

Face Off

M.o.p.

[Billy Danze]Yo a lot of people depend on me (strongly)

I no longer wanna press them situations wrongly
They say that a man's life, gon' be what it's gon' be
So I switched the game around, and now it's on me
(You control your destiny) You niggaz keep testin me
like you want me to show you how messy a mess can be
(You're still a bang-banger) One of Saratoga's finest
?? ?? attention now (??) makin your highness..

Yo Bill, what'd you stop for man, what'd you stop for?

Teach 'em, tell 'em how you feel!

As I struggle to get my hands, on a dollar today

I think back about cats, that have passed away

That's why I feel more cursed than blessed

And I wonder what in this world, more worse than stress

I'm a mess with stress, though I present it with finesse

Sometimes I feel as if my heart is comin out my chest

I smoke too many ciggarettes; and the Remi won't
wash away the pain or get, strain off my brain

See it's the way, we, roll down here, stroll down here

A shootout, is like a common cold out here

That's why I sit back and I laugh at y'all

When it's crunchtime on the frontline, I will blast at y'all

I'm from Saratoga Avenue, I +HAD+ to brawl

It's where I realized it's a cold world, after all

You hear me talkin to ya? I'm on some grown Danze shit

(You'll be comin of age) My life is on a different page;

able to tame my rage

A little bit different from the first time I picked up a gauge

A little bit different from the first time I stepped on a stage

Take a look at me now; a born winner

In a race against time, like Bruce Jenner

A natural born sinner, can't nobody tame me, or change me

(For no reason at all he's angry, he'll) kill again!

{*beat changes*}

[Lil' Fame]You are now tuned in to the Works of Mart

Take two steps back it's gon' hurt you pah!

Who the fuck talkin that they gon' hurt Jamal?

This ain't no diamond-studded rapper, it's the lover-stutter-slapper

Unpretty type rapper, gritty type rapper
Fo'-five semi-automatic pipe clapper
With them O.G.'s in it, please don't get your shit twisted
like bamboo with no trees in it
Fall back, motherfucker you can't beat me
It's the Womack, the extension of Danzini
We came into the game with some change for (??) fear
Two Phillies, a dime bag, and a forty ounce of beer
Now look at him, they hittin the scene slow
Who grindin, who thieves, but I'm lookin mean yo
with a gangster lean though, big dog in it
With my chrome ten inch hubcaps, but I keep 'em clean doe
I know the pros and cons so I married the game
Now it's mommy's little boy left to carry the name
I'm in the streets like a dopefiend with a shoppin cart filled
Double (??), who the fuck gon' stop Fame?
Y'all niggaz keep waitin til they pop Fame
And hold your breath while you wait bitch, I got game
Niggaz ain't feelin the Fame bitch? Stop dreamin
I'm the shit that felt good comin out of my pop's semen
Hit the streets and thug with me
No matter how disgruntled you sound nigga, you can't fuck with me
Too many dick riders that's quick to go blaow
But look bitch, I'ma let you know now
You fuckin with thugs, what the fuck you think this was?
I'm what you want me to be, stop fuckin with me
Cause I'm a nigga of the earth (earth) nigga of the sea (sea)
Nigga of the sky and fire, fling fire
Why don't I-ah, dump back at your men
It's M.O.P. and we at it again, ah-heh!
I ain't clappin over your head
I'ma make sure I pop somethin through ya
Givin motherfuckers ulcers with lead
Have your parents and the pastor huddled over your bed
May the Lord be with you, game over, you're dead
Motherfucker!

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>