

Nobody Make A Sound

Mac

Alright, we got mac, magic, fiend
And fa sho we got 2-4-1 up in this bitch
You know what I'm saying?
And if any of you motherf**kers move
Y'all gon get your f**kin heads blown off
Ya heard me?

Alright, nobody move, nobody die
If you thinkin about breathin, then i'ma open fire
Tonight everybody's gonna die tonight
Mr. magic, you pat em down
2-4-1 y'all duct tape em
And if anybody move fiend gon disenegrate em
Startin with you and you, 'cause I told y'all not to breathe
Now I want the rest of y'all to watch them motherf**kers bleed
Throw down your rollies, your gucci's, your 'sace's
And your new jays, and your cellphones
And anything else that cost over a hundred bones

Alright, i'ma pat everybody down
So keep your heads to the floor
Whoever in charge of this bitch better point me to the door
I'm lookin for the loot, so me and my people can leave
But any dis-cooperation and one of you bitches gon bleed
I'm bout that drama, ask my mama, she ain't raise no punk
I'm bout that murder, you motherf**kers better smell my trunk
They call me magic 'cause I'm known for makin my victims disappear
Fear? naw nigga that shit ain't happen round here

x 2

Now everybody lay it down
Nobody make a sound
I got fifty f**kin rounds

Lights beamin, we screamin, we gonna get cha
2-4-1 we're dumpin in the clip with the triggers
We gotta be bad, you better get ready
We're gonna do your ass like jason, or either like freddy
The time has come, the clock has ticked
Man hold up, this is your last trick
Off the hook, it's the way, let us reign
Niggas better know this ain't no motherf**kin game

Now what I got to get it done?
The m-1, I borrowed from big ed
My chopper got a spittin tongue
And when it hums, it speaks ya to death
I ain't got no problem with you, well maybe I do
You got what I want
And either till you give it up, i'ma split ya up
And don't think that I won't
Don't got much time to tell about the murder tale
To each one of y'all
But that last motherf**ker that ain't really wanna give it up
Just be here with y'all
What cha mean that nigga fiend ain't got the gall?
My nigga mac gave the call

Murder, murder, kill, kill, burn up all y'all

x 3

I told you bitches lay it down, everybody made a sound
So we shuttin this bitch down, ya heard me?