

# M.O.P., F.A.G. (Fake Ass Gangsta)

[Lil' Fame and Billy Danzini]

You fake rappers get the boot  
Sprayed like brew, I'm shootin f.a.g.'s at they video shoot  
I bump your ass off quick, so yo, muthafuck karate, boy  
Don't fuck around and make me catch a batty boy  
You ain't nothin but a f.a.g., you fake-ass gangsta  
You niggas don't want it with the Famester  
Bringin it to you gon' be the last, kid  
I'm ready to blast, kid  
Aiyo, let's take it to they ass, kid  
Billy Danz, the o.g.  
The nigga that you fake-ass gangstas can't see  
I'm willin to die for my respect  
If I have to I will let  
So I walk with a fifth and I pray to a fuckin tec  
In '93 I calmed down  
But now these so-called gangsta-ass niggas got gased  
Herbs are not ready, derelicts are petty  
Nigga, I be your worst nightmare like I was Freddy  
Niggas be actin sweet, claimin they packin heat  
Get a rugged peek and wanna talk about the street  
You niggas ain't livin trife  
And rappers that's claimin that they underground  
I put they ass under ground for life  
Wait, I'ma set that ass straight  
Herbs only perpetrate  
But look, my burner don't discriminate  
All race, creed, shape, breed  
Anytime's fine with me  
You fuckin f.a.g.

(Front, I make it a thrill to kill)

(Straight up and down, act like you want a confrontation)

[Lil' Fame]

Here it is for you niggas that chastise the game  
It's M.O.P., nigga, recognize the name  
I'm beatin down punks and breakin down chumps  
When he stroll I hit him with the old brown pump  
Because we're goin all out, word to Miz  
You niggas gotta get it like Jason got his  
Nigga, your whole shit'll be rearranged  
Because I'ma give em a buck fifty and let em keep the change  
Another nigga smoked, oh Lord  
Because he just finished watchin 'Menace', he musta thought he was O-Dog  
Ass out for the last nigga that wanted drama  
Because I smoked him with the 9mm lama  
You fake thugs ain't bustin slugs, please  
A muthafucka like you deserve 12 to your mug piece  
So all you niggas start makin tracks  
Because there's too many phoney baloney muthafuckas fakin jacks  
I go to work for my joint, muthafucka, you know me  
It's the one and only, and M.O.P.  
Gunsmoke when I defeat a man  
Because I smoke muthafuckaas like the 9mm man

[Billy Danzini]

Plow! You bitch-ass nigga, you better walk  
Only with my muthafuckin burner will I talk  
See, I'm from the Marks, and that makes me a marksman  
Wanna know tonight? My fifth be talkin  
Fake gangstas drive by and try to hit me with a clip full  
What kinda shit is he tryin to pull?  
All you bitch-ass niggas got to be jacked

Tryin to get wreck, squeezin out nothin when bustin your tec  
I'm Billy Danz, overseer of the underground  
Hillfigure, yo, bitch nigga, I get down  
What I be on is the untold truth of a livin hell  
So one of you bitch niggas is comin up out of his shell  
M.O.P. goin out till the end  
This is how we separate the boys from the men  
Real niggas that's ill niggas that kill niggas  
The beaver that sneak with his finger on the trigger  
Fake gangstas got mad war stories to tell  
About how many muthafuckas they blew up in jail  
They said their camp was mad deep and they had crazy pull  
That little bitch, but now he snitched like Sammy the Bull