

Bloody

Mac

Chorus: [mac/(magic)]

Niggas really wanna die tonight
You know you f**king with a rider right
We can all get bloody if you want to
You gotta crew, I gotta crew, so what you wanna do
(what you wanna do nigga)
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[mac]
Now what y'all mean, niggas on my team, they all about the cream
And my enemies, we take it to extreme, to get the green
Nahmean, turn the block to a murder scene
And I be screaming whoa, in the drop with my nigga wop
Runnin from the cop who was trying to meet that quota
I'm young and I'm black so they be thinking I'm slanging that baking soda
You ain't heard about, nigga from that dirty south, keep a boot in his mouth
Bitch everybody yelling bout it, let 'em know what you bout
Before you leave your house, cause at night, nigga freaks come out
Get the gat with the extra clip cause if you catch us slippin
You might be the next to rip, get shot get stab you get cut up strip
You boxed up in a ship, thinking niggas on some retaliation tip
Then take a trip to the land
Where them niggas do the murder man dance on the enemies
And fake niggas that pretend to be friends of me,
Are the ? ? ? nigga can't f**k with me
Won't buck with me the murda murda kill kill for scrilla
Cap pilla turned rap dealer chose the style
Your style, my style, our style
Turn up the beat loud so we can all get wild

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[mac]
Is your niggas in the air like mine
Can they make a m-16 sound like mine?
Get hit with a stray from a big ole' k
Get up say never die they just walk away
Nigga mac got something to say
I get to bucking they better get to ducking and it's getting to f**king
It's real tell them niggas I'm back, heavy triggers that's fat
We got grenades now let a nigga hit you with that

You get gutted, throw in them dogs in the mud and get mudded
That's what you get when you f**k around with my buddies
Murda murda and this shit is so love, man them niggas can't f**k with me
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[magic]

So you want to get bloody
Fucking with my niggas is like f**king with my money, you think it's funny
Twist ya, make your momma miss ya
Tell your baby momma bye and tell your kids kiss ya, dismiss ya
45 words that you spoke with your tongue
Mac pass the gun and his killing is done
You niggas ain't heard, magic from the 9th and mac's from the 3rd
You don't want to war with me but you done went far with me
Put him in the trunk this punk is dead, I done hit him in his head
With a .45 slug, now he coughing up blood
I'm a 225 pound nigga rapper slash killer cap pella grave filler
So what you wanna do, no limit is my back bone
Slap a tank on your back if you say something wrong
About the clique I'm with, I'm a sick man
Wanna take his 5 grand, I'll leave with your dick in your hand
And I'm a grown man, and I'm down with mac
So all you so called killers better step back

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[magic]

Bitch ass niggas y'all don't want to f**k with us
We niggas who love this type of shit
Bunch of pussy ass motherf**king niggas
We the real motherf**king riders ya heard me?
Mr. magic and mac down for the 2000
Ain't nothing motherf**king stopping us
We tank doggs we can't be motherf**king stopped
You motherf**king niggas better listen
For ya get your ass wacked ya heard me?
Well if it's on it's f**king on