

G-Building

M.O.P.

Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

I'm back and I'm stuck up in this bitch [who dat?]
Me bitch [who dat?]
The Brooklyn thug, what the fuck you see bitch?
I'm known for regulatin this game, fuck a critic
Cuz when I'm spittin, I'ma split your shitit
When I aim, yo you try to get a name
But aint, provin a thang
I'm still doin my thang,[go head] bells they still ring [uh huh]
Now who the lame that wan' tango with Lil Fame
Step in the ring and I'll break yo' ass up like Mills Lane
[Aaaaaaaahhhhh!!!] How you like me now?
That *Kool Moe P* shit, nigga, put it down
Yo I need a silencer gat, shit too loud
When that bitch start to holla, nigga do child
Made the church people on your block wanna move out
I bump off and I dump off, and a nigga cool out
Why? Cuz when we in the place with the guns in our waist
We don't say put your hands up, niggas stand up
You gotta get it, cuz you now listen
Dump off your body ?til your whole family die fishin?
The street mayor, ghetto street playa
Hit your hooker with this heavy dick meat playa ass cheek flare
Fuck the fame!, I agree fuck the fame
But I got four words for ya, don't fuck with Fame
Cuz I'm a machine gun kelley, clappa dude
Write my name across your belly, DRDRDRDRDRDRDRDRDRDR yap a dude!
Aint no escapin these streets I'm raised in
It's so amazin, we still blazin
Aint no savin yo' ass from hell raisin
They be strippin your cantelope off the pavement
Wit yo' wig split in half and your chest caved in
So walk on the green, I'ma cut yo' ass down if you walk in between
So listen up and hear me boy, I'm the American [slash!] pretty boy

First Fam, ridiculous
Violaters try to get with us, we quick to bust
Them false dudes can't get wit us
Hoes grillin cuz we too tough, too real, too raw, too rough
First Fam, ridiculous
Fools try to move but them fools can't get wit us
Cuz we holdin, blastin, lowlin, blastin, strollin, trashin, rollin,
Mashin!!

I done figured it out [what's that?]
They don't want us to shine [true]
You lost your mind if you thought I tossed my iron
I still got it, for when I'm facin situations like this
You dissin? I'm hittin
Listen, is it me or the industry to understand
I'm a whole different breed of man
Bill Danze, Brownsville, Bronx
And I'm servin double and single shots on the rocks, nigga [AAAAAAHHH!!!]
What! Who gon' tame me
I'm a back block nigga and can't, nobody change me
You can look at me strangely

Keep yappin at your dogs if I go up in your mouth, don't blame me
First Family trainee, take what's mine
'99 is my time to shine, that's that
[Take it easy] Fuck that, I'm ready yo
I refuse to dilute jewels for you fools on this radio
Fizzy Wo', [suckas never played us]
They can't fade us, they hate us, they anus
In fact when you touch 'em face to face, they stay in they place
They know I'm slayed up from the right side left five in one fist
Shutup! Shutup! Now you wanna show love
You hear the soft music in the background it's your brain on slugs
Now, it's a dirty job but somebody gotta do it
So I crept up, stepped up, got to it [FIRE!!]

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