

M.O.P. "My Kinda Nigga Part II"

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[Heather B]

Holler the fuck out. Henny up. Yo, Fox, you know how it goes, with hydro. Uh, uh, uh...

Some niggas done betrayed me in the worst way, what the fuck?

I pray for their day, no luck

They cobras, and they die, Fame, no what?

To many bitch niggas in the game, hold up

I layed low and I heard things, and I, watched how niggas changed

Niggas, actin like they feelin my pain, Bitches! really

And lookin at me strange, what the deally?

All or nothin, why I'm in this

But I'm the kind of nigga thats gon handle my business!

Fuck the fake friendships and the second chances

I got love for true soldiers, the Bill Danze's

Jokers, talk slick, but I ain't really hearin em

Niggas, fake shit, but I'm, well aware

My kind, no doubt, ya know I'ma take care of em

And I ain't hard to find, holler out, I'm right here for em

Chorus:

Billy Danze: So where we at? (IN YOUR BUSINESS)

Where? (IN YOUR BUSINESS)

Yeah (LET THEM NIGGAS KNOW WHAT THIS IS)

Lil' Fame: I send my goons at to get ya

Hit ya, and take them new jacks down with ya

M.O.P.: My kinda nigga!

repeat

[Lil' Fame]

There's no way nigga's love rap, everybody loves Slap

Thug cats, baby girl, ever seen a thug rap?

Nothin smooth about these motherfuckin rough rats

With potholes in em, fuck around and lose a hubcap

I represent broke niggas pushin Bamma's

Still got their shit chromed-out with the hammers
(My Kinda Nigga Part Two) Ain't nobody seein em
M.O.P. and em, Heather B and em
Ain't nothing changed, I'm still in the street with niggas
I'm still a corner store hero eatin nigga
These Brooklyn cats will whack your ass
And them New Jersey cats will carjack your ass
My niggas! Fly niggas! Live!
Don't try! Do or die niggas!
With iron we keep em expirin with the Firing Squad
Still firing hard (My kinda nigga)

Chorus

[Billy Danze]

Let's put this motherfucking shit in order
everybody face me, this won't take long
I'm callin y'all, to see if you're ready to rock
I'm warning y'all, I'm Billy, I'm ready to pop
(Stop) Before they lay your body on ice
I'll a make an ugly and this motherfucker soldier be
nice
I been through a lot of trials, gunnin down for mine
Top of the line ?growls? poppin rounds for mine
(Watch em work) That's right, notice what I'm workin
with
The Hell-raising, gun-blazin Berkuanace
Hurt you with new school flavor, supported by old
school jewlels
(Dominated) by true school rules
Faggot, do you have it? look I'm ?fakin? escape
Before I go, I need to know if my niggas is straight
(Hold me down) Who that?
(First Fam) Where you at?
(In the back) Ready to attack, that's my kinda nigga!

Chorus

Ha-ha-ha. Firing Squad, nigga. To the life!

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