

# Salute

## M.O.P.

M.O.P. in the house kid  
Blau, you know what I'm sayin', check this outLi'l Fame's a trigga nigga  
Billy Danze a trigga nigga  
Ain't keepin it real, Brownsville still niggaLi'l Fame, a young ass nigga wit talent  
Thug that move silent but still remain violent  
The Brownsville slugger take the M-1 it's truth  
General of this hit game, clak clak, saluteBilly Danze, index finger exerciser  
Bell ringer, gun slinger, survivor  
Raise your right and I'll blaze the living proof  
The godfather to truth, clak clak, saluteSince we came here we got to show and prove  
The M.O.P. is rugged never smooth  
We tearin' this shit down just like construction  
Flip like kilos with this Primo productionNo doubt, hit 'em wit that hill top flavor  
Hardcore niggas on your doorstep neighbor  
And this year here, niggas can't compare  
Spectators, haters, 'cuz we're fuckin' with PremierFillin' 'em up wit raps in fact they can't get wit  
A code red, the dope shit got you niggas addicted  
Mr. Danzenie and the Fame stayin' true to this game  
Since you nice was that hip hop gangstaM.O.P. guaranteed to keep bringin' this dopeness  
For the real thugs and ghetto niggas slingin' toasters  
On all coasts, north to south, east to west  
Got high clientele for shit you least expectM.O.P. from the hill kid what you tryin' to tell me  
Still grippin' mo' steel, a machine gun deli  
I mention and flinching and waitin' for you to duck the gate  
And sellin' shit that I won't tolerateWassup? My whole team's in the house  
The gat is one five four five not four fives in your fucking mouth  
Same ones, burner on blaze  
Fuck a memory, y'all remember me for bustin' my thang

Lyrics provided by

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