

## **M.O.P. "On the Front Line"**

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Aight motherfucker.. Primo, a-heh a-hah, a-hey!  
Sssssss..

[Billy Danze]

Yo, I was raised where, cats blaze automatic weapons  
and half-steppers don't half-step, without protection  
The rules of the game is, spit first  
until you see his wig burst, before he flame his  
You see a man gon' claim his  
Duke a soldier gon' aim his, and try to kill yo' ass  
Niggaz see Burke on the conduit  
in the left lane doin his thang, whippin a Buick  
Fizz Won (Whattup boy? I'm ridin shotgun)  
There'll never be a boo that understand what we got  
son  
We've been down a long time  
I'm beginnin to think I got traces of Womack in my  
bloodline  
BOM-BURST two times on top of the line  
You plexiglas niggaz ain't fuckin with mine (HELL NAH!)  
We keep it so real, without bein signed to a deal  
you could still shop for the 'Ville

{\*various samples scratched\*}

[Lil' Fame]

Straight from the hill-top, where steeeeel, pop  
and the, coast ain't clear it's reeeal, hot  
Keep the heat real close cause it's, dangerous  
and the, game don't change Fame bang with this  
It's the legendary, cap peelers we the illest  
of the realest blood-spillers, we guerillas (NIGGA FEEL  
US)  
All day, right back at you live  
from William Berkowitz (SLASH) Fizzy Womack Avenue  
I send ghouls after you, trappin you blastin  
WHO fuckin with the rapper dude?  
Don't even GOOO THERE  
I'm from the 'Ville Brooklyn Military (OHHH YEAHH)  
N.E.W. Y.O.R.K.  
We'll ratch yo' ass like floors that's parquet  
Glorious, come stomp on tour with us

(M.O.P.!) We, +Warriorz+

{\*various samples scratched\*}

[Billy Danze]

Hey yo the game don't change only the players  
I'd like to welcome you young bucks, to these homicide  
layers

We lead (COWARDS TO GUNFIGHTS) right (FROM  
TALKIN NONSENSE)

Sayin my family is unable to drop bomb hits  
Napalm shit, move in a hail of fire  
Bill, sire, trailed by an empire (FIYAH!)  
Can't nobody change my two step  
I'm ready to rip for respect, Fizzy talk to 'em

[Lil' Fame]

What's the lesson you learn when the Smith and  
Wessun was burned

Slugs flyin you realizin that it's your turn  
Didn't them niggaz warn ya BAM (BUKA BUKA) BAM  
(BUKA BUKA BUKA BUKA) Get the fuck up off the  
corner!

Them goons was hot on ya!  
Chasin you down, cockin pistol poppin and they wasn't  
stoppin  
til they finished lacin you down, peep the steez nigga  
Snakes don't belong 'round here, nigga breeze!

{\*various samples scratched\*}

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