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)