

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 boilin' 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)