

Rat Faxx

Mozzy

You know I'm bickin' back boolin'
Me and my posse
Don't let us wiggle through that motherfucker
Hell gang raised hell homie
Tear this motherfucker up
Them niggas know
You know you know

I'll tear this motherfucker up, ask blood
Last time we slid through, we taxed blood
Yous a motherfuckin' rat blood
I just seen your ass on the rat faxx blood

Gotta keep a yicki on you when you selling crack
Niggas still gone fell off, I just fell back
Dropped out of school, I was held back
Then I started turkey wrapping 1 packs
Wouldn't believe what they got my nigga bail at
I'm online finna send a side care pack
It's a lack of real niggas since they killed Jack
If niggas sign me right now I'ma still trap
They can sign me right now and I'ma still funk
Hate to put it all on the line but it's real though
If you ain't slidin' for your side yous a weirdo
It's real nigga rhymes oozing out the stereo
Comes with extra charges when you scratching off the serial
Me and dudes counting dirty money eating cereal
Head shots nigga fucking up your physical
Might as well pull the plug when it's critical

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Money on the Western Union for the homie Ru
That's a round of applause when the homie shoot
Definitely know that I'ma do it when the homies do
A couple niggas that'll slide, I only know a few
My lil gunner he a shooter and he told it too
He goon bodies, just slipped like he supposed to do
Been on the hill, we in the field and you ain't never there
And niggas running when the see us, niggas hella scared
You fuck with niggas who tellin', that's second hand snitchin'
Ain't got a hoe his homie do he's second hand slippin'
You don't live what you rap, I don't hear you niggas
Get taken nervous every time a nigga near you niggas
It's shooters in the car every time we move
Real recognize nigga who is you
We aren't familiar with them niggas who don't bust a tool
We play chess and play it cool but I don't fuck with you

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Kept me in a dungeon along with dog food and my drawers
Couple stacks in my palm, pushing until they off me
Real stitch slip I ain't with all that talkin' niggas
Ratting on your boys, 'bout time to lay some poison
Had to get rid of all the work before the damn boys hit
Packin' niggas out we making bitch niggas forfeit
Think we in the gang so when my young niggas scoring
Moving packs on the under I'll pull up in a foreign
Task on a nigga hard, ten large to beat the charge
Got niggas in the yard that do this shit for the squad
Keep a lid on my mind, broad day we do the job
Sit back and watch Fox 12, got us on watch
All I know is the block, all they heard was some shots
Ain't worried bout the cops, be he drop when I pop
Young nigga call the shots, off top we get it popping
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