

## Drama Lord

M.O.P.

Billy Danzini is known to the world as a drama lord  
Beat more bodies than Mr. Gotti, so I'm not a fraud  
If you're clever, then you can put 2 and 2 together  
Real niggas do real things, so that mean whatever  
You was warned before you came  
So I ain't to blame for your ass being torn out the frame  
I get nuts off whenever beef occur  
All I'm askin ya, is, are you ready for the massacre?  
If you want it, then you can get it, homes  
What you fail to realize, is, Danzenie is not alone  
Come with your boys and roll with force  
No need for your vest, cause I ain't in it for your chestboard  
Tell my peoples that's real: Get your steel  
Nigga slipped up, so grip up and meet me on the hill  
Lil' Fame (Whatever) Ruff is with it  
Shaq, call for Bang and tell him to bring the thang-thang  
Danzenie will never have it, that's why I keep my automatic  
In case I run into some static  
Search all night, lookin for the gun fight  
Troopin from dust to dawn, ready to get it on  
Creep through the town, checkin out the scene  
Index finger on the trigger of my serve machine  
So don't ever harass me, or put nothin past me  
Cause you'll be the next when I blast, gee  
Bust caps back at your mac, and clap, this is the proper applause  
For Billy Danzenie, the drama lord

Which one of you bitch niggas is ready to start static?  
Who want it (I want it) Slap, let him have it!  
Clack-clack-pow, buck him down somethin sweet  
Cave in his chest, put him to rest on the concrete  
M.O.P.'s ready to hurt a muthafucka  
Bustin a nigga down with the Brownsville Sluggers  
Punk niggas game, and I spot it  
When I pack out my joint muthafuckas say: "You got it!"  
Once it's on nobody play fight  
Shit jump off, and I pump that ass off broad daylight  
Instead of a nigga hurtin me first  
I put that shit in reverse and put that ass in a hearse  
Though guys come with it and get it  
Whenever I got my heat, man  
I bring the beef like the meat man  
Put him away, send his ass to Jesus  
Put his ass to sleep, let him rest in pieces  
Me and my peoples got all types of gats  
12-guage shot guns, Tec-9 nines, and Macs  
4-pounds and tray-deuce, and a .44 bulldog  
To set it off and let the dogs loose  
Put up your shit and we can rumble  
But if I'm in double trouble  
Then I'ma bust a nigga like a bubble  
See, the niggas that I roll with, they don't run  
Niggas use every muthafuckin bullet in a gun  
Son, we'll bring the terror to your territory  
Pump em up, dump em off, and after that go get a 40  
Word to mama, when it's drama I send em to the morgue  
Niggas can't stand the reign of Lil' Fame, the drama lord