

Believe all what you see, and 50% of these tapes
cuz half these rap niggas is fake
cousin we bang hard even behind bars
with c.o's and guards, my niggas run the yard
they knocking' Messy Marv, cuz the dope so clean
415, B.G.F, crips, and 14
im a top hat rap cat you niggas locals
and couldn't recognize the game with bi-locals
im big shit and operation by a coastle
and the mob woke up when we suppose to
keep a bitch broke, keep a keep a bitch broke
keep a bitch broke, keep a keep a bitch broke
aint no jobs niggas so we forced to sale dope
and roll with all gold and chrome on one spoke
I hit yo house party jeweled and bandana
im from the Cartel the real Tony's Montana's
we put drums and bananas on iz real
hood nut niggas spencing on e pills
i could see the niggas head bitch had him
so i let the 50 cal get with him
I keep it real I don't rap about fake shit
its California man we draw down and take shit
I don't rap about fake shit this California man we draw down an
d take shit

Hoop out the coo-nut, change over to the range rover
mouth full of diamonds spitting like a flame thrower
I aint sober im ripped and tilted
half of it the remi but nigga i killed it
damn near spilt it on my encey cloths
its the cutthoat committiee punk we play hoes
20 inch doe, wood grain, leather, strapped riding
with a eagle in the desert
its the Mac almighty, Andre Hicks
and aint a punk rock bitch that i cant get
and nigga I cant trip on making nothing but my scrill
and that iz real , like a iz pill
and i will kill, put one to yo liver
im a pimp nigga taking everything you give up
flossing while you suckas is starving
im eating crab and crust-striations
with my nigga Messy Marvin