

M.O.P., Raise Hell

Yeah! Yeah!
Go nigga, raise hell!
Yeah! Yeah!
Raise hell!
Yeah! Yeah!
Go nigga, raise hell!

[Verse One: Lil' Fame]

The new single, kid get your shit mixed
Catch this new slug from the M.O.P. hitlist
It's thorough for the cars, for the clubs, for the Jeeps
(For the fellas on the corner posted up 20 deep)
Hold it down! Home Team back out to sail this
Make 'em collapse with caps and Fame make 'em famous
The "Downtown SWinger" gun slingers rock wild
And when I die, I won't be puttin out flames in hell
Cop a 10 milli from the corner store Arab
Fools with truck jewels get stuck for they karats
Hold on you hear somebody comin, you hear somebody gunnin
Them niggaz that you run with is runnin
Cause it's (BULLETS OVER BROWNSVILLE!)
I'm from the place where trey-pounds and fo-pounds kill
Fool how that sound? (ILL!)
The star vendor, bend 'em like car fenders
Serve 'em like bartenders, what's next on the agenda?
Dope rap, we drop off crack, they can't stand it
When I'm {?} when only we be gettin 'em open like the 'Ville
With this fresh rush, show me on point in this game
cause Fame plays well, and I raise well, so I raise hell!

[Chorus]

Yeah, go nigga, raise hell!
Yo, yeah, raise hell!
Go nigga, raise hell!

[Verse Two: Billy Danze]

Raise hell, it's another death wish, I guess it's time
To grip nines, to rip behind enemy lines
Where it's ruthless, and get the troopers
that think it's somethin sweet
M.O.P. niggaz was raised in the street, kid
Ain't nuttin changed cause I'm rappin, I am a
ill nigga and I still will bust my hammer
(Is he a gangsta?) Blaze F-A-G's I don't stress 'em
When I, catch 'em I stretch 'em I bless 'em
and let his momma dress 'em
The name's Bill, the game's real, me and Fame feel
we can blow trial, and yo I'm ill
So blaow in your face! (Bla-bla-bla-blaow) to the death
(Buka-bu-bu-bu-bu-bu-bu-KLAK) 'til there's nothin left
I ain't gon' be playin no games witchu frauds
Whenever the two guns bustin just don't be trustin this Drama Lord
(Take it to 'em son!) Yeah we got a plan, and
Billy Danze packin more steel than Bugsy Moran{?}
To the terrible organization, it's the M.O.P.'s last generation
Who wanna confrontation?
It's hammer time and I'm layin on you to see me
(Is he a tough guy?) Nah that's how they make him look on TV
Fake jerks I rattle, snake chumps I saddle
And ride they ass all the way to the bus without no truss
The Hill-top, will-rock, non-stop
Squeeze-glocks, at the motherfuckers son
He can't run, so I ain't gotta chase him
(Do you think you can take him?)

Take him then I back him down and lace him, raise hell!

[Chorus]

Raise hell!

Hell, hell, go nigga raise hell!

Raise hell!

Go nigga raise hell!