

BKNY

M.O.P.

[Intro]

Yeah yeah nigga

Uh-huh

Yeah yeah, that's right

Heatmakerz motherfucker

Brooklyn, Bronx stand up

Walk with me man, walk with me man

Yo, the fuck yo?

[Chorus: Billy Danze]

Hey when it's always some shit in the club (this is BKNY)

Remember (this where we live and die) remember (this is BKNY)

Why these niggaz don't be showin no love (this is BKNY)

Remember (this where we live and die) remember (this is BKNY)

When you enter faggot tuck in your chain (this is BKNY)

Remember (this where we live and die) remember (this is BKNY)

You know them bastards that be poppin them thangs (this is BKNY)

Remember (this where we live and die) remember (this is BKNY)

[Lil' Fame]

(AOWWWWW!) B dot, K dot, N dot, Y dot

Nigga show true (so what if I come through)

[Billy Danze]

With my armor in my hand, I come in peace

So what I got my piece? It's the honorable Danze

I'm an honorable man and {c'mon let's do it}

And shall nobody scare me or come near me hear me fuck a-
-round, get down or get down with me (eh-heh)

Or I shoot you in your kidney, get me? Faggots you're worthless

You serve no purpose; I'm still tryin to figure out

what route you took to have this bullshit surface

BKNY, home to the Coppertops

Spinner and the world's most elegant thug nigga

Predicate thug killer, and mamis with llamies

Get cute in Timberland boots, fish braids and switchblades

and get paid it's ALWAYS the phrase of the day

We make moves for this money duke we sprayin away

And I still got a dull cloud, over my head

And some cognac and a Mac, on the side of my bed

[Chorus - first half only]

[Lil' Fame]

Now if he got a 9 and, he got a 9 and

She got a 9 and, she got a 9 and

They got a 9 and, they got a 9

Where's the motherfuckin party yo cause I got mine

It go eh-heh, pardon me, I'm allergic to bullshit

And right about now

I smell shit in the room, somebody frontin

Check the bottom of your shoes, young'n

Eat a dick with onion

You got water on the brain like

your moms got, pregnant by her brother

That's fucked up, your brother is your cousin

Give me that thang thang, I'm the sickest of all, set it off

Fill 'em on the block it's a G thing frenage[?]
(M) to the dizzy dot, (O) to the dizzy dot
(P) black school, put Fame on it, it's a wrap

[unknown]

They call me Johnny Fame, Hilfiger, real nigga
Trendsetters, M.O.P., packin blue steel nigga
It's not a game, don't make me pull my shirt off
You drag queen niggaz blow your own damn skirt off
Brooklyn rules wherever you at (stand up)
Brownsville it's them again, we gon' fuck your plans up
Saratoga the hot ave, the ghost town
Shots from the fo' pound (Bronx back it's comin down)
Stick your mans up, fucked up, mobbed up
I wet your whole block, fuck gettin locked up!
We gon' eat, on my life you can bet that
(We not commercial son!) Bill, don't sweat that
Fizzy we the Hill (please believe it) let's do it
Y'all niggaz is like a red light we run right through it
Slow flow I rock that, BK cop that
Ladies say get your slot back, nigga I done got that

[Chorus]

[Outro]

AOWWWWW! Motherfucker!
Yeah yeah, that's right
Heatmakerz motherfucker
Brooklyn, Bronx stand up
Walk with me man, walk with me man
We doin it nigga, we doin it