

## **M.O.P. "My Nigga Hillfigga"**

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"I'm gonna let these motherfuckers know something."

Chorus: Lil' Fame (Billy Danze)

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  
\*repeat\*

Verse one: Lil Fame'

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

Chorus: Billy Danze (Lil Fame)

\*change 4th line to: William Berkuanche, live (Hillfigga)\*

Verse two: Billy Danze

Now I don't know if you remember me, it's (William  
Berkuanche)  
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 Eldorado, than in a herse  
When its 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

Chorus: \*first 1/2 Lil' Fame, second 1/2 Billy Danze\*

Verse three:

Lil' Fame: Can I hear silence? For the peeps thats  
deceased  
\*pause\* REST IN PEACE  
Ya', (Ya') Still with me  
And I still keep old feel with me  
I'm dedicated to the game  
Whether its the streets or this rap thing, I'm gon'  
maintain  
A Brooklyn ?fugitive?  
I'm the judge(What?!), jury (What?!), and the  
executioner

Billy Danze: 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  
\*echoes\*  
\*beat to fade\*

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