

# Young Noble, Gotz 2 Go

(Verse 1:Young Noble)

Everybody put cha middle fingers up  
And represent yo block  
If ya hands stays down  
You a snitch or a cop  
A bitch with cock  
And dont belong out here  
What I say -- whole waist  
So we strong out here  
Outlaw clique niggaz King Kong out here  
And everybody know the words to our songs out here  
And everybody on the block love Pac out here  
And everybody on the block love Yak out here  
We like pits on a strip  
Ya can't SWAT out here  
You don't know how many guns my niggaz got out here  
But yall niggaz really think that yall could clock out here  
When every night the old folks call the cops out here  
Every night the old folks here shots out here  
Jerzey Mob -- Outlaw got it locked out here  
And anything that goes down we got to drop out here  
And anybody creppin' thru we gon' spot out here

CHORUS (4x)

Stop, pop, drop, and roll  
Out of towners on ya block  
And they gotz 2 go now

(Verse 2:Muszamil)

I came long ways  
From blockz of Jerzey  
Three-80 building hallway  
Cops surround me  
The bloody streets of Irvington  
Young thugs caught up  
But ever since 10  
That's the way I was brought up  
They shoulda' killed me then  
I wonder why they didn't  
Ain't no friends in this cold-hearted muthafuckin' business  
I know -- my parents got murdered over dough  
I'm rappin' now  
I ain't selling coke no mo'  
I put the drugs down  
Left the game all along  
You'll neva win and some of these niggaz'll neva know  
They addicted and burnt out -- in position  
It's too late to get out now  
Charges poppin' up stickin

(Verse 3:Homicide)

Stop, drop -- nigga why you 'round here?  
We Outlawz -- put that game down 'round here  
They call me Homi  
Ground the caine round all year  
I talk to Tommy  
While the Jerz Mob downstairs  
They came to hate a Homi  
But get an Army  
Cause it's off yeah  
We first to bomb  
Specializing in warefare  
Ride or die for the war  
Where I put in work

Screamin' fuck the earth  
Middle finger to the law -- yeah

CHORUS (4x)  
Stop, pop, drop, and roll  
Out of towners on ya block  
And they gotz 2 go now

(Verse 1: Napoleon)  
It's like I'm walking thru a cemetery  
Breathin' but I'm really buried  
Starting trouble everyday at clubs  
It ain't necessary  
Half-way thug started thuggin 'bout a week ago  
I was slappin' niggaz before Pac signed to Death Row  
Jerzey niggaz know it  
Cause it's all in my blood  
Fag niggaz show respect when they see my black gloves  
I ain't got nuttin' to live for but Salik  
And Salik know daddy on the urge of release  
Stand with heat  
But prayin for peace  
But die for war  
Ain't nuttin' to eat so we told the streets like before  
Who the fuck wanna see the down stare of a reaper  
I ain't tryna die either  
So talk to this mili-meter  
So --- break yoself, make yoself, take yoself  
Fuckin' with me -- I'll make you hate yoself  
Empty the shelf or empty what's left  
Burn thru yo chest  
Sellin' these tracks is like sellin' yo death  
Napoleon

CHORUS (4x)  
Stop, pop, drop, and roll  
Out of towners on ya block  
And they gotz 2 go now