know what the fuck I'm talking about.  
(Go 'head, nigga, go ahead, go 'head nigga)

Verse one: Lil Fame

Ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare  
You done started a war here, now its on (YEAH)  
What the fuck, NIGGA?  
You thought you was gonna slide, you gon' run a muck, NIGGA  
I'ma make you feel like you got hit by a truck, NIGGA  
I pluck herbs like birds, then I brainwash em  
Watch Fame squash em  
Look what I brought to ya  
And when I'm gone do ya  
Slugs run through ya, HALLELUJAH  
Keep deep focus, the locust of war raps  
Hard Fizzy Womack  
Set it off like them for Bronx  
(Borrow lives!) Roll this thug  
(Sorrow lives!) Hold his slug  
Bruisin niggaz, but it hurts to lose a nigga (Its bug!)  
Anaconda, wanna take me under  
For jealousy, Goddamn yo it makes me wonder  
But the path I follow been blessed  
From my certificate of like, to my. certificate of death

Chorus

Billy Danze: You gotta, do something, move something  
Try to make that shit more (Live for your dogs!)  
Lil Fame: Cause ain't nobody gonna rock that shit  
If it ain't got that raw (Vibe for your dogs!)

Verse two: Billy Danze

I bring this whole motherfucking world to a standstill  
William Danz-ini don't you know this man will?  
(Move on em!) D-yea take action  
(Step to em!) Straight blasting  
Ghetto predator slash retarded motherfucker  
Enables me to be one cold-hearted motherfucker  
Start it motherfucker (Come on) I leave no traces  
(Come on) Run up, I blow your ass back seven paces  
(Feel the pressure as we step in the place.)  
Pump one in your face  
(Blow) Ain't nobody gonna see me, believe me  
One of them guys that specialize in (master illusions)  
Vanishing in the wind  
After committing a sin  
Then, I'm laying low till another day  
As for your crew, I send them to you when I come through at the wake  
(That's right!) Them promise to always roll with you  
So nigga I'ma send they soul with you  
Get the fuck outta here!

Chorus \*Fame and Danze switch stanzas\* \*2X\*

### Verse 3

Lil Fame: Straight for casters  
For full blasters  
Survivors that dealt with disaster  
Master the plans that twist YA  
Cocks back, dismiss ya  
Aroused by this too-down militant militia  
Listen, niggaz tend to think your soft when you rap  
And that will provoke Fame to busting a cap  
You can't hide from death  
(Nah!) You'll be found with your neck in a noose  
stripped for you life, hung form ?scratch?

Billy Danze: Now if I step up in your chest  
(Give you cardiac arrest!)  
Convert you into a mess  
(You been blessed!)  
(Damn!) I don't waste time  
I bust mine  
To splatter ya  
First of all, your small, your not even my calibre  
(So get up in they ass!)  
Niggaz, taking blasts  
(Aiyo lets take it to they ass!)  
Son, we gotta do this right  
(The Marksmen) From the Marx'  
Lettin to ?Burner? Park, hot slugs  
Leave you so called thugs laying in junk  
(bow, bow, bow, bow, bow, bow, bow, bow)

Chorus \*2X\*

Spoken: Ha ha! Come on. Firing Squad, nigga.  
What'd ya say? What, what, what'd ya say?  
What, what, what ya say? What ya say?  
Goddamn in the mourning, nigga. Come on, ha ha!  
(Vibe for your dogs) Salute! (See you when I see you) \*beat fades out\*