

## Anticipation

M.O.P.

"This is what you waited all year for, the hardcore"  
Firing Squad, firing hard  
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I'm top of the line, realistic, get rocky never smooth  
Ring, ding  
[LF] Ring ding M.O.P. comin through  
[BD] Guns and roses, hit 'em, hit 'em up kid, for real  
[LF] Say what, say what, say what, I'm packin blue steel, drama lord  
[BD] Ice master  
[LF] Quick to blast ya, thoroughbreds wit hearts cold as Alaska  
F A G's get bust down to they knees  
[BD] M.O.P. to the death kid  
[LF] Yeah, cock and squeeze...

I'm here to make moves, I never fake moves, I like to break crews  
In half, put 'em on they ass if they never pay dues  
(It's time) To get rid of you fly talk  
Fuckin with Fame, you be the next stain on the sidewalk  
I make 'em simmer down, whenever I roll into town  
And speak for my, love thug niggas in the crowd  
I'm dedicated, never been over challenged  
My over violent, lyrics'll knock you over balance  
I whet emcees like Vietnamese, but yet they freeze  
Like coke when they provoke me to squeeze  
Lil Fame represent the turf  
Would suck so hard they put scars on the face of the earth  
[Out to hit ya] split ya, (hell when I get ya)  
Fuck the frame, I blow your ass out the picture  
So keep your eyes focused on this overdose, I'm just comin through  
To a hip hop spot near you

[BD] Yo it's the World's Famous  
[LF] Niggas born to kill  
[BD] From the ill side of town  
[LF] So you best get your steel  
[BD] It's ill  
[LF] The street life is real son  
[BD] You shouldn't have to go get it, sleep wit it, fool  
[LF] Stick To Ya Gunz  
[BD] Now  
[LF] Lifestyles of a Ghetto Child  
[BD] Representin for ill crews and  
[LF] Kid I aint got nothing to lose  
[BD] I been there  
[LF] To my peoples up in them shavs  
[BD] Up in them Javs  
[LF] Bring it back  
[BD] CLAK, CLAK  
[LF] Salute  
[BD] Raise hell...

I believe you don't (don't), yep (yep)  
But you can't fuck around (fuck around)  
It take alot to have actual natural sound  
(BAM BAM) Motherfucker we didn't leave  
We just laid back in the cut, stuck some shit up our sleeve  
Please, we don't roll deep, we squeeze  
Predict them niggas around to sink a fucking ship  
WHAT I feel is WHAT I do  
And G, I see I might hafta straighten your ass out to  
I wish I would let a nigga take mine  
Where my niggas is niggas that live on the front line  
"Hardcore" raw, Brownsville B Boy quick on the draw  
Like the late great Prince LeRoy  
When my nigga was on the scene  
More ammunition passed through his ass than the average marine  
(From the ill parks) Fool, where the steel start to ruckus  
Deal a whole steel for you motherfuckers...