

M.O.P., Fly Nigga Hill Figga

"I'm gonna let these motherfuckers know something."

Chorus: Lil' Fame (Billy Danze)

We happen to be them LIVE NIGGAZ
(Don't try) NIGGAZ
Do or DIE NIGGAZ
Fizzy Womack y'all true HILLFIGGA
One that'll put the drop on ya quicker NIGGA
repeat

Verse one: Lil Fame'

We brought a very raw chapter from the history of slinging crack!
To the history of rap
From the history of street misery
The Brownsville, Brooklyn, Vietnamese
(William and) Womack, pa
It's known that you get your shit blown back, pa
The Hill is still real, we own that, pa
(Cock back the chrome) cause you don't clap, pa
What it look like, when they on the pipe?
Slinging the same as Fame getting cream all night
(Gotta get my hustle on) Go 'head
Cause I know what it be like, when you got no bread
When you down and out, people turn they back at you
Even the chicas try to disrespect the rap in you
I got gratitude, baby I ain't mad at you
I bet you that pussy is stink as your attitude
Hold that down,
As I step off, no frown
Keep that pretty smile, like always
Some people getting fucked up in these raw days
But they can be left to stretch in they hallways
I got family from CI to B'ville
We fear no EVIL, bitch nigga, we real
(Now slide) Slide
Before I turn this conversation, into a motherfucking homicide

Chorus: Billy Danze (Lil Fame)

change 4th line to: William Berkuanee, live (Hillfigga)

Verse two: Billy Danze

Now I don't know if you remember me, it's (William Berkuanee)
From downtown swingin and slinging is no shit
Watch these real niggaz, move crowds
While you pathetic, dibetic ass niggaz ain't allowed
I'm not a gangster, and I won't lie
I've always been afraid to die
(So when worst come to worst) I'll back my shit out first
I'll feel better in an Elderado, than in a herse
When its TIME TO ROLL you know where them thugs at
(First Family!) , you know where my love's at
Give up to my peers who survived through the Blood, Sweat, and Tears
Here to a hundred years
We won't change or switch or aim or pitch!
We dedicated to dominating the same shit
Holla-holler! I know what I may have to do
(You know my motto!) Walk past and slash your crew
If I'm after you, it's on
Keep your head up, cause I won't let up till your ass is gone
(Come on!) So now you remember me

It's the hell-raising, gun-blazing, BD

Chorus: *first 1/2 Lil' Fame, second 1/2 Billy Danze*

Verse three:

Lil' Fame: Can I hear silence? For the peeps that's deceased

pause REST IN PEACE

Ya', (Ya') Still with me

And I still keep old feel with me

I'm dedicated to the game

Whether it's the streets or this rap thing, I'm gon' maintain

A Brooklyn ?fugitive?

I'm the judge(What?!), jury (What?!), and the executioner

Billy Danze: I'm used to, the automatic machines

(The heavy calibre) And the bloody crime scenes

You know my name, I've been trained to flip

From the environment where they be firing whole clips

So tell your man stop flinchin

Stand at attention! and prepare for the lynchin

(Firing Squad) With the same tale

(The last of the best) And we saved the best for last *echoes*

beat to fade