

# Journalist, Extended Family

(feat. M.O.P.)

[Verse One: Billy Danze]

Allow me to turn this bitch into Fight Club  
That's how my family react when there's no love  
Young coward probably nothing repostal slug  
I'm tired of niggas hollering (A STRAIGHT THUG)  
Yeah whatever, if you ain't ready to rock  
And pop-pop-pop-pop, non stop.. (STOP!)  
We are ready to rock, and pop-pop-pop-pop  
And clear the whole motherfucking block  
[Billy Danze right], that's right back on some other shit  
Stop doin sucker shit, watch who you fucking with  
Know that the meaning of the Danze's man  
Know that the meaning of the man's his fam (FIRST FAMILY!)  
If you don't like to get to grippin ya thang  
If I catch you slipping I'm spitting and splitting ya brain  
Praised in the bid of the flame, N-D-O the ability, extended the game [?]

[Chorus]

[Journalist:] We gon' shut this game down, and move on heard  
[Lil' Fame:] Make yourself be heard! (OOOOOH)  
[Bill Danze:] We gon' burn this bitch down, and that's my word  
[Lil' Fame:] Make yourself be heard! (OOOOOH)  
Make yourself be heard! (OOOOOH)  
Make yourself be heard! (OOOOOH)

[Verse Two: Journalist]

South Phil' with Brownsville, damn that sounds ill (SJEEZ)  
Now watch me, niggas get found killed  
Especially those who wear wires  
Find theyselves stuck in the trunk, stomach on the street tire  
Don't you go try us, shit the Brown stay smoking  
You could use the tools for a blow dryer  
I don't hold fire, comprende?  
Standing there stupid like the Gimbe, I shoot it like M.J  
Clap you up then wrap you up in some kintay  
Bag you up, then drop you off on your frimway  
Before the cops come questioning cats  
I'm at the border in a pancho with Mexican hat  
For this cheddar y'all be messing with rats so I'ma Swiss Cheeser  
'Til there's no bullets left in the gat  
Watch what you say to may (me), or before I skate away  
I spray A.K., heat your grill like Labor Day  
Shit, I do this thing day to day  
Y'all new rappers walk around like y'all motherfuckers paved the way  
Journalist featuring M.O.P  
I'm three letters out the alfabet, look how wild it get

[Chorus]

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[Lil' Fame:] Make yourself be heard! (OOOOOH)  
[Bill Danze:] We gon' burn this bitch down, and that's my word  
[Lil' Fame:] Make yourself be heard! (OOOOOH)  
Make yourself be heard! (OOOOOH)  
Make yourself be heard! (OOOOOH)  
[Journalist:] Niggas! (UHHNNH)  
[Bill Danze:] Bitches! (UHHNNH)  
[Lil' Fame:] Make yourself be heard! (OOOOOH)  
[Journalist:] Niggas! (UHHNNH)  
[Bill Danze:] Bitches! (UHHNNH)  
[Lil' Fame:] Make yourself be heard!

[Verse Three: Lil' Fame]

Fame's be like a prayin mantis, fuck who's amp is  
Y'all to fuck around, I let the triple fat goose mafia ???  
What you champions? I put you on back pressure  
Have your grown-ass wearing blue Pampers  
Get on a murder out, no need to burn 'em out  
We don't cheese 'em cats, heard about word of mouth  
And I blast faster, put it on  
Nobody see nothing, when po-po ask, they like 'HMMHMM'  
Yo, First Fam', full blown blasting  
Atlantial Sea, M.O.P. mashing  
My niggas held down, throw cocktails in your house  
Burn that bitch to a cocktail lounge  
Foreby, four runner, for your toy soldiers  
Blue steel, I ain't talking Toyota  
The game for close ya, close up shop  
And put the locks on the game, 'cause the game's all over

[Chorus]

[Journalist:] We gon' shut this game down, and move on heard

[Lil' Fame:] Make yourself be heard! (OOOOOH)

[Bill Danze:] We gon' burn this bitch down, and that's my word

[Lil' Fame:] Make yourself be heard! (OOOOOH)