

Ral Mafia

Yukmouth

Verse 1:

[Yukmouth]

I live the life of a hooler
Take ten pages
Turn around and shoot 'em
Concrete Budda
We threw 'em in the creak to loose 'em
Streets polluted with drugs
Salute 'em with thugs
We used to
Sleep on a rug
A momma never said she loved
Or hugged us
It's just us, me and my two sisters
I'm too whooshes
Plus new bushes
With .22's up in the bushes
We ride, G's
Menace to societies
The real shit
Fuck a movie, the village
We filled with Chinese
Essays, Niggas, Cambodians
Or go against the police
Thugged Out like Napoleon
Grab the milli, from my belly, catch new welly
Slugs in your Pelle Pelle, smell me
Since Makaveli died, it's like the Westcoast shit died
But Régime be the realest shit alive
Ride or die
So high am I, Nigga you can't tell from the eyes
Blood shot red
The feds gettin' bread from the pies
Wiseguys cops risk lay-off to stay off the block
Transportin' drop the Yay off
You paid off the top
Smoke-A-Lot popular on the lock
For flippin' birds like Nadia
Mafia, Rap-A-Lot Mafia

Verse 2:

[Willie D of the Geto Boys]

My Nigga, my Nigga
I'm here to say to
You try to tell it
Can even spell it
It's about respect
For God knows you was talking too
And the slap came
We be the realest motherfuckers in the Rapgame
Rap-A-Lot Mafia, you ain't ready for what we got for ya
I make a motherfucker doctor ya
See, it ain't all about records
We run the motherfuckin' streets in Houston, Texas
We mobilize and we been rated high
Our adversaries die, when our pull a fry, bullets fly
Like some motherfuckin' Blackbirds

When we ride
It's caskets and con words
Mob Nigga

Verse 3:

[T.L.T of the Ghetto Twiinz]
Fuck peace
See it's all about violence
Put that Tek to you silent
Leave you howlin
I'ma creep upon ya (Yeah)
I'ma put it on ya (Who)
Drop bombs on ya like they did in Oklahoma

[Mz. G.B. of the Ghetto Twiinz]
See ones that Nigga Yuk, look
Somebody gon die
You could took a try
And kiss that ass goodbye
You be found in your home Nigga
Head blown from that Chrome
Fuck with me, I'm livin' wrong Nigga

[T.L.T of the Ghetto Twiinz]
Nigga remember me
I'm the one, gon get ya
You better pray that God has switched ya
Fuckin' round with the Mafia
You torn blood from you bitches
Nigga what
Bustin holes in you bitches

[Mz. G.B. of the Ghetto Twiinz]
You better wear you vest, real tight bitch
The Mafia gonna put it in you life bitch
Ain't no motherfucker stoppin' up
The only bitch puttin' it down with the Mafia
Rap-A-Lot Mafia

Verse 4:

[DMG of FaceMob]
Niggas sure wonder why I hang with these thugs
Cause my Nigga Yuk fuckin' these Niggas up
Nigga, this Rap-A-Lot, Mafia till I die
Why? Because we ride
Everyday do or die
Riffles and .45's
17-shot 9's
Right up between your eyes
Niggas is gon die
Niggas come from the pound
Hummers and S-S's
Born to be a killer
Fill a Nigga
Body with holes
Head the toe when he showed up
Blow up your whole motherfuckin' head, quote us
And I'ma roll, with my Niggas till the wheels fall
Clean up the motherfuckin' car
And in this room we bring the world war

Verse 5:

[007 of the 5th Ward Boyz]

See the Circlepiece be the satellite
>From the 5th Ward
Command union, how we do it, how we do it
>From the South
Texas roll real, swing wide knock 'em out
Double "0" and Yuk worldwide what you talkin' about
See the .45's, see the big faces
Catchin' murder cases, hood erasers
Paper chasers
With the 98, sittin' on steakes
Ballin' in the bay with the Tek to place

Verse 6:

