

M.O.P.**"When Death Becomes You cold As Ice"**

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[M.O.P Intro]

Hahahahaaaa

Yeah Nigga

Whoo..

The Smoke of New York

Get up, Come On!

Ah!

[50 Cent (M.O.P) Chorus]

There's nowhere to run to when death becomes you

Some say your soul may burn in the flame.. (whoooooo)

So front if you want to, but niggaz who murk you (come on)

Come to your tombstone and piss in your grave..

You a rider right, that ride tonight (come on)

Nigga you gon' ride or you gon' die tonight.. (come on)

Nigga cock the steal, this is kill or be killed (come on)

Nigga shit is real in the field..

[Billy Danze Verse]

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, Fireeeeeee!!

Yes Yes, give um the whole thang

Im a legend in the town, Nowww

Since your all gangstered up lets get the fuck down

Big Bill dancin' im reppin' for Buck town

Nigga see me dummin' im 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-th-th-th that's what's up

You too tough nigga, you dun rap it up

Brownsville, cl-cl-cl-cl-cl Clap it up!

Fif put in the call..

We ready to brawl with everyone of you or, Yes Yes

[50 Cent (M.O.P) Chorus]

There's nowhere to run to when death becomes you
Some say your soul may burn in the flame.. (uh)
So front if you want to (uh huh), but niggaz who murk
you
Come to your tombstone and piss in your grave.. (yes)
You a rider right, that ride tonight
Nigga you gon' ride or you gon' die tonight.. (right)
Nigga cock the steal (uh huh), this is kill or be killed
(brrrrrrrr!!)
Nigga shit is real in the field..

[Lil Fame Verse]

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 mom'z, right in front of my
motherfuckin' face
See in the 'ville, aint such a thing as a straight bullet
When your index finger on the trigger and you pull it
Slugs aint never outta season (uh huh)..
All you gotta do is give a motherfucker one reason
(Uhh!)
Blood stains on the ceilin'..
Same place he stood, that's what they leave um
Don't black it out, lets just squeez'in off with your gun
(uh huh)
Cuz you gon' get your punk ass robbed with the young
You know the drill..
I'ma give your ass 3 seconds to bounce and you better
not ??chark??
1.... Fuck that... [3 gunshots].. Ah bitch!.. Rest in bits!

[50 Cent (M.O.P) Chorus]

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 (uh huh), 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 (uh huh), this is kill or be killed
Nigga shit is real in the field..

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