

Empire

Mac

[mac talking]
Cut that ? simply? track off
Give me a little volume in my headphones
Turn the mic up a little bit nigga I cant here myself
What? what?
Alright
Its ? macadon? off in this motherf**ker
Dj wop, klc
Feel it

[mac]
First of all, nigga f**k y'all y'all niggas ain't shit
I'm the one who slash rappers and be f**king them bitch
I hate rappers who hate other rappers for making it
Record labels be dickin niggas, niggas just be takin it
Fakin it with videos, with pretty hoe's and limos
But callin no limit tryin submit them f**kin demos
Fake ass niggas be hollin "keep it real"
I got family nigga, keep it real to them God damn bills
I give a f**k, bout hip-hop the culture of the call
This shit is watered down like a scene from jaws
I done been through all the phases,
Tampered with all the styles,
Niggas done soldier hated,
Mac retaliated
Tell them niggas in back with semi-autos
You dis me on wax, you might not see tomorrow
I'm like zorro, I mark d.f.m on they back
[and what's that] that mean don't f**k wit mac
They should've told you I was nothing nice
As a matter of fact they should've told you I was nothing nice twice
My rollie was dipped in ice, my g-ride was payed out
Crib was layed out before my record was out
Most of y'all go gold and never see a bank roll
A hundred g's in the hole cause you sold your soul
When your broke, your yellin at tru to hip-hop shit
I'm known damn well all you niggas tryin to get rich
East, west, middle, south nigga we all the same
We all speak the same shit but with different type of slang
So the next nigga talk about we country and weak
I hope his momma catch cancer and die in her sleep
What?

1-2-1-2 you get your crew, I get my crew and we can do what real niggas
Do
What?

1-2-1-2 you get your boo, I get my boo and they can do what real bitches
Do

[mac talking]
The camouflage assassin
The no limit empire strikies back for all the haters
What?
We're no limit soldiers, I thought I told ya x7
We're no limit motherf**king soldiers