

## Lyrical Wizardry

Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Lyrical wizardry dances on MC's like Murray on SC's  
Never flaunt, now motherfuckers come test me  
Burnin' everybody hotter than torches at Jamaican parties  
Far from angels, niggas can't see me like Charlie

Style weak? Hardly!  
Don't let the whacked pursue you like Marley  
JM clique moves in packs like whities on Harleys  
Niggas get injured, fucked do' in 40 fingers

Got bitches by bike bar bussin' Glocks off a' niggas  
Klep don't give three shits to flip scripts  
Miss bullets from clips, leave niggas rollin' up skateboards  
Wit nuttin' under they hips, bitch, so if you test me  
Shit gets messy, bustin' .38 speci outta paper bags like Joe Pesci

Yo, you know the tune make sure bitches don't eat  
When it's time to shit out them coke balloons  
Balked up the ninja when it got shady, now I got grown ladies  
Bustin' .380's outta E Class Mercedes

Hurry the fuck up bitch, get on  
Fuck you motherfucker let me out this L  
There they go right there, dot them niggas  
Motherfuckers

MC's get cut like glass, cut like glass  
Rag tagged and crash, hemp bags, come save dat ass  
Who wanna get broke the fuck up? Tell me  
Freakin' vocabulary like Chinese and spelling bees

T-P-E-L-K held to reflect a device-es  
The nicest, Jesus Christ-es  
Junior Mafioso, niggas get torn off head to torso  
Bullets evacuated out windows

From Hekkyl and Coch, P7 inmates  
Extra .380 on a string 'round my neck cos feds check the waist  
No time to waste, grab the loot and escape before next break  
Heads are clockin', private eyes are watchin'

Nigga caught up in the hustle  
Fuck flippin' packages and tyin' up, minx and rings I bubble  
Trouble's what I look for in stores on expensive floors  
Beeling boots is essence, bookin' Pelle's in my drawers

Armani, Gianni Versace, V2  
Lost count o' all the little sections me and mans ran through  
It ain't hard to discard cans of mace on guards  
Leave them bitch ass niggas screamin' like a fuckin' retard

Lyrically I come off like ink alarms  
Got styles under the wing like spread is booked under my arms  
Niggas couldn't see me with closed circuit TV  
Tryin' to peep my steez, like DT's I get over like I'm fifteen

Hey, you're not fifteen

I'm fifteen, what?  
What do you think we are, assholes or somethin'  
Fuck you, soundin' like that nigga from Night Court  
Loose my cuffs I'm outta here

MC's be fake like toupes so I transplant  
Implant my fist to their face makin' their skin red  
Sound waves disrupted, they fucked, kid  
Air holes bloody rupted but that ain't nuttin'

The best is yet to come  
MC's get strung like heads on drums  
They don't be knowin' what I'm knowin', flowin' like I'm flowin'  
Makin' motherfuckers take nose dives like 747 Boeings

Obnoxious beef's squashes face-to-face  
Niggas get wet up like Alasha's on Klep's place  
Through the hard time sayin' prayers committin' crimes  
Sick minds don't care, rockin' parties from front to rear

Brains engulfed by ferocious [Incomprehensible]  
Runnin' up on Big wit Lex wit nappies doused with chloroforms  
Livin' in a world where you do what you must  
If preachers be robbin' niggas who the fuck can you trust?