

Face Off (Produced by DJ Premier)

M.O.P.

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 niggas 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 cigarettes; 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! 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 train fare
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 up with copper
Who the fuck gon' stop Fame?
Y'all niggas keep waitin til they pop Fame
And hold your breath while you wait bitch, I got game
Niggas 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'mma 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'mma 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!

Songwriters

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