

M.O.P. "Downtown Swinga '98"

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[M.O.P. scratches]

C'mon!

Yeah!

International!

Downtown Swinga!

[Billy Danze]

Ayo what up cobra, it's me (prime time!)

PD, I get better with time like a fine wine

You see, ever since I was a youth

I promised to tell the whole truth and nothing but the truth

I never been accused, of perjury

I will clap gats at them cats if they try to murder me

You heard of me, (Hilfigga!)

Oh you better know it baby (ill legit!)

Yeah but I try not to show it baby

'cause if I got to show skill, I will

I'm comin from Brownsville, (Downtown)

Swingin this ? bump bill ? , bringin it so ill

(you niggas been warned)

If I get to side steppin and grippin my weapon it's on

Once I stretch 'em I'm gone, the old thug way

(no need to stress him he gone)

The no love way

Fuck him, cocksucker I'm lettin you know

You lookin for Brook, you went to Fizzy Ro, we

Downtown

CHORUS 2X: Lil Fame and Billy Danze

Who bringin this?

Downtown Swinga!

Swingin this

Down here we be the kings of this

Never gassed to do, what I have to do

Splashin you, blastin you, international!

[Lil Fame]

Stand back when this nigga kick off, the black stallion

I'm all American slash Trinidadian

I make a dummy fold, dig him for his money roll

Take the dummy's soul, blast shots in your skully yo

Mister fizzy ro gettin busy yo
Make motherfuckers ask, "what the fuck is he yo?"
I tote the 4 5 when I feel I'm doomed
Fuck them cassettes I don't plan to die no time soon
Down, Down town swinga
Mash 'em out (no doubt) blast 'em out (no doubt)
When it's hammer time we crash the house, (no doubt)
Regulate and clear the punk bastards out (no doubt)
Yo I illustrate and design for those doin crimes
Totin heat and, in the streets like yellow lines
And I'm, here to represent for 'em
So bow down, to them cats that swing Downtown

CHORUS 2X

[Lil Fame]

Oh shit! It's on nigga
Pack your shit, and get gone nigga
Here come Fame, Bill Danze and them, (right!)
Aint no tame to handle 'em, (true)
'cause when I'm on a mission duke, grippin a pistol
duke
Hot slugs be twistin you, it's traditional
(let's cock back the chrome)
And wreck the party
And I'm that one nigga that fuck it up for everybody

[Billy Danze]

Get em up, clak clak!
Hit 'em up, bookah bookah!
Whet 'em up, bucka buck bucka!
Shut 'em up, for good
We regulate this hood Downtown soldier
And we will lay your ass down, told ya
In a heartbeat, this is our streets, we're divided in
crews
Bet' not nann one of you motherfuckers move, speak to
me
(make moves) Wrong nigga to cross
Alot of niggas found theyself lost, and tossed in the
fire

[scratches, samples to end]

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