

M.O.P., My kind a nigga part 2

Holler the fuck out. Henny up. Yo, Fox, you know
how it goes, with
hydro. Uh, uh, uh...
Some niggas done betrayed me in the worst way,
what the fuck?

I pray for their day, no luck
They cobras, and they die, Fame, no what?
To many bitch niggas in the game, hold up
I layed low and I heard things, and I, watched
how niggas changed
Niggas, actin like they feelin my pain, Bitches!
really

And lookin at me strange, what the deally?
All or nothin, why I'm in this
But I'm the kind of nigga thats gon handle my
business!
Fuck the fake friendships and the second chances
I got love for true soldiers, the Bill Danze's
Jokers, talk slick, but I ain't really hearin em
Niggas, fake shit, but I'm, well aware
My kind, no doubt, ya know I'ma take care of em
And I ain't hard to find, holler out, I'm right
here for em

Chorus:

Billy Danze: So where we at? (IN YOUR BUSINESS)

Where? (IN YOUR BUSINESS)

Yeah (LET THEM NIGGAS KNOW WHAT THIS IS)

Lil' Fame: I send my goons at to get ya

Hit ya, and take them new jacks down with ya

M.O.P.: My kinda nigga!

repeat

[Lil' Fame]

There's no way nigga's love rap, everybody loves
Slap

Thug cats, baby girl, ever seen a thug rap?
Nothin smooth about these motherfuckin rough
rats

With potholes in em, fuck around and lose a
hubcap

I represent broke niggas pushin Bamma's
Still got their shit chromed-out with the
hammers

(My Kinda Nigga Part Two) Ain't nobody seein em

M.O.P. and em, Heather B and em

Ain't nothing changed, I'm still in the street
with niggas

I'm still a corner store hero eatin nigga
These Brooklyn cats will whack your ass
And them New Jersey cats will carjack your ass
My niggas! Fly niggas! Live!

Don't try! Do or die niggas!

With iron we keep em expirin with the Firing
Squad

Still firing hard (My kinda nigga)

Chorus

[Billy Danze]

Let's put this motherfucking shit in order
everybody face me, this won't take long
I'm callin y'all, to see if you're ready to rock
I'm warning y'all, I'm Billy, I'm ready to pop
(Stop) Before they lay your body on ice
I'll a make an ugly and this motherfucker
soldier be nice

I been through a lot of trials, gunnin down for

mine
Top of the line ?growls? poppin rounds for mine
(Watch em work) That's right, notice what I'm
workin with
The Hell-raising, gun-blazin Berkuance
Hurt you with new school flavor, supported by
old school jewlels
(Dominated) by true school rules
Faggot, do you have it? look I'm ?fakin? escape
Before I go, I need to know if my niggas is
straight
(Hold me down) Who that?
(First Fam) Where you at?
(In the back) Ready to attack, that's my kinda
nigga!
Chorus
Ha-ha-ha.Firing Squad, nigga.To the life!