

# Mafia

**Boldy James**

Mafia, what else? (Guaranteed)  
Blockworcks, 227 (what up?)  
Kind creatures, where we at with it? (Yeah)  
Detroit, let's get it, uh (it's on)  
They're all smokin' on the stick, you know we cook shit  
High niggas up and then they say my nigga cook shit  
Man I ain't run off with your work, bitch I took it  
Out in Brooklyn, way this shit be lookin' I'ma touch the ticketmaster  
All this drink in my kidneys, need to empty my bladder  
They speakin' down about no bitty, fuck the chitter-chatter  
Get a nigga splattered, find that peg, the only shit that matter  
I might just touch down in your city under short notice  
And make her ride the white horse, half as slow as doing water aerobics  
He say we're bitches man, we call him heroic  
Gotta switch my model, instead of sayin' fuck tomorrow  
I brought a bottle just to pour out the moment, I really play the lotto  
Might shoot the dice, I love the scramble  
In my life I took a gamble, but my God, He told me no bit  
The police kickin' on your door, like "Where the dope at?"  
Only think they wanna know is did you get this shit from Bojak?

Fuck the rallies tellin' bitches get the rosette  
Feel like Tony Soprano, poppin' pills like they Prozac  
No fannypack, used to trap out of full family flack  
Was a net in the two sports way before rap  
Back in them housephone days, they had my phone tapped  
Was clockwork, I used to cop a Chev' and get it drove back  
Type that get caught and take the whole rap  
They call me Blockworks, aka Mr. Hit-The-Road-Jack

Gritted like I'm quackers with them killers and the takers  
Doin' a run, I can't go down to Austin like a wave on their coast  
Catchin' pot 'cause we be boolin' like the Leckers  
Big 40, neck water, highway sluts, I'm in the scraper  
Got the real bad prices, niggas callin' in for prices  
Get you dropped on my lonely, I ain't callin' in no favours  
In the hood with the family, you can catch me with the creatures  
In the nooks, in the crannies, all the crevices and creases  
Big bucks, no lend-me's, live at the man of it  
In the hood they can't band me, I'm a legend with this street shit  
Fresh up out the firm feel like a medic with them re-scripts  
I feel out with the grudge but I kept in touch with Felix  
Burnin' big cooky reals and temp, be on my way to Phoenix  
Yeah she know that pussy good, I just hit it when I need it  
Beat the case, gotta quit and now he feelin' undefeated  
Never been in touch with shit, in 30 seconds I can't leave it  
Where we at with it?

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Unless you a part of that I'm not gonna let you see that  
Only thing you gon' see is us enjoyin' ourselves  
That's what you supposed to see  
Unless you a part of it  
Or whatever else goin' on  
Know what I'm sayin'? (Mafia)  
Those that do gotta have old chap, but obviously  
I could go anywhere on the planet  
And not worry about nothin' (Mafia)  
Two jobs ain't enough man, I mean they just can't pull nothin' out here  
They can't grip it, they growin' up  
And it's an end to an era, you know what I'm sayin'?  
They should be growin' up, we grew up in the 'hold your tongue'  
'Don't say nuttin" you know, you know what I mean, um  
You hate our rap, kill our rap (Mafia)