

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 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!{*beat changes*}

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