

# Illside Of Town

## M.o.p.

In the illside of town where they murder niggas  
Get down for your crown, murder, murder motherfuckers  
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Ayo, handle your bizness now, you might not get the chance later  
Some kinda way every day the passion for bustin' your crater  
In the, ghetto where trigga fingers usually itchin'  
Here is where I leave for war in the dump, like Richie Rich  
It gets a mind blowin' situation, one occupation get left  
New occupation still my niggas feel they facin' death  
We're jumpin' on decks with the jumpers at the tire  
Bucka rapid fire  
Now, let the preacher preach  
There's a lesson that need to be taught  
And look who I brought to teach  
I pack fifteen in my 45, pick up niggas with size  
Whet up the wildest survive  
Wack crews will see M.O.P. is the livest  
Downtown Swingin', index finger exercisers  
Cut 'em some slack, fuck that, it's on  
I know you wanna live, I'd rather see you torn  
Out the frame, Bill and Lil' Fame will still stand  
I'm thinkin' of a master plan to lace your man  
What make you think that you can fuck with Billy Danze?  
I'll 4-4 'em, flow 'em, blow 'em to show 'em  
That we don't give a fuck about that nigga we don't know 'em in the  
Illside of town where they murder niggas, I'm from the  
Illside of town where they murder niggas  
Get down for your crown, murder, murder motherfuckers  
In the illside of town where they murder niggas  
Get down for your crown, murder, murder motherfuckers  
Take 'em down  
  
You know my face, I'm from the place with two pounds  
And trey pounds and four pounds, kill for Brownsville

You know my face I'm from the place wit two pounds  
And trey pounds and four pounds, kill for Brownsville  
You got drug dealers, gun holders, street rollers  
Young bitches with attitudes pushing baby strollers  
Ghetto how, we dealin' with these savages, the average is  
Deceased or in jail for splittin' niggas cabbages  
The characters that's left still the same fellas  
They still slingin' heavy metal, ain't nothing but the ghetto  
But it's like that, ain't that right, black?  
When my enemies strike, it's only right that I strike back  
Here in Crooklyn, it's trife  
Criminals out to take everything from your jewels to your life  
One way to survive on these streets, you choose it  
Rip up, load your clip up, slip up and you lose it  
Cops roll up on you, son, got bodies on your gun  
Caught up in some shit that your mom's always warned you from  
See she won't understand that it's in the environment  
That's why these trigga happy niggas keep firing  
I ain't just fall into no grave  
If I gotta get bodied, it gotta be goin' out in a blaze  
I'm fazed, whether it's him or me goin' down  
No matter the repercussions, M.O.P. hold it down in the  
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Black

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