

Beverly Knight

"F.A.G"

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[Lil' Fame and Billy Danzini]

You fake rappers get the boot

Sprayed like brew, I'm shootin f.a.g.'s at they video
shoot

I bump your ass off quick, so yo, muthafuck karate, boy

Don't fuck around and make me catch a batty boy

You ain't nothin but a f.a.g., you fake-ass gangsta

You niggas don't want it with the Famester

Bringin it to you gon' be the last, kid

I'm ready to blast, kid

Aiyo, let's take it to they ass, kid

Billy Danz, the o.g.

The nigga that you fake-ass gangstas can't see

I'm willin to die for my respect

If I have to I will let

So I walk with a fifth and I pray to a fuckin tec

In '93 I calmed down

But now these so-called gangsta-ass niggas got gased

Herbs are not ready, derelicts are petty

Nigga, I be your worst nightmare like I was Freddy

Niggas be actin sweet, claimin they packin heat

Get a rugged peek and wanna talk about the street

You niggas ain't livin trife

And rappers that's claimin that they underground

I put they ass under ground for life

Wait, I'ma set that ass straight

Herbs only perpetrate

But look, my burner don't discriminate

All race, creed, shape, breed

Anytime's fine with me

You fuckin f.a.g.

(Front, I make it a thrill to kill)

(Straight up and down, act like you want a
confrontation)

[Lil' Fame]

Here it is for you niggas that chastise the game

It's M.O.P., nigga, recognize the name

I'm beatin down punks and breakin down chumps

When he stroll I hit him with the old brown pump

Because we're goin all out, word to Miz
You niggas gotta get it like Jason got his
Nigga, your whole shit'll be rearranged
Because I'ma give em a buck fifty and let em keep the
change
Another nigga smoked, oh Lord
Because he just finished watchin 'Menace', he musta
thought he was O-Dog
Ass out for the last nigga that wanted drama
Because I smoked him with the 9mm lama
You fake thugs ain't bustin slugs, please
A muthafucka like you deserve 12 to your mug piece
So all you niggas start makin tracks
Because there's too many phoney baloney
muthafuckas fakin jacks
I go to work for my joint, muthafucka, you know me
It's the one and only, and M.O.P.
Gunsmoke when I defeat a man
Because I smoke muthafuckaas like the 9mm man

[Billy Danzini]

Plow! You bitch-ass nigga, you better walk
Only with my muthafuckin burner will I talk
See, I'm from the Marks, and that makes me a
marksman
Wanna know tonight? My fifth be talkin
Fake gangstas drive by and try to hit me with a clip full
What kinda shit is he tryin to pull?
All you bitch-ass niggas got to be jacked
Tryin to get wreck, squeezin out nothin when bustin
your tec
I'm Billy Danz, overseer of the underground
Hillfigure, yo, bitch nigga, I get down
What I be on is the untold truth of a livin hell
So one of you bitch niggas is comin up out of his shell
M.O.P. goin out till the end
This is how we separate the boys from the men
Real niggas that's ill niggas that kill niggas
The beaver that sneak with his finger on the trigger
Fake gangstas got mad war stories to tell
About how many muthafuckas they blew up in jail
They said their camp was mad deep and they had
crazy pull
That little bitch, but now he snitched like Sammy the
Bull

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