

On The Front Line

M.o.p.

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 hill-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 blatin

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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