

Chris Thompson

"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 slingin 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 ----> Billy Danze

Phony ass rappers ----> Guru

Dead serious ----> ??

Finish em ----> Lil' Fame

(Is this hiphop) Hell no this is war ----> Billy Danze
Heavy artillery, in my vicinity ----> Lil' Fame
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 travle 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 hiphop 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 yours shoes
and your outfit
I be, the Brownsville slugger (Signing out)
Act like you know what I'm about, Salute!

Chorus

Premier scratches to fade

