

Background Niggaz

M.O.P.

It's them Background Niggaz, back down niggas
Murda-ma-murda nigga (kill 'em, nigga, kill 'em)
Leave them slumped back, feel 'em, young cats peel 'em
Murda-ma-murda nigga (kill 'em, nigga, kill 'em)

Live from the underworld
It's Fizzy Womack ten bitch
And I ain't yappin, I'm clappin
Your ain't a murderer, start walkin 'fore I blast
Cuz your breath smell like siht, from talkin our ya ass
Hold that, (down) it's the invisible Brownsvillain
That stand up on fertile ground (make 'em leave)
I try ta (when I spit) I got 'em (best believe)
I shot 'em, make 'em shit rock bottom
You started some shit, see ya, wouldn't wanna be ya
Now you sellin up shit, creaks floatin in diarrhea
Home skillet, you way outta my past
It's 7:25 and I'm 5 minutes from wiggin out on ya ass
7:30 in the face, crazy ass nigga
Fuck money, I want your life, and you gon pay me fast nigga
Watch the guns cock, pop, Brooklyn style
Bucka (Bucka) Bu-Bucka (Bu-Bucka) Bucka (Bucka) {Blaow!}

[Chorus 2X]

[Billy Danze]

Say it (Brownsville) say it again nigga (Brownsvilllllllle)
To the motherfuckin end nigga
I'm a street roller, heat holder
Complete soldier -- repeat soldier
William will hop out of a stolen ova
And slump ya ass over
I'm a little bit bolder, a little bit colder
Got a little bit of a chip on my shoulder
I will rip through you cobra, quiet as kept
You motherfuckers better watch ya step
(Debt) It's danger when fuckin wit a nickel-plated soldier
Creep up behind you and (bang) bang (bang ya)
I leave your inner body outta place
Have you right in front of the Tunnel wit holes in your face
You niggas want war, keep it like that
We will make it uglier then sin when my Empire Strikes Back

[Chorus 2X]

[Lil' Fame]

I never been afraid to ride
I ain't afraid to live, so you know I ain't afraid to die
Put five in ya face, you dog give ya rest of this
I'mma make his ass rest in piss (blackout)
Catch him in a dark alley, and hit ass wit the grand finale
(Blackout) Two more times (blackout, blackout)
I told you about fuckin wit mine, game over

[Billy Danze]

Flatline, tell ya niggas it's gat time
Don't ever try to come at mine

You never know what scheme I'm on
Until the beam come on
You know what team I'm on
From the homicidal side of town
Now, get my niggas round up, will tear the ground up
(Clack-clack) pounds up, ya know the drill
You motherfuckers better respect the 'Ville (kill, kill...)