

M.O.P., Stick To Ya Gunz (Feat. Kool G Rap)

Intro: (sampled)

Calling the Police

Calling the G-men

Calling all americans to war on the underworld

All I need is money, and I'm getting that money tonight

Lil' Fame:

Let's take a slide through the ill side of town with this B-Boy

Watch out for Jake, snakes and decoys

Streets keep you p-noid

Everyday's a new game

We do thangs for new thangs

This kid got stopped for like three G's and two chains

Yo, I know about these streets I was raised in

In my crib I heard villians outside blazin'

Mad shots was poppin' and, I see visions of droppin' men

Five minutes later some nigga was sprawled out on Hopkinson

That's why this "Downtown Swinga"

Rusckus bringa be packin' bangers

That make your whole world shit out of clothes hangers

It's only one life to give in, get in where ya fit in

The fo'-fo' will cold push ya shit in

So keep your gun breezed for fucking with these

New York Desperadoes, we'll bust open your head like avocadoes

Heavy artillery in my facility

For you snake ass ones I stick to my gunz

Chorus: (Teflon)

Yo whatup? (Ain't nuttin') Is it real? (Yeah, son)

What's today's mathematics, nigga? STICK TO YA GUNZ!

What's the word? (Ain't nuttin') Is it real? (Yeah, son)

What's today's knowledge of self? STICK TO YA GUNZ!

Billy Danze:

The most beautyfullest thing in the world is a fo'-fo' Desert Eagle

(Nigga) THAT SHIT IS DIESEL!

Lethal hollow point slugs bust through any objects

Squeeze it at rapid fire, clear the whole projects

I ain't gonna be beefin' or eyein you

Silently I move violently

Me, ain't no reliable see

I been chasin' and lacin' tough guys for days

Finding ways to erase them, and blaze them in the grave

If t happen the squad's cappin', I'm in the mix

And I'd rather be touvhed by twelve than layed by six

MY kind, on the front line still standin'

Mr. Billy Danze, and I'll work you with a mini cannon

Holdin' it down it's the drama lord

So you riff, you be lift and laid stiff as a fucking board

Firing Squad, niggas on the run

Get props from top notch niggas that ill bill, stick to they gunz

Chorus (x2)

Kool G Rap:

Ayo, I represent Queens, on crime scenes a murder machine

Put M-16's in niggas spleens

So head for the hills nigga, cuz when I get ill

It's blood spilled for real

I aim my fucking steel and shoot to kill

So grab your bodyshield get ready for the dustin'

The biscuit that I'm clutchin'

Puffin' like cess but that's the fucking dutchman

Buckin' at all you sucka cluckin niggas that want the ruckus

We'll be three niggas who's clappin' but we ain't applaudin' you motherfuckers

Keep my mack hid up under back, two shots to crack lids

Ain't gotta go rush to Toys R Us to get you Cabbage Patch Kids

Once I let the laser beams gleam and the red dots are seen

Your whole team is getting blown to smithereens

Queens on the motherfucking map nigga, we stay strapped
In fact I let a AK cap push out your toupee back
Running with mad sons gunning shit up and leave your hit up for the funds
Niggas better stick to they gunz
Chorus (x2)