Way Of The World

Flipper

Aaaah. Fuck it, Fuck you, Come on! Ah
Chorus:
M.O.P.: Its the way of the world, right? (Aaaah)
Billy Danze: Can't nobody change
The way them thug niggaz do they thing
M.O.P.: Its the way of the world, right?(Huhhh)
Billy Danze: Can't nobody change
The way em real niggaz play the game
repeat
Verse One: Billy Danze
Yo I grew up on an ill path (St. ?)
Posted up on the hill with the real Homicide Staff
Never the type to screw ya
Just the type to pursue ya, step to ya and do ya(Boo-yea)
It's a hundred situations ampin me
The block (hot) cop a (top shots) at your whole fucking family
(Sup, Billy Danze?) True (Clap, clap) Who the fuck are you?
(Clap, clap) What the fuck you wanna do? (Fuck you)
I been caught in a deathrap twice, managed to slip through it
Wacked four niggaz, and I still gotta do it
(Hell ya) You know the street game
Welcome new players to these homicide layers to be slain
Look both ways before you cross a nigga
Decent families have lost a nigga, that came across a nigga
He knew wasn't havin shit
He seen him lick off and kickoff a whole fucking click
(Whole fuckin click, Premeditaion) On a daily basis
And nickel M and M's may be pressed against your faces
Nobody cares if your mother cry
They don't a FUCK if your brother die
(Don't give a fuck about you)
Chorus
Verse Two: Lil' Fame *rapping to the baseline*

These motherfuckers wanna stop me, it ain't hard to count
But it'll be a cold day in hell
I would never change, my style or my profile
Or the way I put myself down (cha down) *main beat resumes*
Why do fuckers, motherfuckers

wanna fuck around with this livest shit?
Chrome 44's, soul survivalers (Unstoppable!)
Got a crew to drop a crew, remarkable
The infinite, fizzy wo magnificent
I know ya wanna see me dead
Sprawled out with some thick red shit leaking from my head
Hollerin: rest in peace, making money off my rap songs
Callin it the best of M.O.P. (Motherfucker!)
Fuck that! I send the goons out to get ya
Hit ya, and take them knew jacks down wit ya
LEAVE EM DEAD STINKIN
And put your brains on the outside
to the let the world see the sheisty shit you was thinkin
This nigga can't change(Nah)
This nigga can't rearrange(Nah)
The way a thug do his thing (Yeah)
Never let em get the best of me
I put the metal to your temple
and catch the next plane to the West Indies
(Fly, baby) Nigga,(Motherfuckers)! (Fly, nigga)
I wan't y'all niggaz to undestand one motherfuckin thing
This M.O.P. shit is for real, nigga
Y'all motherfuckers better recognize
Lil' Fame over chorus:
First Family, nigga. There's a concept behing that shit
We your family in the first motherfuckin place
To all y'all new motherfuckers, find somebody, nigga
Get the fuck out my face. Salute to all my true niggaz
Made you for life, nigga
(That's real nigga. Never stop, never stop, never quit.)

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