

Fly Nigga Hill Figga

M.O.P.

I'm gonna let these motherfuckers know something We happen to be them, live niggaz

(Don't try)

Niggaz, do or die niggaz

Fizzy Womack, y'all, true hillfigga

One that'll put the drop on ya quicker, nigga We happen to be them, live niggaz

(Don't try)

Niggaz, do or die niggaz

Fizzy Womack, y'all, true hillfigga

One that'll put the drop on ya quicker, nigga We brought a very raw chapter

From the history of slinging crack

To the history of rap from the history of street misery

The Brownsville, Brooklyn, Vietnamese (William and)

Womack, pa

It's known that you get your shit blown back, pa

The hill is still real, we own that, pa

(Cock back the chrome)

'Cause you don't clap, pa What it look like when they on the pipe

Slinging the same as fame getting cream all night

(Gotta get my hustle on)

Go 'head 'cause I know what it be like

When you got no bread, when you down and out People turn they back at you

Even the chicas try to disrespect the rap in you

I got gratitude, baby, I ain't mad at you

I bet you that pussy is stink as your attitude Hold that down as I step off, no frown

Keep that pretty smile like always

Some people getting fucked up in these raw days

But they can be left to stretch in they hallways I got family from CI to B'ville

We fear no evil, bitch, nigga, we real

(Now slide)

Slide before I turn this conversation into a motherfucking homicide We happen to be them, live niggaz

(Don't try)

Niggaz, do or die niggaz

Fizzy Womack, y'all, true hillfigga

William Berkuanace, live

(Hillfigga) Now I don't know if you remember me, it's

(William Berkuanace)

From downtown swingin' and slinging is no shit

Watch these real niggaz, move crowds

While you pathetic, diabetic ass niggaz ain't allowed I'm not a gangster and I won't lie

I've always been afraid to die
(So when worst come to worst)
I'll back my shit out first
I'll feel better in an Elderado, than in a hearse
When it's time to roll you know where them thugs at
(First Family)
You know where my love's at
Give up to my peers who survived through the Blood
Sweat and Tears, here to a hundred years
We won't change or switch or aim or pitch
We dedicated to dominating the same shit
Holla-holler, I know what I may have to do
(You know my motto)
Walk past and slash your crew
If I'm after you, it's on
Keep your head up 'cause I won't let up till your ass is gone
(Come on)
So now you remember me
It's the hell-raising, gun-blazing, BD
We happen to be them, live niggaz
(Don't try)
Niggaz, do or die niggaz
Fizzy Womack, y'all true hillfigga
One that'll put the drop on ya quicker, nigga
Can I hear silence? For the peops that's deceased
Rest in peace, ya', still with me
(Ya')
And I still keep old feel with me
I'm dedicated to the game
Whether it's the streets or this rap thing
I'm gon' maintain a Brooklyn 'Fugitive'
I'm the judge, jury and the executioner
(What? What?) I'm used to the automatic machines
(The heavy calibre)
And the bloody crime scenes
You know my name, I've been trained to flip
From the environment where they be firing whole clips
So tell your man stop flinchin'
Stand at attention and prepare for the lynchin'
(Firing Squad)
With the same tale
(The last of the best)
And we saved the best for last

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