

Multikillionaire

Natas

(Mastermind)
Get ya mail boy
Natas... Forever
You see, everything around me
Rules, by the money
Man, I just think about the capers
How we do for the papers
Then later repent my sins with prayers
All wickedness
It's forgiveness It's
Kill or be killed
Best be skilled with ya business
Who moves the product wit the quickness
Who fit us
Who about to get the riches
Who real who fictitious
I need to know right now
Wit all the cheap chumps
And petty punks
Step to the front of the crowd
And all the broke niggaz be quiet
Bitch this a carjack get out ya shit
And let me ride it
I'll show you where all the money at
And all that and then some
Show you how to creep up
On the come up wit ya income
You need to know the players to fuck with
You need to learn the bitches that suck dick, nigga
You need to know the game
Or learn it quick
'cause out here, yo luck ain't shit, nigga
So many lives were lost for this
So I'm goin put it down
At all costs 'cause if
A nigga get lost in the mist
He'll be another victim of these streets
And can't reap war benefits
soldiers in this war
We battle for nights
You can't make a mil amore
If you never had it in sights
Let's make a deal wit your life
I'm feeling ill I might
Do some dirt with my steel
And peel you off if the price is right
Just to let you know where my mind at
I'm gone
Never talk about the lik I hit on the phone
Snitches get the chrome to their face
Watch them shit and piss
You need to roll alone through this wickedness, nigga
Set ya self up for drama
Ya fool living
I kick the game too tight
I see the future too vivid
I'ma just ride

My course to die
If we all live short lives
Natas immortalized, nigga
Forever
Never die
Forever
Getcha mail boy
You can take this to the bank and cash this
You'll never take the multikillionaire status
You want bitches to you
How feed you
The devil told me "Mastermind my son them niggaz can't see you"
Put the heat to em
Or let my killers do them
Another piece of history
Another unsolved mystery
You miss me
Get at me in the next life after death
Am I, going to hell
Ask yourself
The game done got hot
I'm like fuck the fame fuck the props
Just cash me up on my service n I'm back on the block
All sacrifices are made
All bills paid
I'd rather be a multikillionaire
With the ill pay
Forever
Never die nigga
You see
Everything around me
Rules by the money