

India Arie

"Stand Clear"

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Die for the cause (*whispering*)
Bitch! Bitch! Bitch!
Yeaaaah.. motherfuuuucker!

[Lil' Fame]

Feel the First Family energy, alright
Remember me? Lil' Fame raps niggas to tunes of
Kenny G
I compose the rugged, I woulda written yo' shit too
But you ain't got enough money in your budget, dude
fuck it
Step up and get your whole band slaughtered
You ain't got the raw plus you twenty gram shorter
M.O.P. ban orders, I show you niggaz Faces Of Death
manslaughter, liver than camcorder
My salutants polluting this, quick to shoot a bitch
I'm bugged like the Y2K computer glitch
I bring the hardcore for soldiers that got war
And the thugs in the crowd screaming 'YEAH WE LIKE IT
RAW'
All wacks'll get the best of it (right), give 'em the rest of
it
Saluting on tour, autographing bitches' breasteses
It's the legendary M.O.P., we put it down everywhere we
go
But you don't hear me though!

[Chorus]

Stand clear.. notice ain't nothing but soldiers up in here
Rhyme for the cause.. heavy metal shit, quick, grip
settle it
BITCH! Die for the cause..

[Billy Danze]

It's elementary, for a quarter of a century
In and outta penitentiaries
I survive, I am a survivor G
Got more slick shit with me than MacGyver see
I'm your rivalry, cousin ride with me
I'm the international cat that you tryna be
I am (REAL) {REAL} (REAL) {REAL} (REAL), yes awh

When I'm in the G-men stanze, it's impossible to touch
Danze
I got a deranged temper, with a short fuse
I don't know what you thought, but you gon' lose
I'm bad news.. saying turn me loose
Since Tupac got popped, who the fuck you think got the
Juice?
Bill Danze, [DO IT FOR YOUR PEOPLE]
I got automatics [RACK] will fuck up your ego, in fact
Claim turf, whenever the lama's quat
We hold down Brownsville like the motherfucking
Tomahawks

[Chorus]

[Lil' Fame]
Smack a moose upside ya head, like Kobe when he
mack in his broads
[IT'S] your maveranage
Watch who you approach nigga, 'fore you get smoked
nigga
I'm O.G. in this game, coach nigga
Straight loc' nigga, what the fuck you thought?
You get caught in the middle, tryna dribble on my court
When niggas [ACT SWEET] this nigga [CLAP HEAT]
Jack you when you wouldn't put your brains in the
backseat

[Billy Danze]
I'ma give you twenty-two seconds to explain to me
Why the fuck you playing games with me
Make a nigga dust off his automatic and bang what you
thought kids
[IS IT REALLY BILLY DANZE?] Who the fuck you think it
is?
By the law of the street, the best way to track his ass
Is to catch his ass [??? his ass] and to jack his ass
You ain't untouchable nigga for what it's worth
I'm the greatest, grimiest, slimiest nigga on earth

[Chorus]

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