[E-Rock of the 5th Ward Boyz]
Recognize the Mob bitch
All day this thug shit
Blisted up, trigger fingers for Niggas that start shit
Creep this as I part quick
Ride dopefiend, will her with a tint
AK's and vest's
Born in California, killed down in Texas
Ohoh, slow your roll here come the po-po's
Anything can happen ridin' through execution capital
E-Rock the stupid fo', who's ridin' with this Nigga Yuk
We the Mafia, squabble the gun
Played out, droppin' ya

Verse 7:

[Lo-Life of the 5th Ward Boyz]
We mob figgers
We to take the whole world out
At 50 states all Black God
After that, we still gon grind on the side
To make your motherfuckers mind
I pop the 9, you pop the 9
And all y'all motherfuckers dyin'
We gon drive by
We walk up and do these Niggas out the game
We sell 2 shot, and none left in the chain
Cause it's Rap-A-Lot Mafia man
Is to be fuckin' with man
Watch who you talk to
We kill
If that's what it's brought down to

Verse 8:

[Capone of FaceMob]
Off with his motherfuckin' head with the lead
Dead leave his Hilfiger shirt all real
Said it's motherfucker locked in your spot
Shot's will be dropped, right here, right now
Paw, Niggas all the way tugged down
Town
Ride around town showin' out
Pounds
City after city fuckin' hoes
Yours ain't a lot act like you know
Capone with the city complete assassinater
With paper, blow up a Nigga shit like sky pagers
It's major, save a whole out of not
Stop, if you think your feelin' fin popped
Rap-A-Lot can't stop, won't, don't stop
And we did already hit the top

Rap-A-Lot can't stop, won't, don't stop
And we did already hit the top
Mob

Verse 9:

[Lil' Chylla of the Snypaz]
I be comin' through rages
And Niggas thinkin' I pissed off
I'm itchin' to get my sick off
I be trickin' them if they trick off
All hands about to get kicked off

[2-4 of the Snypaz]
Nigga I got 'em
Fuck up your body when the slugs touch down
Runnin' up on me you feel it
The realest and platinum bound
With the Nigga called Yuk
We brakin' bed and ballin
Feds hollin'
Bloody bodies with no heads
And calling your momma Nigga

[Lil' Chylla of the Snypaz]
Yo, who the Mob, feel her
Rap-A-Lot Nigga
Kick that John quicker
I missed the bomb disher
Flat the palms
Money is in my figures

[2-4 of the Snypaz]
With our triggers
Snypaz be red dot Niggas
We the Mafia and Yuk sent your picture
So we're droppin'

[Lil' Chylla of the Snypaz]
Maybe you speakin'
Role one
Kill each other, smoke some
Po-po's pass to folks some
Rap-A-Lot Mafia known from

Verse 10:

[??]
We put's limits on Niggas
We hold money over bitches
Let the whole world recognize the realest
When it's bangin' Rap-A-Lot Mafia
The street's most popular
Servin' your hood like helicopters
Say the wrong thing and I'll slaughter ya
Disrespect the Mob, young catch punkin' heads
Wishin' you was dead
Layin in bed the next
Nigga what did I say
To make these Niggas act this way
Rich thugs still got me muggs
Just to remind a motherfucker, about where I was
Nothin' but love from my thugs
Get your paper cause
We laugh and drink when we rich, black and know this spore

Nigga this Rap-A-Lot Mafia

Interlude:

[J Prince]

You ain't gotta come from Cranestreet

200 or Circlepiece

It's all about do you believe

Rap-A-Lot Mafia life

Rap-A-Lot on the streets

Verse 11:

[Scarface of the Geto Boys]

Recognize the Mob or get you ass mobbed on

No love to ones who oppose

We taggin' motherfuckers toes

And we ain't even got a dresscode

Just those, 1000 Niggas infront of Expo's

Waitin' on the next goes

So lets roll and lets go

Ain't no sissy Niggas survivin'

If you don't come with them you got a problem

Solve 'em, hit 'em with the .44 revolver

Make an amount of what believe is right before his daughter

Exactly like the doctor ordered

Dressin' your homies up in church clothes

You took the shot, that brought the black hoe

And that's cold, but that's the motherfuckin' thing

Respect the Mob and Little J and the family name