

Downtown Swinga Â'98

M.O.P.

[M.O.P.:]

C'mon!

Yeah!

International!

Downtown Swinga![Billy Danze:]

Ayo what up cobra, it's me (prime time!)

PD, I get better with time like a fine wine

You see, ever since I was a youth

I promised to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth

I never been accused, of perjury

I will clap gats at them cats if they try to murder me

You heard of me, (Hilfigga!)

Oh you better know it baby (ill-legit!)

Yeah but I try not to show it baby

'Cause if I got to show skill, I will

I'm comin' from Brownsville, (Downtown)

Swingin this bump bill, bringin' it so ill

(You niggas been warned)

If I get to side steppin' and grippin' my weapon it's on

Once I stretch 'em I'm gone, the old thug way

(No need to stress him, he gone)

The no love way

Fuck him, cocksucker I'm lettin' you know

You lookin' for Brook, you went to Fizzy Ro, we downtown[Chorus: Lil Fame and Billy Danze:]

Who bringin' this?

Downtown Swinga!

Swingin this

Down here we be the kings of this

Never gassed to do, what I have to do

Splashin' you, blastin' you, international![Lil Fame:]

Stand back when this nigga kick off, the black stallion

I'm all American, slash Trinidadian

I make a dummy fold, dig him for his money roll

Take the dummy's soul, blast shots in your skully yo

Mister fizzy ro, gettin' busy yo

Make motherfuckers ask, "what the fuck is he yo?"

I tote the 4-5 when I feel I'm doomed

Fuck them cassettes, I don't plan to die no time soon

Down, Down town swinga

Mash 'em out (no doubt) blast 'em out (no doubt)
When it's hammer time, we crash the house, (no doubt)
Regulate and clear the punk bastards out (no doubt)
Yo I illustrate and design for those doin crimes
Totin heat and, in the streets like yellow lines
And I'm, here to represent for 'em
So bow down, to them cats that swing Downtown[Chorus x 2][Lil Fame:]
Oh shit! It's on nigga
Pack your shit, and get gone nigga
Here come Fame, Bill Danze and them, (right!)
Ain't no tame to handle 'em, (true)
'Cause when I'm on a mission duke, grippin' a pistol duke
Hot slugs be twistin' you, it's traditional
(Let's cock back the chrome)
And wreck the party
And I'm that one nigga that fuck it up for everybody[Billy Danze:]
Get em up, clak clak!
Hit 'em up, bookah bookah!
Whet 'em up, bucka buck bucka!
Shut 'em up, for good
We regulate this hood Downtown soldier
And we will lay your ass down, told ya
In a heartbeat, this is our streets, we're divided in crews
Bet' not nann one of you motherfuckers move, speak to me
(Make moves) Wrong nigga to cross
A lot of niggas found theyself lost, and tossed in the fire

Songwriters

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