

M.O.P., Ride wit us

Firing Squad nigga

Firing Squad!

Uh, First Family

Top notch nigga

BD, uh

[Billy Danze]

I used to have so much confidence in myself

But now my game is changed and my pain's been felt

My hand's been dealt, but it was a missed deal
And words won't express the way a man William feel

I came up with them thugs, I grew up in that mud
Got my hands covered in blood, to stay above
The world (to see a better day)

Please my children need, and I can't find a fuckin way

What can I say, I'm stressed ghetto soldier
I'm shell shocked from a back block off Saratoga
Remember what I told ya, I'm thirsty now
In fact I feel like everybody's out to hurt me now

Roll wit me now, am I the only cat that never see the

M slash O dash P on your TV and the Industry keep fucking wit me

So I brought my cousins wit me

>From now on they gon be thuggin wit me

Eyes and ears nigga, blunts and beers nigga

For months and years it been Blood, Sweat and Tears

Nigga, raise your metal for Firing Squad royalty
First Family, royalty, holla!

CHORUS 2X: Fame and Bill Danze

How many niggas plan to ride wit us (ride wit us)

How many niggas came to die wit us (die wit us)

Pop shots nigga, we don't give a fuck

Buck, buck, buck, buck !! Ha Ha!

[Lil Fame]

This is only the beginning, you aint know one was comin

Stand face to me, no more runnin

Back from hell, the dramatic, automatic

Rap track flippin acrobatic

Yo we been in this game for damn near a whole decade

To the death, til the Firng Squad, cop the next tape

Brownsville slugger, knucka up in the house

Had a rumble with the Grim Reaper, knuckled it out

This aint for you big willies, this is for my small paws

Thuggin, wit guns in they draws

Go against the grain, break all laws

And keep a bitch wit him, wit drugs in her bra

Brooklyn, brainiest, blast

Aint nothing changed since that nigga been past

Sound, pound, make you wanna bark

Specialized by Firing Squad, the underdogs, c'mon!

CHORUS 2X

[Billy Danze]

(It's the Firing Squad assassins)
Ghetto blastin
Operation ran by your man toucan dance for thug
fashion
(Criminal passion) Top of the line
It's unnecessary, buries, but we still manage
to shine
(Take a life son) Fuck that!
You know the verdict your only a soldier duke
but don't get murdered
You heard I was, raised with the elements
It's William, and if you feel him then don't
fuck with my intelligence
I'm from the Ville, (that's home)
I holds my own being that my father's reflection
have connected and roam
[Lil Fame]
Blow 'em and check 'em wit chrome, have ya heard
of me
I heard you wanna hit me, split me, murder me
So I, regulate, designate, demonstrate
Blow back you fools wit tools, set 'em straight
What you want nigga, hah, what it's gon be
I'ma be leavin you leakin with clip in the palmy
I'ma son of a gun, a automatic 4 5th
Gun shots let off for my dogs, leave your boy
stiff
Ghetto warfare, heavy metal warfare
Play a part 'fore you fuck around and start a
war here
(We bust back) Collapse, I'm rated R
Bringin it real strong cuz you niggas still gon
hit me pa
Y'all want me, come find me motherfucker
CHORUS 2X
heh heh, how many niggas
Ride wit us
Can you ride
Firing Squad nigga
Yeah! Wit us!
First Family, murder
Top notch nigga
You know the rules of the motherfucking game
C'mon!