

# When Death Becomes U

## M.O.P.

Yeah, nigga  
The smoke of New York  
Get up, come on There's nowhere to run to when death becomes you  
Some say your soul may burn in the flame  
So front if you want to, but niggaz who murk you  
Come to your tombstone and piss in your grave You a rider right, that ride tonight  
Nigga you gon' ride or you gon' die tonight  
Nigga cock the steal, this is kill or be killed  
Nigga shit is real in the field What's the procedures nigga  
When you got a hammer in your mouth?  
When you laid down and cry?  
When you stand up and die? Like the man that I am, fire  
Yes, yes, give 'em the whole thang I'm a legend in the town, now  
Since your all gangstered up lets get the fuck down  
Big Bill dancin' I'm reppin for buck town  
Nigga see me dummin' I'm comin', clutchin' the pound Don't worry about my whereabouts  
We air um out, clear um out, yes yes  
The pressure's on now, you need to get your hammers up  
Th-th-that's what's up You too tough nigga, you dun rap it up  
Brownsville, cl-cl-clap it up  
Fif put in the call  
We ready to brawl with everyone of you or, yes yes There's nowhere to run to when death becomes you  
Some say your soul may burn in the flame  
So front if you want to, but niggaz who murk you  
Come to your tombstone and piss in your grave You a rider right, that ride tonight  
Nigga you gon' ride or you gon' die tonight  
Nigga cock the steal, this is kill or be killed  
Nigga shit is real in the field You got these young niggaz hollerin' murderer  
Copper chops on my block like, blaka blaka blaka  
Niggaz don't give a fuck  
I seen a nigga shoot my momz  
Right in front of my mother fuckin' face See in the 'ville, ain't such a thing as a straight bullet  
When your index finger on the trigger and you pull it  
Slugs ain't never outta season  
All you gotta do is give a mother fucker one reason Blood stains on the ceilin'  
Same place he stood, that's what they leave 'em  
Don't black it out, lets just squeezin' off with your gun  
'Cuz you gon' get your punk ass robbed with the young  
You know the drill I'ma give your ass three seconds to bounce

And you better not chark  
One, fuck that, dumb bitch, rest in bliss  
There's nowhere to run to when death becomes you  
Some say your soul may burn in the flame  
So front if you want to, but niggaz who murk you  
Come to your tombstone and piss in your grave  
You a rider right, that ride tonight  
Nigga you gon' ride or you gon' die tonight  
Nigga cock the steal, this is kill or be killed  
Nigga shit is real in the field

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