

M.O.P. "Illside of Town"

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In the illside of town where they murder niggas
Get down for your crown, murder, murder
motherfuckers

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Ayo, handle your bizness now, you might not get the
chance later
Some kinda way every day the passion for bustin' your
crater
In the, ghetto where trigga fingers usually itchin'
Here is where I leave for war in the dump, like Richie
Rich

It gets a mind blowin' situation, one occupation get left
New occupation still my niggas feel they facin' death
We're jumpin' on decks with the jumpers at the tire
Bucka rapid fire

Now, let the preacher preach
There's a lesson that need to be taught
And look who I brought to teach
I pack fifteen in my 45, pick up niggas with size
Whet up the wildest survive

Wack crews will see M.O.P. is the livest
Downtown Swingin', index finger exercisers
Cut 'em some slack, fuck that, it's on
I know you wanna live, I'd rather see you torn
Out the frame, Bill and Lil' Fame will still stand

I'm thinkin' of a master plan to lace your man
What make you think that you can fuck with Billy
Danze?

I'll 4-4 'em, flow 'em, blow 'em to show 'em
That we don't give a fuck about that nigga we don't
know 'em in the

Illside of town where they murder niggas, I'm from the
Illside of town where they murder niggas
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In the illside of town where they murder niggas
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motherfuckers
Take 'em down

You know my face, I'm from the place with two pounds
And trey pounds and four pounds, kill for Brownsville
You know my face I'm from the place wit two pounds
And trey pounds and four pounds, kill for Brownsville

You got drug dealers, gun holders, street rollers
Young bitches with attitudes pushing baby strollers
Ghetto how, we dealin' with these savages, the
average is
Deceased or in jail for splittin' niggas cabbages

The characters that's left still the same fellas
They still slingin' heavy metal, ain't nothing but the
ghetto
But it's like that, ain't that right, black?
When my enemies strike, it's only right that I strike
back

Here in Crooklyn, it's trife
Criminals out to take everything from your jewels to
your life
One way to survive on these streets, you choose it
Rip up, load your clip up, slip up and you lose it

Cops roll up on you, son, got bodies on your gun
Caught up in some shit that your mom's always warned
you from
See she won't understand that it's in the environment
That's why these trigga happy niggas keep firing

I ain't just fall into no grave
If I gotta get bodied, it gotta be goin' out in a blaze
I'm fazed, whether it's him or me goin' down
No matter the repercussions, M.O.P. hold it down in the

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In the illside of town where they murder niggas
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motherfuckers
Black

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