Salute

Vx

M.O.P. in the house kid
Blau, you know what I'm sayin', check this out
Li'l Fame's a trigga nigga
Billy Danze a trigga nigga
Ain't keepin it real, Brownsville still nigga
Li'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, salute
Billy 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, salute
Since 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 production
No 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 Premier
Fillin' '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 gangsta
M.O.P. guaranteed to keep bringin' this dopeness
For the real thugs and ghetto niggas slingin' toasters
On all coastses, north to south, east to west
Got high clientele for shit you least expect
M.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 tolerate
Wassup? 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

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