

# Wooo

Mac

No limit black sheep, played the back seat for months  
Stayed away from the tanqueray, bitches and blunts  
Still mac nigga, ain't nothin changed  
Got the rings and the gold chains  
Now bitches wanna know my whole name  
I penetrate em, then I disintegrate em  
I let the next nigga date em, 'cause I don't hate em  
I spit voodoo, to the most hard to get hoes  
And at the end of the night, I rippin off clothes  
You f\*\*kin with the realest, from lyrical spiller  
To killers and dealers and cap peelers, and street guerillas  
From villians to chillers, we made millions  
And paid killers to protect scrilla  
So what the f\*\*k you talk about winners?  
You hear that word camouflage when you hear my name  
I represent the shell shocked 'cause it's in my veins  
(no limit soldier) is on my left arm, I took it in blood  
Throw your hood up if you a thug  
And all them niggas say

(woah!)  
You see a soldier on the streets holler  
(woah!)  
You hear them soldiers on them beats holler  
(woah!)  
Every time them soldiers speak holler  
(woah!)

Load your weapons, grab your gats  
We sprinkle daily verbs over tracks  
Hit the chest like heart attacks  
When my lyrical hammer cock back  
And leave bullet holes in your bourbons and 'lacs  
The only thing we give them hoes is a dick and a smack  
Gangstafied kane & abel you know the camouflage assassin  
Blastin and mashin, kidnappin and head bashin  
Razor blade slashin, the endo blunt passin  
For the cash and, woah it's bout to happen  
What you want (?) ugly with that 223  
Hit em up in 3-d, now it's banned from tv  
Niggas playa hated, I sho hated  
Spark the weed, cremated  
See this game, we regulated

Nigga, you know me  
The nigga that spell everything out? (nah)  
The nigga that'll run through your motherf\*\*kin set and bang  
Your hoe motherf\*\*kin out (f\*\*k yeah nigga)  
The nigga that's catchin these niggas and beatin em down  
'cause they wearin tanks, they don't know what the f\*\*k it mean  
Nigga, that's the f\*\*k, that's about punchin your f\*\*kin mouth  
The nigga that'll tear the club up  
Nigga, I don't give a f\*\*k if you bangin or slangin  
Nigga when I put this tank up nigga you get rowdy as the f\*\*k  
But if you think I was gonna leave this motherf\*\*ker without  
Spellin a line  
K-l you done lost your motherf\*\*kin mind

Stop the track 'cause these niggas don't know about my click black  
I down with the m to the a to the c  
It's the s to the e to the r to the v  
Fuckin with the t to the a to the n to the k  
And when I come through motherf\*\*ker and I raise my tank up high  
You best believe some a you coward motherf\*\*kers gon die

Nigga what I claim?  
Nigga I claim tru!  
I hang with niggas that's killas with tru tatoos  
I got my name big ed from what I put between hips  
I got my name assassin from the way I empty out clips  
Wear the no limit soldier, thuggin at heart  
Hittin niggas with throw aways when I toss em I break em apart  
Niggas get your guns up if you rowdy  
And when assassin hit the stores, buy the album if you bout it  
Bout it

Rowdy gangsta in this motherf\*\*ker, loco  
So I can come through and keep it tru and do what the f\*\*k i  
Must  
I bust, I keep it tru from the 'ginnin  
Snoop dogg, the representer from long beach city  
A tru tank dog, bank y'all in y'all face  
If y'all try to come close, y'all can't run this race  
I place my self above the stack  
With my homeboys mac and sack you fact, we strap for strap  
We got your back, don't even flip out or trip out  
Or dip out, these niggas lookin at me strange  
My game to maintain, I let it go, I sell it don't tell it  
Y'all can't touch it motherf\*\*ker, or bail it, for real

Biggest mama, drama two guns here I come  
Put down for my last son, the camouflaged one  
Mac the don, get your shine on 'cause it's your time  
And i'ma get my rhyme on and spit like nine  
Cocked nine millimeters the ghetto diva  
Mia x-rated, golden platinum plated  
Face it, when they hear me on the k-l track  
All them niggas grab they head and jump back  
Hollin woah 'cause it's goin down like lips to dick  
I'm so tight I make you bitches never wanna see the mic  
And spit, the matter lesson rhymes next to mine  
I'm mama superior, you hoes is fearin the  
Lyrical warfare I exhale  
Some fake bitches like you name is mel  
Battle anybody, hip hop or glock  
On tru i'ma close your shop, woah