

## **M.O.P. "Salute Part II"**

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"Yeah, they talkin about rap."

"We don't rap, its not about rap we livin it what they talkin about.

It's not about college or what you read in a newspaper or magazine. Its hear its reality, this is our nature. Its how we live."

[Guru]

Now everybody on Earth wanna rap, we burnt all of that  
Knocked off the game, and cold broke is spat  
Gang Starr, will Billy Danze and Big Slap  
Word to Laze, big schools and big gats  
You didn't whip it right so pick up the pace  
Word to grimy niggas, they want to stick up the place  
Word to hiphop, plus a crib that's laced  
Primo's breaks, activate the mental, that's all  
We got credentials galore, fuck a small vending tour  
Yet, still, I be at the around-the-way spots  
Near where niggas be slinging innocent get hit by  
straight shots  
And brave cops, protect the community  
While corrupt cops, be harrasing you and me  
Pullin me over, in front of the crib, in front of my  
neighbors  
Askin for favors, here's a cassette and why you  
question my behavior?  
Pursuing me, trying to catch me off quard  
I shrug scars, you see a lot of hoes at thug bars  
I don't care what these beats my do  
We'll sun you, plus I see right through  
Its way it means to me and M.O.P.  
Just To Get a Rep, nigga, you best to step, nigga,  
Salute!

Chorus:

Holdin it down  
Phony ass rappers  
Dead serious  
Finish em  
(Is this hiphop) Hell no this is war

Heavy artillery, in my vicinity  
\*repeat - change 5th line to: M.O.P.\*

[Billy Danze]

Aiyyo, the game's called survival \*echoes\* I admit  
As a soldier, I've done a lot of shit  
To the so-called tough dude, I ain't mad at you  
But I wish I wouldn't of had to do the shit I had to do  
It's true, I would jump up in a Bamma  
And travel miles of road to unload this hammer  
(And I) Notice ?colors? when they glance  
At the baby boy of Haddy and Frank Danze  
I won't stress the blazin  
But I will think about what size slug best for the  
occasion  
(It's so amazin) ???? pop shit  
Like Windy Williams till you fuckers bury me  
(Who we be!) What, what's wrong, nigga?  
(First Family) Come, come on, nigga!  
(Ain't nothin' cute) My niggas is ready to shoot  
For the love of the First Family thugs, Salute!

Chorus

[Lil' Fame]

Before you slit your wrist, bitch, imagine this  
M.O.P., Gang Starr (Damn!) hazardous  
Thugs that got love for this hip-hop and shit  
Makin' words rhyme at the same time poppin' shit  
I used to go to jams, and drop grammar  
Before I left niggas told me (Boy take your hammer!)  
Sure nuff, shit got rowdy  
Dumped off my first clip at a house party  
I love this rap shit, though, the love is clear  
But fuck the parties, my nigga, I lost a brother there  
Only if I'm gettin' paid (That's right)  
And the shit gon' benefit the trade  
I snatch a mic, turn it out, bad  
Even have you smooth niggas fuckin' up your shoes  
and your outfit  
I be, the Brownsville slugger (Signing out)  
Act like you know what I'm about, Salute!

Chorus

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