

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]