

on

I'm never gon' forget you like the late Prince Leon
I keep a gat in the stash, in case it's gon' be on
Then back out the six plus three on (ANY FOOL!)
You're last when I cock back and I dump three on
I put putholes through the door of his black Neon
Please nigga, don't fuck around and get beat on
Comin through tryin to act sweet on, the Hill-figure
(WHAT?) Nigga with blue steel, you won't believe it
It's the Brownsville slugger in your mind (YOU SEE IT!)

[Chorus]

[Danze] Hear me though!
[Fame] YEAH! (hey hey hey hey)

[Verse Three: M.O.P.]

[Fame] SALUTE! Comin from your man {?} Bill
[Will] SALUTE! Comin from Mr. Fizzy Womack
[Fame] WE'RE BACK! To irritate you niggaz (how's that?)
[Fame] You kept us off of radio (but never off wax)
[Fame] IN FACT! Check the pose
[Will] Can't nobody ROLL (like we roll) when we ROLL
[Fame] Round this motherfucker
[Will] First Fam (not your average Joe)
[Will] Still put it down (like we put it down befo')
[Will] No (NAH) no!
[Fame] Nigga hold weight
[Will] Firing Squad (will set that ass, straight!)
[Will] It's kinda ill yo
[Fame] We rep the 'Ville so?
[Will] Aight! (Aight!) Holla at me babe bro
[Fame] It don't matter to me
[Will] I'd rather it be
[Fame] One less classic emcee (fuckin with me)
[Fame] That's how it'll be
[Will] You niggaz get no love in here
[Fame] We stuck in the streets
[Will] We'll keep it undercover here

... c'mon! C'mon!

("What's on your mind this morning?")

[scratched: "Ladies and gentlemen"]

Klak klak!

("M - O - P!") ("Re-real niggaz, hit 'em with that Hilltop Flava")

[Beastie Boys: "No! Sleep! Til Brooklyn! (Brooklyn!)"]

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HAHAHAHA, yeah!

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