

Facing Off

M.O.P.

Come on, come on rap dudes, let's rap rap dudes
Yeah, yeah, come on motherfucka, yeah I gave ya a hour, nigga
But now I want my shit back, bring it to ya ass, Fizzy Wo Mack, L.A.
I'm a continue to bring it to ya ass, motherfucka Welcome me back bitch nigga, it's the rapper dude
(Slash)
No actor dude, snap a dude
(Brownsville)
You listen to gun shots pop, it's murder capitol
We all for one boy, where them young boys clappin' you And thugs hold the fort down tight, they bust back at
you
Another nigga drop, tryin' to stop drug traffic dude
B-Boy's employed decoys just to trap a fool
Any and every individual this can happen too We move on niggas, rip two's on niggas
'Cuz ain't no tellin' what them fellas about
I remain in the cut, comprehendin' ya doubts
Back up off me, soft me, spit ten then I'm out Silly motherfuckas gettin' carried away
But they fuck around with Fame and get carried away
'Cuz I'm a nigga of the Earth, nigga of sea
Nigga of the sky, the Fire, M.O.P. I'm a front big Willie like I'm runnin' this game
What I can play, Lil' Fame like a mothafucka
Say why ya rollin', I'm patrolin', man God on steel
Who the fuck you think you are nigga? Ron O'Neal?
(Fuck outta here) All I really need is respect, that's what I'm mention for
(Bitch)
What you inchin' for, what ya flinchin' fo'?
(Clack clack)
And when it jump off, don't ask did he know Because he knows who the fuck I am, Fizzy Woe, magnificent baby
Firing Squad, one of a kind nigga, top of the line niggas
Divine niggas illest, My niggas, you know my steez nigga
You know my steez, M.O.P., Fizzy Woe Yo I'm a Brownsville native junior, I'm talkin' born and raised
That's where we learn to let the pistol spark bark and blaze
(First Family)
Suffer for days
(Come on)
And we inheritin' them criminal ways I survive with a fist full of hopes and dreams
And a hand full of niggas that I call upon team
By the time I was thirteen
(Thirteen)
I got myself a 318 and startin' makin' moves, baby It's like I told ya boy, my environment put me on front line

(Soldier Boy)

Rapid fire the greatest of all time

We 'em dance, waitin' for Shaq to get back

(Welcome home my nigga)I done made plans, 96% of this world don't know I exist

That's why my point is gettin' missed

I walks with my brother Mike Sone, as I stroll thru the ghetto

And the sun is like the wind beneath my wings like zeros, nigga

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