

(x4)

Matic, Matic, Matic, Matic

M-M-M-M

Go get my gloves

Niggas play gangster like Pesky does

I get wild on him if he does

Two Macs, that's 50 slugs

Look what you've gone and done

I empty the whole clip, I don't bun and run

The trey-pound, run and spun

The pumpny that's Gunna's gun

It's the return of the South again

Pick it up, reload, and I'm out for them

Running up your mouth got me out again

On the ride with a stick, Ralph Lauren

What you know 'bout that banging sound

Got it locked from Sumner to Spanish Town

And niggas tryna pan it down

My big AK'll bring a planet down

It's that up middle finger shit

Got a whole lotta power at my fingertip

So don't tempt me and let my finger slip

And you can't see who through the window tint

Shit's hot, and I've been low since

Get it in though, and I get the bimbos in

Got a full house, nothing like a bingo win

So don't talk about matics 'cause we ring those things

(x8)

Matic, Matic, Matic, Matic

M-M-M-M

Straight greazy tip, yeah my clique's certainly 'bout it

When I grip it up, slugs start bursting out it

When I do the ting you would not have heard about it

'Cause I tell my niggas "don't say a word about it"

'Cause the street's speaking, in police meetings

But snitches get pitching, see I keep seizing

You'll be deep sleeping, when the 'retta buss

See the prey, creep on niggas like a predator

And if I see your clique then it's beef

I'll grip up and strangle the clip out the beak like

If you slip with your chick in the street

I'll let a young G grip the bitch by her weave

If I tore gats, I'll knock the dust outta your cap

You'll be on the floor with your jaw cracked

If I ain't got my strap get your jaw smacked

And I'll let my knife plant in on your back

The truth is, I was dead broke

So low, couldn't buy a chicken leg and a coke

But now I get dough from the Z's and the O's

Act up and I'll shove the spesh down your throat

Think you're greaze 'cause you're running 'round in a bunch?

I'm a G, I'll ride on your block on my ones

Pissed, bare my G's got locked by them cunts

Free all my niggas locked down in the slum

(x8)

Matic, Matic, Matic, Matic

M-M-M-M

You ain't buying guns little prick, you're a liar
I've got firearms like my arms are on fire
If I've got the fire on me, I stop, drop and roll
I mean I stop, drop him with the shot and blow
I grab the strap on some greazy shit
I'll squeeze and hit the prick when I'm squeezing it
And I stay close to where my heater is
Niggas know
We're still the greaziest
The reason is we don't reason with
Little p*ssyholes, I put it close and squeeze the fifth
So f*ck the law, if I touch the 4
You can die before you touch the floor
Got a new strap, better have your vest about
I might bun you in just to test it out
So rest your mouth boy, or rest in peace
I'll have you laid out if I press release
(x8)
Matic, Matic, Matic, Matic
M-M-M-M