

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? (HOMEY YOU GON' GET IT GULLY OR WHAT?)
What it is? (HOMEY 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]