

Beverly Knight

"Illside of Town"

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HOOK 4X:

In the Illside of Town where they...

Murder niggas

Get down for your crown

Murder, murder motherfuckers

[Billy Danze]

Ayo, Handle UR Bizness now [you might not get the chance later]

Some kinda way every day the passion for bustin your crater

In the, "ghetto" where trigga fingers usually itchin

Here is where I leave for war in the dump, like Richie Rich

It gets a mind blowin situation [one occupation get left]

New occupation still my niggas feel they facin death

We're jumpin on decks, with the jumpers at the tire

BLAU! bu- bu- bu- bu- bu- bu- bucka, rapid fire

Now, let the preacher preach

There's a lesson that need to be taught, and look who I brought to teach

I pack fifteen in my 45, pick up niggas wit size

Whet up the wildest survive

Wack crews will see M.O.P. is the livest

Downtown Swingin, index finger exercisers

CLAK, CLAK! [cut 'em some slack] fuck that, it's on

I know you wanna live, I'd rather see you torn

Out the frame, Bill and Lil Fame will still stand

I'm thinkin of a master plan to lace your man

What make you think that you can fuck with Billy Danze

I'll 4-4 'em, flow 'em, blow 'em to show 'em

That we don't give a fuck about that nigga we don't know 'wm in the

[Illside of Town where they, murder niggas, I'm from the...]

HOOK

Take 'em down

[Lil Fame]

You know my face I'm from the place wit two pounds
And trey pounds, and four pounds kill, for Brownsville
You know my face I'm from the place wit two pounds
And trey pounds, and four pounds kill, for Brownsville
You got drug dealers, gun holders, street rollers
Young bitches wit attitudes pushing baby strollers
[Ghetto how] we dealin with these savages the average
is
Deceased or in jail for splittin niggas cabbages
The characters that's left still the same fellas
They still slingin heavy metal, [aint nothing but the
ghetto]
But it's like that, aint that right black
When my enemies strike, it's only right that I strike
back
Here in Crooklyn it's trife
Criminals out to take everything from your jewels to
your life
One way to survive on these streets [you choose it]
Rip up, load your clip up, slip up, and [you lose it]
Cops roll up on you son, got bodies on your gun
Caught up in some shit that your moms always warned
you from
See she won't understand that it's in the environment
That's why these trigga happy niggas keep firing
I aint just fall into no grave
If I gotta get bodied, it gotta be goin out in a blaze
I'm fazed, whether it's him or me goin down
No matter the repercussions M.O.P. hold it down in the...

HOOK

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