

M.O.P. "Fly Nigga Hill Figga"

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I'm gonna let these motherfuckers know something

We happen to be them, live niggaz
(Don't try)
Niggaz, do or die niggaz
Fizzy Womack, y'all, true hillfigga
One that'll put the drop on ya quicker, nigga

We happen to be them, live niggaz
(Don't try)
Niggaz, do or die niggaz
Fizzy Womack, y'all, true hillfigga
One that'll put the drop on ya quicker, nigga

We brought a very raw chapter
From the history of slinging crack
To the history of rap from the history of street misery
The Brownsville, Brooklyn, Vietnamese

(William and)
Womack, pa
It's known that you get your shit blown back, pa
The hill is still real, we own that, pa
(Cock back the chrome)
'Cause you don't clap, pa

What it look like when they on the pipe
Slinging the same as fame getting cream all night
(Gotta get my hustle on)
Go 'head 'cause I know what it be like
When you got no bread, when you down and out

People turn they back at you
Even the chicas try to disrespect the rap in you
I got gratitude, baby, I ain't mad at you
I bet you that pussy is stink as your attitude

Hold that down as I step off, no frown
Keep that pretty smile like always
Some people getting fucked up in these raw days
But they can be left to stretch in they hallways

I got family from CI to B'ville
We fear no evil, bitch, nigga, we real
(Now slide)
Slide before I turn this conversation into a
motherfucking homicide

We happen to be them, live niggaz
(Don't try)
Niggaz, do or die niggaz
Fizzy Womack, y'all, true hillfigga
William Berkuanace, live
(Hillfigga)

Now I don't know if you remember me, it's
(William Berkuanace)
From downtown swingin' and slinging is no shit
Watch these real niggaz, move crowds
While you pathetic, diabetic ass niggaz ain't allowed

I'm not a gangster and I won't lie
I've always been afraid to die
(So when worst come to worst)
I'll back my shit out first
I'll feel better in an Elderado, than in a hearse

When it's time to roll you know where them thugs at
(First Family)
You know where my love's at
Give up to my peers who survived through the Blood
Sweat and Tears, here to a hundred years

We won't change or switch or aim or pitch
We dedicated to dominating the same shit
Holla-holler, I know what I may have to do
(You know my motto)
Walk past and slash your crew

If I'm after you, it's on
Keep your head up 'cause I won't let up till your ass is
gone
(Come on)
So now you remember me
It's the hell-raising, gun-blazing, BD

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(Don't try)
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Fizzy Womack, y'all true hillfigga
One that'll put the drop on ya quicker, nigga

Can I hear silence? For the peeps that's deceased

Rest in peace, ya', still with me
(Ya')
And I still keep old feel with me
I'm dedicated to the game

Whether it's the streets or this rap thing
I'm gon' maintain a Brooklyn 'Fugitive'
I'm the judge, jury and the executioner
(What? What?)

I'm used to the automatic machines
(The heavy calibre)
And the bloody crime scenes
You know my name, I've been trained to flip
From the environment where they be firing whole clips

So tell your man stop flinchin'
Stand at attention and prepare for the lynchin'
(Firing Squad)
With the same tale
(The last of the best)
And we saved the best for last

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