

M.O.P., When Death Becomes U

[M.O.P Intro]
Hahahahahaha
Yeah Nigga
Whoo..
The Smoke of New York
Get up, Come On!
Ah!

[50 Cent (M.O.P) Chorus]
There's nowhere to run to when death becomes you
Some say your soul may burn in the flame.. (whoooooo)
Can front if you want to, but niggas who murk you'll (come on)
Come to your tombstone and piss on your grave..
You a rider right, that ride tonight (come on)
Nigga you gon' ride or you gon' die tonight.. (come on)
Nigga cock the steal, this is kill or be killed (come on)
Nigga shit is real in the field...

[Billy Danze Verse]
What's the procedures nigga, when you got a hammer in your mouth?
Will you lay down and cry, will you stand up and die
Like the man that I am? *Fire!!*
Yes Yes, give 'em the whole thang
I'm a legend in the town, Nowwww
Since your all gangstered up lets get the f**k down
Big Bill Danze an' I'm reppin' for Buck town
Nigga see me dummin' im comin' clutchin' the pound
Don't worry about my whereabouts
We air um out, clear um out, Yes Yes
The pressure's on now, you need to get your hammers up
Th-th-th-th-th thats what's up
You too tough nigga, you dun rap it up
Brownsville, cl-cl-cl-cl-cl Clap it up!
Fif put in the call..
We ready to brawl with every one of you all, Yes Yes

[50 Cent (M.O.P) Chorus]
There's nowhere to run to when death becomes you
Some say your soul may burn in the flame.. (uh)
So front if you want to (uh huh), but niggaz who murk you
Come to your tombstone and piss in your grave.. (yes)
You a rider right, that ride tonight
Nigga you gon' ride or you gon' die tonight.. (right)
Nigga cock the steel (uh huh), this is kill or be killed (brrrrrrrr!!)
Nigga shit is real in the field..

[Lil Fame Verse]
You got these young niggaz hollerin "Murderer!!"
Copper tops on my block like, blaka blaka blaka
Niggas don't give a fuck..
I seen a nigga shoot my moms, right in front of my motherfuckin' face
See in the 'ville, ain't no such a thing as a stray bullet
When your index finger on the trigger and you pull it
Slugs ain't never outta season (uh huh)...
All you gotta do is give a motherfucker one reason (Uhh!)
Blood stains on the cement..
Same place he stood, thats what they leave 'em
Don't black it out, let's just squeezin' off with your gun (uh huh)
'Cause you gon' get your punk ass robbed with the young
You know the drill...
I'ma give your ass 3 seconds to bounce and you better not jump
1.... Fuck that... [3 gunshots].. Punk bitch!.. Rest in bits!

[50 Cent (M.O.P) Chorus]

There's nowhere to run to when death becomes you
Some say your soul may burn in the flame..
So front if you want to (uh huh), but niggas who murk you
Come to your tombstone and piss in your grave..
You a rider right, down to ride tonight
Nigga you gon' ride or you gon' die tonight..
Nigga cock the steel (uh huh), this is kill or be killed
Nigga shit is real in the field..