

# MOP, Stand Clear

[Verse One: Lil' Fame]

Yo - feel the First Family energy (alright!) Remember me?

Lil' Fame raps niggaz to tunes of Kenny G

I compose the rugged, I woulda written yo' shit too

but you ain't got enough money in your budget, dude fuck it!

Step up and get your whole band slaughtered

You ain't got the raw plus you twenty gram shorter

M.O.P. ban orders, I show you niggaz "Faces of Death"

Manslaughter, live on a camcorder

My solution is pollute innards, quick to shoot a bitch

I'm bugged like the Y2K computer glitch

I bring the hardcore for soldiers that got war

And the thugs in the crowd screaming ("Yeah we like it raw!")

On wax they get the best of it (right) give 'em the rest of it

Saluting on tour, autographin bitches' breasts

It's the legendary M.O.P.

We put it down everywhere we go - but you don't hear me though

[Chorus x2]

Stand clear!

Notice ain't nuttin but soldiers up in here - ride for the cause!

Heavy metal shit, quick, grip settle it

BITCH! Die for the drawers

[Verse Two: Billy Danze]

It's elementary, for a quarter of a century

In and outta penitentiaries

I survive - I am a survivor G

Got more slick shit with me than McGyver see

I'm your rivalry, cousin ride with me

I'm the international cat that you tryna be

I am (WILLIAM) William (WILLIAM) William (WILLIAM) yes ma'am

When I'm in a G-man stand it's impossible to touch Danze

I got a deranged temper, with a short fuse

I don't know what you thought but you gon' lose

I'm bad news