

# 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 ciggarettes; 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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