

Haha ha ha hha ha, awww shit, is it time?  
Alright, here's when we're all come together  
To discuss, to do time, within ourselves  
When we're all wanna do something extraordinary  
Which is to kill, a thought, a person, or a situation  
Ha ha ha hha haha  
But because two motherfuckers can't agree on one issue;  
that creates the means, for shit to come to an end  
So therefore, it's either you gonna do it my way  
Or you gonna die fucking with us  
So this is war, my weapons is aimed to reach you  
Rap-A-Lot Mafia for life nigga  
I can feel you

Now, how can I introduce you to this pain?  
With the slugs to the brain  
Beyond this bitch, to go push-up with some bangs  
With an anchor called point blank range  
Split the world with game  
Rotate with niggaz that will not change  
In this world we blame for everything from straps to cocaine  
Individual, kind of attack  
back tracks with stuff like Macks with profiles  
Any threat, so disrespect it to get you shot with Four Five  
Rap-A-Lot Mafia, the incredible sources and forces  
Of course it's verbally said, no remorse  
Physical contact, take your choices  
Nevertheless, I want this bitch with a bum to the chest  
Two techs in the vest, put it in you  
Make your body like slugs in a venue  
I intro, I outro.. to be continued  
To be continued.. I intro, I outro.. to be continued!