

M.O.P., Antycipation

Chorus:

(sample) This is what you waited all year for,
the hardcore

Firing Squad! Firing Hard!

I'm top of the line, realistic and rugged never
smooth

Ring ding! Ring ding! M.O.P. coming through

Guns and roses, hit 'em hit 'em up kid

For real!

Say what, say what, say what?

I'm packing blue steel

Drama lord, ice master, quick to blast ya

Thoroughbreds with hearts cold as Alaska

F-A-G's get bust down to they knees

M.O.P. to the death kid

Yeah, cock then squeeze

(Lil' Fame)

I'm here to make moves and never fake moves

I like to break fools in half, put 'em on they
ass

If they never paid dues

It's time! To get rid of your fly talk

Fuckin' with Fame, you'll be the next stain on
the sidewalk

I make 'em simmer down whenever I'm in the town

Speak for my love thug niggas in the ground

I'm dedicated, never been over-challenged

My over-violent lyrics will knock you off of
balance

I'll wet MC's like Vietnamese

But yet they freeze like coke

When they provoke me to squeeze

Lil' Fame represent the turf

With thugs so hard they put scars on the face of
the Earth

Out to hit ya! Split ya! Hell when I get ya!

Fuck a frame, I'll blow your ass out the picture

So keep your eyes focused on this overdose of
dopeness

Coming through to a hip-hop spot near you

Chorus

Yo, it's the world's famous niggas born to kill

From the ill side of town, so you best get your
steel

It's ill, the street life is real son

You shouldn't have to go get a _____ fool

Stick to ya guns!

Now! Lifestyles of a ghetto child

Representing for ill crews, and

Kid I ain't got nothing to lose

I been there, to my peoples up in them cells

Up in them jails, ringing bells

Clack Clack!! Salute!! Raise hell!!

(Billy Danze)

I believe you're dope (dope) yep (yep)

But you can't fuck around (fuck around)

And take a lock to half actual natural sound

Damn bad! Motherfucker we didn't leave

We just laid back in the cut

Stuck some shit up our sleeve

Please, we don't roll deep, we squeeze

But make to flip

I'll have enough niggas around to sink a fucking
ship

What! I feel is What! I do
And G I see I'ma have to straighten your ass out
too
I wish I would let a nigga take mine
When my niggas is niggas that live on the front
line
The hardcore, raw Brownsville B-Boy
Quick on the draw like the late great Prince
Leroy
When my nigga was on the scene
More ammunition passed through his hands than
the average Marine
From the Hill part fool where they still start
the ruckus
Firing Squad!!
Kill a whole heap of you motherfuckers