On The Front Line

The Casualties

Aight motherfucker.. Primo, a-heh a-hah, a-hey!
Sssssss..
[Billy Danze]Yo, I was raised where, cats blaze automatic weapons
and half-steppers don't half-step, without protection
The rules of the game is, spit first
until you see his wig burst, before he flame his
You see a man gon' claim his
Duke a soldier gon' aim his, and try to kill yo' ass
Niggaz see Burke on the conduit
in the left lane doin his thang, whippin a Buick
Fizz Won (Whattup boy? I'm ridin shotgun)
There'll never be a boo that understand what we got son
We've been down a long time
I'm beginnin to think I got traces of Womack in my bloodline
BOM-BURST two times on top of the line
You plexiglas niggaz ain't fuckin with mine (HELL NAH!)
We keep it so real, without bein signed to a deal
you could still shop for the 'Ville
{*various samples scratched*}
[Lil' Fame]Straight from the hilll-top, where steeeel, pop
and the, coast ain't clear it's reeeal, hot
Keep the heat real close cause it's, dangerous
and the, game don't change Fame bang with this
It's the legendary, cap peelers we the illest
of the realest blood-spillers, we guerillas (NIGGA FEEL US)
All day, right back at you live
from William Berkowitz (SLASH) Fizzy Womack Avenue
I send ghouls after you, trappin you blastin

WHO fuckin with the rapper dude?
Don't even GOOO THERE
I'm from the 'Ville Brooklyn Military (OHHH YEAHH)
N.E.W. Y.O.R.K.
We'll ratch yo' ass like floors that's parquet
Glorious, come stomp on tour with us
(M.O.P.!) We, +Warriorz+
{*various samples scratched*}
[Billy Danze]Hey yo the game don't change only the players
I'd like to welcome you young bucks, to these homicide layers

We lead (COWARDS TO GUNFIGHTS) right (FROM TALKIN NONSENSE)
Sayin my family is unable to drop bomb hits
Napalm shit, move in a hail of fire
Bill, sire, trailed by an empire (FIYAH!)
Can't nobody change my two step
I'm ready to rip for respect, Fizzy talk to 'em
[Lil' Fame]What's the lesson you learn when the Smith and Wessun was burned
Slugs flyin you realizin that it's your turn
Didn't them niggaz warn ya BAM (BUKA BUKA) BAM
(BUKA BUKA BUKA BUKA) Get the fuck up off the corner!
Them goons was hot on ya!
Chasin you down, cockin pistol poppin and they wasn't stoppin
til they finished lacin you down, peep the steez nigga
Snakes don't belong 'round here, nigga breeze!
{*various samples scratched*}

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