

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 spillers
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