

M.O.P.

"When Death Becomes U"

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Yeah, nigga
The smoke of New York
Get up, come on

There's nowhere to run to when death becomes you
Some say your soul may burn in the flame
So front if you want to, but niggaz who murk you
Come to your tombstone and piss in your grave

You a rider right, that ride tonight
Nigga you gon' ride or you gon' die tonight
Nigga cock the steal, this is kill or be killed
Nigga shit is real in the field

What's the procedures nigga
When you got a hammer in your mouth?
When you laid down and cry?
When you stand up and die?

Like the man that I am, fire
Yes, yes, give 'em the whole thang

I'm a legend in the town, now
Since your all gangstered up lets get the fuck down
Big Bill dancin' I'm reppin for buck town
Nigga see me dummin' I'm comin', clutchin' the pound

Don't worry about my whereabouts
We air um out, clear um out, yes yes
The pressure's on now, you need to get your hammers
up
Th-th-that's what's up

You too tough nigga, you dun rap it up
Brownsville, cl-cl-clap it up
Fif put in the call
We ready to brawl with everyone of you or, yes yes

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You got these young niggaz hollerin' murderer
Copper chops on my block like, blaka blaka blaka
Niggaz don't give a fuck
I seen a nigga shoot my momz
Right in front of my mother fuckin' face

See in the 'ville, ain't such a thing as a straight bullet
When your index finger on the trigger and you pull it
Slugs ain't never outta season
All you gotta do is give a mother fucker one reason

Blood stains on the ceilin'
Same place he stood, that's what they leave 'em
Don't black it out, lets just squeezin' off with your gun
'Cuz you gon' get your punk ass robbed with the young
You know the drill

I'ma give your ass three seconds to bounce
And you better not chark
One, fuck that, dumb bitch, rest in bliss

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