

M.O.P. "Background Niggaz"

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It's them Background Niggaz, back down niggas
Murda-ma-murda nigga
(Kill 'em, nigga, kill 'em)
Leave them slumped back, feel 'em, young cats peel
'em
Murda-ma-murda nigga
(Kill 'em, nigga, kill 'em)

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Live from the underworld
It's Fizzy Womack ten bitch
And I ain't yappin', I'm clappin'
Your ain't a murderer, start walkin' 'fore I blast
'Cuz your breath smell like shit, from talkin' our ya ass
Hold that, it's the invisible Brownsvillain
(Down)

That stand up on fertile ground
(Make 'em leave)
I try ta, I got 'em
(When I spit, best believe)
I shot 'em, make 'em shit rock bottom
You started some shit, see ya, wouldn't wanna be ya
Now you sellin' up shit, creaks floatin' in diarrhea
Home skillet, you way outta my past

It's 7:25 and I'm 5 minutes from wiggini' out on ya ass
7:30 in the face, crazy ass nigga
Fuck money, I want your life and you gon' pay me fast
nigga
Watch the guns cock, pop, Brooklyn style
Bucka, bu-bucka, bucka
(Bucka, bu-bucka, bucka)

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Say it, say it again nigga
(Brownsville, Brownsville)
To the motherfuckin' end nigga
I'm a street roller, heat holder
Complete soldier, repeat soldier
William will hop out of a stolen ova and slump ya ass
over
I'm a little bit bolder, a little bit colder
Got a little bit of a chip on my shoulder
I will rip through you cobra, quiet as kept

You motherfuckers better watch ya step
(Debt)
It's danger when fuckin' wit' a nickel-plated soldier
Creep up behind you and bang
(Bang, bang ya)
I leave your inner body outta place
Have you right in front of the tunnel wit' holes in your
face
You niggas want war, keep it like that
We will make it uglier than sin when my empire strikes
back

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I never been afraid to ride
I ain't afraid to live, so you know I ain't afraid to die
Put five in ya face, you dog give ya rest of this
I'mma make his ass rest in piss
(Blackout)

Catch him in a dark alley and hit ass wit' the grand
finale
(Blackout)
Two more times
(Blackout, blackout)
I told you about fuckin' wit' mine, game over

Flatline, tell ya niggas it's gat time, don't ever try to
come at mine
You never know what scheme I'm on
Until the beam come on, you know what team I'm on
From the homicidal side of town
Now, get my niggas round up, will tear the ground up
(Clack, clack)
Pounds up, ya know the drill
You motherfuckers better respect the 'Ville
(Kill, kill)

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