

Uhh, uhh...

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M.O.P. in the house kid

BLAU! You know what I'm sayin, check this out

Lil Fame's a trigga nigga

Billy Danze a trigga nigga

Aight? Keepin it real

Brownsville still nigga

Lil Fame, a young ass nigga wit talent

Thug that move silent, but still remain violent

The Brownsville slugger take the M-1 it's truth

General of this hit game, clak, clak, salute

Billy Danze, index finger exerciser

Bell ringer, gun slinger, survivor

Raise your right and I'll blaze the living proof

The godfather to truth, clak, clak, salute

Since we came here we got to show and prove

The M.O.P. is rugged never smooth

We tearin this shit down just like construction

Flip like kilos, with this Primo production

No doubt, hit 'em wit that hilltop flavor

Hardcore niggas on your doorstep neighbor

And this year, here, niggas can't compare

Spectators, haters, cuz we're fuckin with Premier

Fillin 'em up wit raps in fact they can't get wit

A code red, the dope shit, got you niggas addicted

Mr. Danzenie and the Fame stayin true to this game

Since you nice was that hip hop gangsta

M.O.P. guaranteed to keep bringin this dopeness

For the real thugs and ghetto niggas slingin toasters

On all coastses, north to south, east to west

Got high clientele for shit you least expect

M.O.P. from the hill kid, what you tryin to tell me

Still grippin mo' steel, a machine gun deli

I mention, and flinching, and waitin for you to duck the gate

And sellin shit that I won't tolerate

WSUP?! My whole team's in the house

The gat is 1 5 4 5 not four 5's in your fucking mouth

Same ones, burner on blaze

Fuck a memory, y'all remember me for bustin my thang...