

# Instigator

M.O.P.

That nigga right there nigga  
Go see that nigga mayne!  
Get out there mayne, go get out there mayne  
Yo, yo

[Chorus: Lil' Fame]  
Ain't y'all motherfuckers 'posed to have beef?  
Get at 'em dawg, where the fuck is all his peeps?  
Show him all that shit you talked about on yo' CD  
Show him that hammer you flashed out on yo' DVD  
That same nigga, that called yo' momma a bitch  
That called yo' wife a ho, yo, there that nigga go!  
Stomp that motherfucker, blast that motherfucker  
Damn that motherfucker, get at that motherfucker, aiyyo  
Ain't y'all motherfuckers 'posed to have beef?  
Fuck the industry, take it to the streets  
Pop that motherfucker, blast that motherfucker  
Blast that motherfucker, get at that motherfucker

[Lil' Fame]  
I moved back in the hood for good  
These niggaz ain't crazy; Brownsville forever baby  
Same place where my momma raised me, I'm forever holdin my throne  
Imagine if I had a couple million  
Y'all niggaz are half-assed stars  
The kind to lie on your faith, and take [?] to everything you love  
Won't talk that shit, when the real soldiers around  
You got the hip-hop, rhyme unit holdin you down  
But if you feelin like a chimp nigga go and brush your shoulders off  
Ladies is chimps too, go and brush your shoulders off  
These niggaz ain't crazy baby you fuckin with soldiers  
I will pop yo', motherfuckin head off your shoulders  
So what it is? (HOMIE YOU GON' GET IT GULLY OR WHAT?)  
What it is? (HOMIE YOU GON' GET IT UGLY OR WHAT?)  
Everybody can get the now, bustin them thing things on wax  
Punk bitches gangbangin on track; but here's the facts  
[sniffing the air] I smell pi-dussy  
I dare one of y'all niggaz to try to dog mush me  
And any of that tried they felt it, any problems we dealt with  
Fuck the yappin and rappin back and forth

[Chorus]

[Teflon]  
Hey yo, I'm a "Nervous/Wreck" that's why I "Full Surface" the tec  
Robbed the game blind, murdered the set  
Aiyyo perhaps you haven't heard of us yet  
You lil' wet behind the ears you didn't hear, we used to murder the sets  
YEP! I heard your mixtape, wasn't impressed  
What is this mess? Hollerin 'bout your gun in your vest  
It's all LIES, most of y'all guys is small fries  
And if I let y'all tell it, y'all all gon' ride BUT  
But soon as shit hit the fan  
And your man get clipped, that's when niggaz hit the stand  
And get a [?] for 25 to click in the can  
About 80 percent of y'all niggaz is snitchin man  
Why y'all misleadin the public, on some thug shit

In the club with the same cats you swore to slug with  
Now y'all wanna discuss it? I'M DISGUSTED  
Here take this 9 and bust it, fuck the dumb shit!

[Chorus]

[Billy Danze]

Hey yo whattup homey? (O.G.!) Triple O.G.  
Your Hannibal Lect'ic ways got you banned from TV  
You injure the tec for days (HA) your crew roll in waves (HA)  
All in the mix of the blitz and you ain't never been grazed (HA)  
(It's ghetto 'round here!) Yeah whatever you say pah  
Your G ain't street, so keep it up under the radar  
And stay off of the God damn screen lookin mean  
Like you gon' stomp up on the ave and saw a nigga in half  
You niggaz are makin me mad with these games  
Like you trained with Uday and Qusay Hussein  
We was raised in the year of the bat; where niggaz got it on  
To turn it up a notch we had to burn the eight long  
We popped 'em (y'all toss 'em) we tuck 'em (y'all floss 'em)  
Bill'll take it directly to yo' ass if y'all cross him  
It's usually done in the street, that's where it happen at  
Y'all niggaz beef on the beats, but where the clappin at?

[Chorus]