

Laava "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'alls (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)

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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 anonying
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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