

## **M.O.P. "Raise Hell"**

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Yeah! Yeah!  
Go nigga, raise hell!  
Yeah! Yeah!  
Raise hell!  
Yeah! Yeah!  
Go nigga, raise hell!

[Verse One: Lil' Fame]

The new single, kid get your shit mixed  
Catch this new slug from the M.O.P. hitlist  
It's thorough for the cars, for the clubs, for the Jeeps  
(For the fellas on the corner posted up 20 deep)  
Hold it down! Home Team back out to sail this  
Make 'em collapse with caps and Fame make 'em  
famous  
The "Downtown SWinger" gun slingers rock wild  
And when I die, I won't be puttin out flames in hell  
Cop a 10 milli from the corner store Arab  
Fools with truck jewels get stuck for they karats  
Hold on you hear somebody comin, you hear  
somebody gunnin  
Them niggaz that you run with is runnin  
Cause it's (BULLETS OVER BROWNSVILLE!)  
I'm from the place where trey-pounds and fo-pounds  
kill  
Fool how that sound? (ILL!)  
The star vendor, bend 'em like car fenders  
Serve 'em like bartenders, what's next on the agenda?  
Dope rap, we drop off crack, they can't stand it  
When I'm {?} when only we be gettin 'em open like the  
'Ville  
With this fresh rush, show me on point in this game  
cause Fame plays well, and I raise well, so I raise hell!

[Chorus]

Yeah, go nigga, raise hell!  
Yo, yeah, raise hell!  
Go nigga, raise hell!

[Verse Two: Billy Danze]

Raise hell, it's another death wish, I guess it's time  
To grip nines, to rip behind enemy lines

Where it's ruthless, and get the troopers  
that think it's somethin sweet  
M.O.P. niggaz was raised in the street, kid  
Ain't nuttin changed cause I'm rappin, I am a  
ill nigga and I still will bust my hammer  
(Is he a gangsta?) Blaze F-A-G's I don't stress 'em  
When I, catch 'em I stretch 'em I bless 'em  
and let his momma dress 'em  
The name's Bill, the game's real, me and Fame feel  
we can blow trial, and yo I'm ill  
So blaow in your face! (Bla-bla-bla-blaow) to the death  
(Buka-bu-bu-bu-bu-bu-bu-KLAK) 'til there's nothin  
left  
I ain't gon' be playin no games witchu frauds  
Whenever the two guns bustin just don't be trustin this  
Drama Lord  
(Take it to 'em son!) Yeah we got a plan, and  
Billy Danze packin more steel than Bugsy Moran{?}  
To the terrible organization, it's the M.O.P.'s last  
generation  
Who wanna confrontation?  
It's hammer time and I'm layin on you to see me  
(Is he a tough guy?) Nah that's how they make him look  
on TV  
Fake jerks I rattle, snake chumps I saddle  
And ride they ass all the way to the bus without no truss  
The Hill-top, will-rock, non-stop  
Squeeze-glocks, at the motherfuckers son  
He can't run, so I ain't gotta chase him  
(Do you think you can take him?)  
Take him then I back him down and lace him, raise hell!

[Chorus]  
Raise hell!  
Hell, hell, go nigga raise hell!  
Raise hell!  
Go nigga raise hell!

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