

M.O.P. "Drama Lord"

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Drama lord

[VERSE 1: Billy Danzini]

Billy Danzini is known to the world as a drama lord
Beat more bodies than Mr. Gotti, so I'm not a fraud
If you're clever, then you can put 2 and 2 together
Real niggas do real things, so that mean whatever
You was warned before you came
So I ain't to blame for your ass being torn out the frame
I get nuts off whenever beef occur
All I'm askin ya, is, are you ready for the massacre?
If you want it, then you can get it, homes
What you fail to realize, is, Danzenie is not alone
Come with your boys and roll with force
No need for your vest, cause I ain't in it for your
chestboard
Tell my peoples that's real: Get your steel
Nigga slipped up, so grip up and meet me on the hill
Lil' Fame (Whatever) Ruff is with it
Shaq, call for Bang and tell him to bring the thang-
thang
Danzenie will never have it, that's why I keep my
automatic
In case I run into some static
Search all night, lookin for the gun fight
Troopin from dust to dawn, ready to get it on
Creep through the town, checkin out the scene
Index finger on the trigger of my serve machine
So don't ever harass me, or put nothin past me
Cause you'll be the next when I blast, gee
Bust caps back at your mac, and clap, this is the proper
applause
For Billy Danzenie, the drama lord

[VERSE 2: Lil' Fame]

Which one of you bitch niggas is ready to start static?
Who want it (I want it) Slap, let him have it!
Clack-clack-pow, buck him down somethin sweet
Cave in his chest, put him to rest on the concrete
M.O.P.'s ready to hurt a muthafucka
Bustin a nigga down with the Brownsville Sluggers
Punk niggas game, and I spot it

When I pack out my joint muthafuckas say: "You got it!"
Once it's on nobody play fight
Shit jump off, and I pump that ass off broad daylight
Instead of a nigga hurtin me first
I put that shit in reverse and put that ass in a hearse
Though guys come with it and get it
Whenever I got my heat, man
I bring the beef like the meat man
Put him away, send his ass to Jesus
Put his ass to sleep, let him rest in pieces
Me and my peoples got all types of gats
12-gauge shot guns, Tec-9 nines, and Macs
4-pounds and tray-deuce, and a .44 bulldog
To set it off and let the dogs loose
Put up your shit and we can rumble
But if I'm in double trouble
Then I'ma bust a nigga like a bubble
See, the niggas that I roll with, they don't run
Niggas use every muthafuckin bullet in a gun
Son, we'll bring the terror to your territory
Pump em up, dump em off, and after that go get a 40
Word to mama, when it's drama I send em to the
morgue
Niggas can't stand the reign of Lil' Fame, the drama
lord

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