

Pounds Up

M.O.P.

Ooh. yeah.

Come on! ooh.

Yeah. yeah.

Yeah.[lil' fame]

Why y'all niggas is sis' to fuck with lil' fame

I analyze the streets, spit real game

I'll blast on you as you pass on through

Catch you right where you stand put your ass on you

I remind niggas with that blue steel that you rip

And the rush that you felt from the nigga that you hit, now

How many niggas wanna ride with me, collide with me

Be accesoires to homicide with me [first family!]

Who I hang with, bang with, spit flames with

The hand full of niggas that I came with

I ain't tripping, I know you got a hell of a plan

For the man if you ever caught me slipping

You will stop me, won't you, pop me, won't you

But you know I'll whoop ya motherfucking ass bitch, don't you

My family strong, your mams don't need so stop breathing'

Before you cats and you ass get deleted

[chorus] [2x]

Look, ain't nobody stoppin' this here

You'll see it, it's on and poppin' this year

Mound up (mound up!) pounds up! (pounds up!)

We build this foundation, from the ground up nigga[billy danze]

Stand up faggot, I'll let you have it where you post at

(william berckowicz!) back with my golden fiend and womack

(blaow!) nigga hold that, juliani can't control that

(we buss outta clutches on magnum triggers) he know that

With the same cats that blaze dat's on the boulevard

We remain strapped, then came back, doin' it hard

So send your soldiers cobra and I will send everyone of 'em back

With holes under they' hat, falls of through they' back

Damn with it motherfucker (bk!) all day real with it motherfucker

I'm not your average, I'm from a block where they trap cops

And made 'em holler ten-thirteen

It's the commander, danze, hands, down

You need to know who you fucking with now

Now kill-a-kill again, with an unusual will to win

An unusual will to sin, stop fucking with me

[chorus] [2x][lil' fame]

It's an every day thing in a every day game

More day every day, motherfucker bang (bang!)
It's the streets in me, and me, I'm staying tuned to this shit
It's music to my ears, I'm immune to this shit
I'm suffering, from a disease called 'leave me the fuck alone'
In this full blown (blown), bitch,
M.o.p., prepare for the ruckus
And we murder-murder-ma-murder-murder you motherfuckers[billy danze]
Allow me the way out, down out, pull my gun out,
Run out in the middle of a street light (bum, bum bum)
Ah, there you go, bastard, murder international, custom main caskets
Now could any of you cocksuckers turn to me
The way this streetgame is going is concerning me
Whatever happened to the old days
We all blaze, we all study criminal ways[chorus] [2x]Nigga!
...
Nigga!

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