

M.O.P. "Born 2 Kill"

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Represent, show niggaz the deal
I'm packing my blue steel, keeping it real
'Cause niggaz were born to kill

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Here comes the Brownsville slugger, motherfucker
I bust off shots at fools to avoid these obstacles
I roll deep, me and my nigga Liama with about seven
niggas
That's up in the clip to bring the drama

Homicide, take a ride in the hearse
Enemies out to hit me but I'ma see 'em first
I'm ready, steady and deadly but yet nervous
Let my words a serve its purpose general moved him
off the surface

Gunshots let off, my instincts was to get him
Make sure I hit him, then break North, shonuff
Holding down my fort, taking no shorts of no sorts
My four five turn to a blowtorch

It's still cocked, I tried to get away safe
You that shit was out of shells I still stuck it in my waist
Then my dirt, yeah, get marked, yeah, murder was the
case
That it hit heart beating like a nigga on base

I found a spot, chilled, parleyed for a second
Fixed my weapon then headed back to my section
Now I'm back home smoking and drinking I'm bent now
I meditate on flash backs of how it went down

It's kill or be killed, that's a true fact
There ain't no telling when these niggaz are coming
To bust open your back, it's ill, it's real but still I feel
It's provoke murder, nigga I'm born to kill

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Yo, it's the case of the state
Versus the great one seven one eight
Gun slinger from Brownsville
Where niggaz were born to kill

Yo, some chick think she saw you jump up out the jeep
You said you was across the street laying with the heat

What that bitch lying? Here's a cocksucker I never
heard of
I ain't doing time for no motherfucking murder
When Mr. Gonzalez was stretched in the mud
I was home with the dog dome taking down what's up?
Therefore I'm innocent, mad shells were split

They ain't mine, I do damage with an imp
You found shells from a nine, this shit is crazy
Would you please contact Lazy? Tell him I need an
attorney
To ride with me on this motherfucking journey

Now ten months later after being indicted
Third off of fifteen are clickin' shit so fuck it I'ma fight it
Me and the tru boy lay back after DA spoke
Cross examination, first thing jumped up and broke no
joke

Stepped over the judges crown
Stepped on the DA's ground
Looked at the snitch with a frown
Went to the jury and got down

Seventy two hours later
Creeping on some playing no more shit
Toting the same glock
Mr. Gonzalez got knocked off wit as I

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