

Salute

Vx

M.O.P. in the house kid
Blau, you know what I'm sayin', check this out
 Li'l Fame's a tricca nigga
 Billy Danze a tricca 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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