

Facing Off

M.O.P.

Come on, come on
Rap dudes, let's rap
Rap dudes
Yeah, (laughing)
Yeah, come on motherfucka
Yea I gave ya a hour nigga
But now I want my shit back
Bring it to ya ass
Fizzy Wo Mack, L.A.
I'm a continue to bring it to ya ass
Motherfucka

Welcome me back bitch nigga, it's the rapper dude (Slash)
No actor dude (Brownsville), snap a dude
You listen to gun shots pop, it's murder capitol
We all for one boy, where them young boys clappin you
And thugs hold the fort down tight, they bust back at you
Another nigga drop, tryin to stop drug traffic dude
B-Boy's employed decoys, just to trap a fool
Any and every individual, this can happen too
We move on niggas, rip two's on niggas
Cuz ain't no tellin what them fellas about
I remain in the cut, comprehendin ya doubts
Back up off me, soft me, spit ten then I'm out
Silly motherfuckas gettin carried away
But they fuck around with Fame and get carried away
Cuz I'm a nigga of the Earth, nigga of Sea
Nigga of the Sky, the Fire, M.O.P.
I'm a front big willie, like I'm runnin this game
What I can play, Lil Fame like a mothafucka
Say why ya rollin, I'm patrolin, man god on steel
Who the fuck you think you are nigga? Ron O'Neal? (fuck outta here)
All I really need is respect, that's what I'm mention for (bitch)
What you inchin for (clack clack), what ya flinchin fo?
And when it jump off don't ask did he know
Because he knows who the fuck I am, Fizzy Woe
Magnificent, baby

Firing Squad
One of a kind nigga, top of the line niggas, divine niggas Illest
My niggas
You know my steez nigga, you know my steez
M.O.P., Fizzy Woe

Yo I'm a Brownsville native junior, I'm talkin born and raised
That's where we learn to let the pistol spark bark and blaze
(First Family) Suffer for days (come on)
And we inheritin them criminal ways
I survive with a fist full of hopes and dreams
And a hand full of niggas that I call upon team
By the time I was thirteen (thirteen)
I got myself a 318 and startin makin moves baby
It's like I told ya boy, my environment put me on front line
(Soldier Boy) Rapid fire the greatest of all time
We 'em dance, waitin for Shaq to get back (welcome home my nigga)
I done made plans - 96% of this world don't know I exist;
that's why my point is gettin missed

I walks with my brother Mike Sone, as I stroll thru the ghetto
And the sun is like the wind beneath my wings like zeros

Nigga

Ha ha