

M.O.P. "G Building"

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Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

[Lil Fame]

I'm back and I'm stuck up in this bitch [who dat?]

Me bitch [who dat?]

The Brooklyn thug, what the fuck you see bitch?

I'm known for regulatin this game, fuck a critic

'cause when I'm spittin, I'ma split your shitit

When I aim, yo you try to get a name

But aint, provin a thang

I'm still doin my thang,[go head] bells they still ring [uh
huh]

Now who the lame that wan' tango with Lil Fame

Step in the ring and I'll break yo' ass up like Mills Lane

[AAAAAAAHHHHH!!!] How you like me now?

That *Kool Moe P* shit, nigga, put it down

Yo I need a silencer gat, shit too loud

When that bitch start to holla, nigga do child

Made the church people on your block wanna move out

I bump off and I dump off, and a nigga cool out

Why? 'cause when we in the place with the guns in our
waist

We don't say put your hands up, niggas stand up

You gotta get it, 'cause you now listen

Dump off your body ?til your whole family die fishin?

The street mayor, ghetto street playa

Hit your hooker with this heavy dick meat playa ass
cheek flare

Fuck the fame!, I agree fuck the fame

But I got four words for ya, don't fuck with Fame

'cause I'm a machine gun kelley, clappa dude

Write my name across your belly, DRDRDRDRDRDRDRDR
yap a dude!

Aint no escapin these streets I'm raised in

It's so amazin, we still blazin

Aint no savin yo' ass from hell raisin

They be strippin your cantelope off the pavement

Wit yo' wig split in half and your chest caved in

So walk on the green, I'ma cut yo' ass down if you walk
in between

So listen up and hear me boy, I'm the American [slash!]
pretty boy

HOOK:

First Fam, ridiculous

Violaters try to get with us, we quick to bust

Them false dudes can't get wit us

Hoes grillin 'cause we too tough, too real, too raw, too rough

First Fam, ridiculous

Fools try to move but them fools can't get wit us

'cause we holdin, blastin, lowlin, blastin, strollin,
trashin, rollin,

MASHIN!!

[Billy Danze]

I done figured it out [what's that?]

They don't want us to shine [true]

You lost your mind if you thought I tossed my iron

I still got it, for when I'm facin situations like this

You dissin? I'm hittin

Listen, is it me or the industry to understand

I'm a whole different breed of man

Bill Danze, Brownsville, Bronx

And I'm servin double and single shots on the rocks,

nigga [AAAAAAHHH!!]

What! Who gon' tame me

I'm a back block nigga and can't, nobody change me

You can look at me strangely

Keep yappin at your dogs if I go up in your mouth, don't
blame me

First Family trainee, take what's mine

'99 is my time to shine, that's that

[Take it easy] Fuck that, I'm ready yo

I refuse to dilute jewels for you fools on this radio

Fizzy Wo', [suckas never played us]

They can't fade us, they hate us, they anus

In fact when you touch 'em face to face, they stay in
they place

They know I'm slayed up from the right side left five in
one fist

Shutup! Shutup! Now you wanna show love

You hear the soft music in the background it's your
brain on slugs

Now, it's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it

So I crept up, stepped up, got to it [FIRE!!]

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