

## Hilltop Flava (no Sleep 'til Brooklyn)

M.o.p.

[Intro]

HAHAHAHA!

Ha Firing squad nigga! Raise, motherfuckin Cain!

[illegible]

Aiyyo.. hahahahaha

[Verse One: Billy Danze]

Look, I have suffered, severe trauma

Had to creep through the streets of the 'Ville

With my llama for real - I was raised up under the dirt

I put it work 'til it hurt (yes Lorrerrrd, it's) Berk'

## Present it, soldier style

And the world's on my shoulders now

I be fightin for my life on trial..

.. simply because my daughter, has the world's warmest smile

(M.O.P.!) Oh we rollin now

Can't nobody stop me, block me or hold me down

(KLAK KLAK!) Hi motherfucker

(BUKA, BUKA, BUKA) Bye motherfucker!

(AHHHHHHHHH!) I'm a motherfucker

(BUKA-BU-BU-BUKA-BUKA) Bye motherfucker!

We happen to be, them STRANGE DUDES

Pop them THANGS DUDES, ain't nuttin changed Duke

Industry enemy number one (still +Downtown+)

Underground (HOLLA) Danze, if you need me son

[Hook: M.O.P.]

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{"What's on your mind this morning?"}
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{*scratched: "Ladies and gentlemen"*}
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Klak klak!

{\*Beastie Boys: "No! Sleep! Til Brooklyn! (Brooklyn!)"\*}

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{*Beastie Boys: "No! Sleep! Til Brooklyn! (Brooklyn!)*}
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[Verse Two: Lil' Fame]

Ah one-two y'all (HUH) can I get my emcee on?

(HOMICIDE!) Yeah, that's the wrong side to be on

(Fizzy Wo'!) The wrong nigga to play O.G. on

With that fake-ass Canal Street slum row Lee on

(TWENTY DOLLARS) Glassed out, bottom Koreans

You're the type of fool that I might pee on  
Peace to Serge and Laze for um, puttin a nigga like me on  
I'm never gon' forget you like the late Prince Leon  
I keep a gat in the stash, in case it's gon' be on  
Then back out the six plus three on (ANY FOOL!)  
You're last when I cock back and I dump three on  
I put putholes through the door of his black Neon  
Please nigga, don't fuck around and get beat on  
Comin through tryin to act sweet on, the Hill-figure  
(WHAT?) Nigga with blue steel, you won't believe it  
It's the Brownsville slugger in your mind (YOU SEE IT!)

[Hook]

[Danze] Hear me though!

[Fame] YEAH! (hey hey hey hey)

[Verse Three: M.O.P.]

[Fame] SALUTE! Comin from your man { ? } Bill

[Will] SALUTE! Comin from Mr. Fizzy Womack

[Fame] WE'RE BACK! To irritate you niggas (how's that?)

[Fame] You kept us off of radio (but never off wax)

[Fame] IN FACT! Check the pose

[Will] Can't nobody ROLL (like we roll) when we ROLL

[Fame] Round this motherfucker

[Will] First Fam (not your average Joe)

[Will] Still put it down (like we put it down befo')

[Will] No (NAH) no!

[Fame] Nigga hold weight

[Will] Firing Squad (will set that ass, straight!)

[Will] It's kinda ill yo

[Fame] We rep the 'Ville so?

[Will] Aight! (Aight!) Holla at me babe bro

[Fame] It don't matter to me

[Will] I'd rather it be

[Fame] One less classic emcee (fuckin with me)

[Fame] That's how it'll be

[Will] You niggas get no love in here

[Fame] We stuck in the streets

[Will] We'll keep it undercover here

... c'mon! C'mon!

{"What's on your mind this morning?" }

{\*scratched: "Ladies and gentlemen"\* }

Klak klak!

{"M - O - P!"} {"Re-real niggas, hit 'em with that Hilltop Flava"}  
{\*Beastie Boys: "No! Sleep! Til Brooklyn! (Brooklyn!)"\*}  
{\*Beastie Boys: "No! Sleep! Til Brooklyn! (Brooklyn!)"\*}  
HAHAHAHA, yeah!

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