

# M.O.P., O.C.M.O.P.

Brooklyn! Uh, yeah! Now, check this shit out

Verse one: O.C.

Now check this motherf\*\*king capo right here  
Mash Out Posse SLASH O.C. come together like a glock and a clip  
We gon' jam when its time to blast!  
Big niggaz that rap, we bout to get in your ass  
We done played the background, ay-yo all my peops  
I'm naming names, f\*\*k it, it's on  
I'm taking it back to some Brooklyn shit  
With this ten-man clique  
Who don't know how to act, lookin for some niggaz to hit  
And if you ever think it can't happen to you  
You might just end up in the East River with some bale-ass shoes  
I ain't playin no more, I'm gonna bring it to your ass raw  
I flipped the word around, nigga, this means WAR  
Yo, f\*\*k that, Brooklyn's on the map forever  
To Billy and Fame, I hope you niggaz down for whatever  
With Mike, go get the guns when its time to shoot  
To Brooklyn I give a 21-GUN SALUTE  
(Come on)

Chorus:

Flatbush \*cut and scratched\*  
--Crown Heights-- &quot;Thought I'd remind y'all&quot;  
Brownsville \*cut and scratched\* (Firing Squad)  
&quot;Thought I'd remind y'all&quot; \*scratching\*  
Bushwick \*cut and scratched\* &quot;(See I) Thought I'd remind y'all&quot;  
\*cut and scratched\*  
--East New York-- &quot;Thought I'd remind y'all&quot;

Verse two: Lil' Fame

I used to roll 'em, this is a holdup  
MAKE em roll up, come up out your clothes and get your whole shit swole

up

This game ain't changed cause I became a rapping dude  
I'm still a black cat, quick, and straight clapping dude  
(Try to act rude) Play the mascot  
With your clown ass ways, these days, look what your ass got  
Clap, shot the body, I'm keeping it real  
That cartoon ass nigga thought he was King of the Hill  
That whole shit was animation, immitation  
When I shipped that ass on out, like immigration  
Ways of Emancipation, Proclamation  
Constitutional rights, the LAST GENERATION  
Your facin, M.O.P., O.G.'s  
Flippin this track with O.C.  
Niggaz know we, hold this shit down for Brooklyn, nigga!  
Where guns spark and leave them things smoking, nigga!

Chorus

Verse three: Billy Danze

Hot damn! Danze shot your head  
Full cooperation, I'm taking donations, ante up the bread  
(Clap, clap!) You got that fat while we were gone  
So the balance that I wrote like, we're taking on  
Put the rest of that shit in the bag

I would tear your ass to pieces, so you please don't make me mad  
(Here we go again!) You ain't known, I control my destiny  
I only got love for the thugs that's next to me  
(Who that?) Berkuanee, soldier, I'm ill  
\*pause\* I told ya, I'm real!  
And I've been doing a double danly  
Everyone ?from my crew is sayin? (Daddy, don't fail me)  
Hold on, the way that I jettin my foes may never be even  
I'm one of them dudes that niggaz refuse to believe in  
(Life is full of obstacles!) so keep weeping  
(At 24-years old) My only goal is too keep breathing