

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