

## Salute

M.O.P.

Uhh, uhh...  
Uhh, uhh...  
M.O.P. in the house kid  
BLAU! You knowhatimsayin, 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. guranteed 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...