

Face Off

M.O.P.

[Billy Danze]

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 niggaz 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!{ *beat changes* }

Lyrics provided by

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