

## Get Yours

M.O.P.

your off beat dj, everything he play, is all punk shit  
Tell him to bump this  
That old gorilla in the trunk shit

I'ma tip off the whole block,  
I'm all I got, get yours  
I call the shots, get yours  
You call cops, ah  
Them boy's twats  
when it gonna stop? come on nigga you a warlock, or not?  
You ain't a real killer, you just talk a lot about  
Your coke spots about your dope spots about picking up bricks from the boat  
dock  
about your bullet proof whips like the pope got

Get clipped on your own block,  
You hit a road block, it's like Fort Knox  
This is Brownsville homie, keep them both cocked  
And we ain't worried, legendary meaning won't stop  
We don't stop, we fluid on the black top  
And 1-5-4-5 still the back drop  
Been there, done that, so whatever you got lock run that  
Or get your snapshot sun back, ugly

And they say New York city  
What's that, get yours, what's that, get yours, what's that  
And we say New York city  
Fuck that, get yours, fuck that, get yours, fuck that  
Cause if it was a fifth shit we'd all be drunk  
Is something in your bottle nigga pour me some  
If I ain't stand up, you could call me punk  
But I'm real so a bitch can't call me one

Dirty like a stolen black nine with a body on it  
Don't nobody want it, I put my mama on it  
Chrome, (teks?) so what the hell you probably find me on it  
tools down to my kicks you know how I be on it  
They saying them niggas fame and bill too aggressive  
They say them M.O.P. boys is too reckless  
ya niggas is P.U. with 2 s'es  
And I ain't never bought up a house for you (heffers?)

You keep fucking around and we'll stretch ya  
Saratoga Ave., bet it, whole different texture  
we all in the mix of the blitz while ya lecture  
Find More lyrics at [www.sweetslyrics.com](http://www.sweetslyrics.com)  
we in the thick of the shit with no pressure  
Get it and go, you gettin' it raw, fishscale  
Top of the line, kept on the low... M.O..  
We outshine them niggas in prime time  
deliver the bam! bam!, this undeniable grind

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I still stay in touch with the streets it's spit thugerry  
I stay sucker free, who wanna run with me  
salute to the die hard fans that fuck with me  
sparta marksman fuck around, loose a couple teeth  
That's what people want so we designed it raw with the snowgoons behind the  
boards  
the paul bearers of hip hop  
We carry ya whack ass off then bury ya, this is real heavy yall  
marksman

3 steps ahead of ya, 3 generations in so we bet it all  
In the middle of the street where we set it off  
Nigga really want a win he gotta get involved  
M.O.P. dog we been awol, big hemi in my chest for the long haul  
turning a nigga to mess is what i'm going for  
Leaving hollows in his chest is what we cause

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