

# Illside of Town

M.O.P.

[HOOK x4:]

In the Illside of Town where they...  
Murder niggas  
Get down for your crown  
Murder, murder motherfuckers

[Billy Danze]

Ayo, Handle UR Bizness now (you might not get the chance later)  
Some kinda way every day the passion for bustin your crater  
In the, "ghetto" where trigga fingers usually itchin  
Here is where I leave for war in the dump, like Richie Rich  
It gets a mind blowin situation (one occupation get left)  
New occupation still my niggas feel they facin death  
We're jumpin on decks, with the jumpers at the tire  
BLAU! bu- bu- bu- bu- bu- bu- bu- bucka, rapid fire  
Now, let the preacher preach  
There's a lesson that need to be taught, and look who I brought to teach  
I pack fifteen in my 45, pick up niggas wit size  
Whet up the wildest survive  
Wack crews will see M.O.P. is the livest  
Downtown Swingin, index finger exercisers  
CLAK, CLAK! (cut 'em some slack) fuck that, it's on  
I know you wanna live, I'd rather see you torn  
Out the frame, Bill and Lil Fame will still stand  
I'm thinkin of a master plan to lace your man  
What make you think that you can fuck with Billy Danze  
I'll 4-4 'em, flow 'em, blow 'em to show 'em  
That we don't give a fuck about that nigga we don't know 'wm in the  
(Illside of Town where they, murder niggas, I'm from the...)

[HOOK]

Take 'em down

[Lil Fame]

You know my face I'm from the place wit two pounds  
And trey pounds, and four pounds kill, for Brownsville  
You know my face I'm from the place wit two pounds  
And trey pounds, and four pounds kill, for Brownsville  
You got drug dealers, gun holders, street rollers  
Young bitches wit attitudes pushing baby strollers  
(Ghetto how) we dealin with these savages the average is  
Deceased or in jail for splittin niggas cabbages  
The characters that's left still the same fellas  
They still slingin heavy metal, (aint nothing but the ghetto)  
But it's like that, aint that right black  
When my enemies strike, it's only right that I strike back  
Here in Crooklyn it's trife  
Criminals out to take everything from your jewels to your life  
One way to survive on these streets (you choose it)  
Rip up, load your clip up, slip up, and (you lose it)  
Cops roll up on you son, got bodies on your gun  
Caught up in some shit that your moms always warned you from  
See she won't understand that it's in the environment  
That's why these trigga happy niggas keep firing  
I aint just fall into no grave  
If I gotta get bodied, it gotta be goin out in a blaze

I'm fazed, whether it's him or me goin down  
No matter the repercussions M.O.P. hold it down in the...

[HOOK]