

Guns N' Roses

M.O.P

Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
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Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up Whenever a nigga bleed, it lead to Guns N Roses
And a real nigga knows is
Everybody that have held had shot one
It's like a asshole, cause everybody's got one Niggaz is gettin' kinda bold
Little shorties thirteen years old, tryin' to leave a nigga cold
I'm packin' my gat, and watchin' my back, and ready for one
You niggaz wanna jump up, cause I ain't goin' out like Willie I propose a toast next nigga that
play me close
(Yeah)
I'ma have your faggot ass hangin' off a lamp post
(Salute)
To my nigga that slid and did bids
To them niggaz that slipped and caught clips kid
It's yo' play on the blessings
Me I send your maggot ass back to the essence
Niggaz have told ya, Guns N Roses that's the path
So pack yo' gat and watch yo' ass Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up Guns N Roses, no one opposes the mash out posse
You can't stop me, I'm packin' blue steel
Steppin' with my weapon, waitin' for the rumble
I'm trouble, step into the concrete jungle Foes'll hear the words from the reverend
And caught hell fuckin' with fame
So now they ass gotta go to heaven
I fear no man and I ain't Omar Epps
But I'm lettin' motherfuckers know the program
Too many motherfuckers died on the street
That's why I tell motherfuckers to back up and play me feet
Just the other day I put my man in the ground, so now
I walk around with the motherfuckin' trey pound
Just for my enemies so I can blow they chest in 'Cause Smith and Wesson's will have your
whole family stressin'
Another basket, casket closin'
They put away the guns, then here come the motherfuckin' Roses
Tags are promptly placed on your toes
You're just another nigga dead, gotta go, gotta go
The game is called survival when you play it to the end
Before you go out in a blaze, may the best man win Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid

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 Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up Another motherfuckin' massacre, yeah, M.O.P.
 Dese are the niggaz that I'm movin' with G
 To you snake ass, two faced ass niggaz
 You gon' make me grip and squeeze my shit
 Lifestyles of a ghetto child Gun over rose, choose your weapon or pick your pose
 One or the other nigga, no doubt
 You know the way the motherfuckin' story turns out
 Only your life or you're chancin' Me, I got a record like my man Charles Manson
 Bill puttin' niggaz on chill, you know the deal
 Quicker than a motherfuckin' hit man will
 (Another motherfuckin' Cadillac) Yeah, another motherfucker's family dressed in black
 Whatever must be must be
 Me I try to keep my shit a little low key
 See, 'cause you don't know how it feels Everytime a nigga get killed they try to link that shit to
 Bill
 Mostly because I never of
 (Kid they tryin' to herb ya)
 I ain't doin' time for no fuckin' murder Mad brothers done died on the street
 I know it's crazy motherfuckers that barely sleep
 The color red from a hot hollow piece of lead
 Salute the world and then nod your head Guns N Roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid
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