

Familiar 48

"Let it Go"

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(Lil' Fame) (Billy Danze)
It's 2-0-0-4, (Fo sho')
And these motherfuckers still ain't got a release date
for the Mo-P
Niggaz got me pissed off, chest all swoll
Like an inmate, waiting to see the parole board (Oh)
Pick up your hammer, wave your bandana
Rep your crew, or get turned into a fucking vegetable
It's MO (P nigga), it's MO (P nigga)
Reppin N-Y-C, Cormega motherfucker

(Cormega)
It's not a game
We real niggaz, one in the same
Either deceased, in the streets, or shackled in chains
As war and peace collide in the back of my brain
I'm a decide between felonies (sucess) or selling kis
Either way, I need the key to longevity
Mega be in the mist of violence
Grimey niggaz silence
Whoever scheming dying
'Cuz son, I keep the iron
And speak the fly techniques, peep your highness

(Billy Danze), (Cormega)
Raise hell nigga (Watch it)
Y'all already know the deal
You already seen the work of Bill, still
You try to stop it (NEVER THAT)
This is why we level cats
This is called rebel rap
Where's your pump and medal at (PUMP IT)
Blep, blep, blep, blep let your heat sting
(International g thang)
That's what we brinin'
So drop it (Oh), the legendary Mo-P
Strickly for the B (C's), B (Y), the OGs

(Cormega - Hook)
For all my niggaz on the corner, going hard (Let It Go)
For my sons, doing time behind bars (Let it go)

Some live in fear, others wearing life scars
From beef long forgotten, or for fighting in the yard
And all my young niggaz of dream of living large
For seeing other niggaz getting money and cars (Let it
Go)
And grimey niggaz that be taking what's y'all's (Let it
go)
Sky's the limit nigga, reach for the stars

(Lil' Fame)

You the type of nigga to talk about how gully you are
Then put on a seat belt, when you hop inside of your
car
Welcome to judgment morning
Where the bugs ain't got love for ya
They got slugs for ya

(Cormega), (Billy Danze)

Yo son, these niggaz never got consignment
Popped off iron
Wore Fila flip-flops under they cot on the island
Pay they lawyer with street money to eat an indictment
Yet they want the same fucking respect I get
I was supplying during a drought
Fiveteen hundred an ounce, (Hold that)
Nigga with work, if you ain't want it, bounce
Yo Fame what we talk about (Drop it)
Yo, Billy runnin 'em out (Clap 'em)
Huh
(Bounce)
Huh
(Bounce)
Ugh
(Bounce)
Ugh
(Let it Go)

(Hook)

For all my niggaz on the corner, going hard (Let It Go)
For my sons, doing time behind bars (Let it go)
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(Billy Danze)

I heard your hood needed help so I'm on it

You niggaz is acting too flamboyant
It's anoying
You know I been inbedded in blacktop
Weld into a black rock, fed through a crack spot
Which lead to a black shot
So bring the madness, and send the baddest
And watch me down grade they status
And turn them all into faggots
William will never have it (Uh)
Remember I'm a winner (Uh)
Y'all catch me in the ghetto with either my medal or my
figures

(Cormega)
The coke dealer, go-rilla, Mega flow iller
Fucking with me, your mind, body and soul will get hit
up
The fo fifth'll turn you into a whole different nigga
(Haha)
And I prey on a +Jungle+ like a boa constrictor

(Lil' Fame)
Nigga, you gonna make me (Fucka)
Have to choke a (Bucka) outta ya ass
Like Ving Rhimes did tyrese in Baby Boy
Your neighborhood hood's back
Nigga my nigga Mega bring the hook back
C'mon

(Hook)
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