

## **M.O.P. "Facing Off"**

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Come on, come on  
Rap dudes, let's rap  
Rap dudes  
Yeah, (laughing)  
Yeah, come on motherfucka  
Yea I gave ya a hour nigga  
But now I want my shit back  
Bring it to ya ass  
Fizzy Wo Mack, L.A.  
I'm a continue to bring it to ya ass  
Motherfucka

[Lil Fame]

Welcome me back bitch nigga, it's the rapper dude  
(Slash)  
No actor dude (Brownsville), snap a dude  
You listen to gun shots pop, it's murder capitol  
We all for one boy, where them young boys clappin you  
And thugs hold the fort down tight, they bust back at  
you  
Another nigga drop, tryin to stop drug traffic dude  
B-Boy's employed decoys, just to trap a fool  
Any and every individual, this can happen too  
We move on niggas, rip two's on niggas  
'cause ain't no tellin what them fellas about  
I remain in the cut, comprehendin ya doubts  
Back up off me, soft me, spit ten then I'm out  
Silly motherfuckas gettin carried away  
But they fuck around with Fame and get carried away  
'cause I'm a nigga of the Earth, nigga of Sea  
Nigga of the Sky, the Fire, M.O.P.  
I'm a front big willie, like I'm runnin this game  
What I can play, Lil Fame like a mothafucka  
Say why ya rollin, I'm patrolin, man god on steel  
Who the fuck you think you are nigga? Ron O'Neal?  
(fuck outta here)  
All I really need is respect, that's what I'm mention for  
(bitch)  
What you inchin for (clack clack), what ya flinchin fo?  
And when it jump off don't ask did he know  
Because he knows who the fuck I am, Fizzy Woe  
Magnificent, baby

[beat changes]

Firing Squad

One of a kind nigga, top of the line niggas, divine  
niggas Illest  
My niggas  
You know my steez nigga, you know my steez  
M.O.P., Fizzy Woe

[Billy Danze]

Yo I'm a Brownsville native junior, I'm talkin born and  
raised  
That's where we learn to let the pistol spark bark and  
blaze  
(First Family) Suffer for days (come on)  
And we inheritin them criminal ways  
I survive with a fist full of hopes and dreams  
And a hand full of niggas that I call upon team  
By the time I was thirteen (thirteen)  
I got myself a 318 and startin makin moves baby  
It's like I told ya boy, my environment put me on front  
line  
(Soldier Boy) Rapid fire the greatest of all time  
We 'em dance, waitin for Shaq to get back (welcome  
home my nigga)  
I done made plans - 96% of this world don't know I  
exist;  
That's why my point is gettin missed  
I walks with my brother Mike Sone, as I stroll thru the  
ghetto  
And the sun is like the wind beneath my wings like  
zeros

[Laughing]

Nigga  
Ha ha

\*several alarms heard\*

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