

Young G's Perspective

Junior M.A.F.I.A.

[Intro: The Notorious B.I.G.]
Some Junior Mafia shit right here
We just gonna set it off
We's know the deal
This shit is real
On this end, uh
Shit is real on this end
No friends, J-M
(Shit it real on this end)
Shit is real on this end
(Shit is real on this end)
No friends, J-M

[Verse One: Junior M.A.F.I.A. member #1]
Got into my mind
Shit is smoked up, my sight is blind
Cock back the nine,
Cuz I might not like what I find
Murders I seen, killer fiend
Through the endosheen
Mean burst into flying milloteen
Into see I sit, till I'm rit
I use the gun and slip exhale
Hollow tits
Rub my pointer angle
This must be the devil's triangle
Confused, so I mangle
Demons I had to strangle
Perfesion hit man,
And so they guns
Multi clips
I grab my gats
Got go back and let him pull it

[Verse Two: Junior M.A.F.I.A. member #2]
I said I'm rough a real bitch
Nigga, you better back up
with the four-four devid loaded
so motherfuckers slack up
I shit the raps and craps
Give me my snaps
Bitches wanting the claps
cuz I'm leaving them with fucking gats
I write rhymes, the gay mind
The maintain mind
The rag around my head is for the gang sign
So with the bottom lick the sha body shody
Fear nobody at less catch fucking bodies
On all you bitches, gang-bangers, snitches
I get so fucked up I don't know
Which, which, is which is
Loss need a part of me
Trifling and stifling
MC's on they ass
Two snakes in the fucking grass, nigga

[Interlude: The Notorious B.I.G.]

Do you know what time is is?
No friends, J-M

[CHORUS: The Notorious B.I.G.]
(What you want?)
Yo keys, G-S 3's, the papes
Busing in bitches
making imperionts late
cleaning out cribs
coke crums off the plate
niggas real protctive
young G's Perspective

(What you want?)
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[Verse Three: Junior M.A.F.I.A. member #3]
(Lost)
The dirty nigga, trigger
Fuck the looking good shit
I rather grab my gat
And cock bullshit
Heat I ceep
When I creep
Using to sneak into leting kept treck
And count them greens
A nigga drops
I wish it was the cops
Shit is hot
The motherfucking block, lock

[Verse Four: Junior M.A.F.I.A. member #4]
Wicked creator
Life eliminator
Continue to sinue
Murders on a menu
Which get in you
Meet the boom on the stab
On blood harvester tomb
Ctach a body ever full moon
MC's with temptaion
They're part, afixiation
Snake relation
Like proper damn nation
Since birth
On this scortched dirt
Badness with the lyricals
Pocket full of miricles
I'm sick, and sick of being tired
Ain't a soul I fear
Too tired to care
And sunwise
To let my tepature rise
Eagle eyes
Don't believe in me
Believe your eyes
Should I cry?

Cuz I wet a nigga then he die
So cock my lie roll up and get high

[CHORUS: The Notorious B.I.G.]

(What you want?)

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[Verse Five: Junior M.A.F.I.A. member #5]

How cause dirty bodies and glut cluts
Very busses and buck shots
Cock gluts and run the block
Niggas in they clean they clucks
Niggas can see me nuts
Let it get hot
Murder mo niggas and gotta load of reps
She think mets and cot
Because I only get drastic
So who hasta, black plastic
Specs in the back with all the caskets
Who can be mo killa?
Blood spilla?
Clips with hollow points
So when a nigga slips
He shits like he's got salmonela
Danger approaches
Checking for who gets closest
You're closest to get my focus
Smoke the rookies like roaches
Who can cause more terror then this
Like a full terrorist
Breaking niggas like matches
Broken bitches approaches
And you know this
Nigga lets it increase
With mo heat than a heater
'specially when I got my milometer
burning up these niggas like VD
these niggas try to see me
now I'm making benders like Houdini

[CHORUS: The Notorious B.I.G.]

(What you want?)

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[Outro: The Notorious B.I.G.]
No doubt, no doubt
The Bay Area meets Bedstop
Black Jack
Junior M.A.F.I.A.
Frank White is the fucker
Keeping it real for the 9-6 until, uh
Yeah, no friends, J-M
Uh, no friends, J-M
I lead a Black Jack
Uh, no friends, J-M
Uh, the snakes
No friends, J-M, uh
No friends, J-M, uh
Uh, No friends J-M