

Mac 10 Wounds

The Alchemist

That's Italian. You want pump or auto?

It's nickel-plated, snub-nosed, otherwise the same as the service revolver

They're brand-new. We just got them in

That'll stop anything that moves

Just touch the trigger, the beam comes on and you put the red dot where you want the bullet to go. You can't miss

That.38-it's a fine gun

Look, I got shot in the helmet, and I ain't feel a thing
Sold crack to my mama and I ain't feel ashamed
You niggas talkin' like killers, but won't kill a thing
Might go to the nigga show just to steal his chain
I'll be the first one blamin' a shot
It's like in Juice when Raheem gave the hammer to 'Pac
Watch how I stand in the spot, put the grams in the pot
Flip it twice, might take my bitch to Atlanta to shop
Clips with 30 shots jammed in the Glocks
Bricks from the cartel, naked ladies stamped in the blocks (woo!)
Ain't nothing 'bout me weak, nigga
Wig shot, I left that spitter in the weak nigga
I'm just here to get the safe from you
If I don't get it then I'ma just take the bone out your face from you
Them fuck niggas in the hood, they'll fake love you
Next thing you know, they in your bushes tryna wait for you
You got pussy in your heart, homie, I can't trust you
You lose a part on your body when the K cut you
I say "fuck you!" nigga
I might drop you from the top of your projects, they'll have to scrape up you
Big dutch and a dick suck what I wake up to
Fifth tuck when the shit buck, it'll break up you, uh
Griselda nigga, that's the set
Clap the TECCs, savages crash and rest
Snatch the baby out the bassinet

Look, I don't fuck with a nigga if we ain't been cool
I ain't got shit for a nigga but Mac 10 wounds
I spit the illest shit, I vision it before I even pen them sentences
I close my eyes and the pen move (yeah)
I see you niggas and your thin jewels
Don't make me show up to your show with like 10 goons
Light up the sour and inhale it twice
A little savage hit a nigga in his melon twice
Shout out to 'chine on his pedal bike
His trap hanging 'round his neck, using the strings from his yellow Nikes
Niggas went from selling weight to mailing kites
I'm putting on so when they home, I can set 'em right (free the homie)
Who you playing with, homie? We ain't the same, you a lame
Get the fuck up outta my lane, you know the name
You say you got guns, it ain't a thang
I will aim, I keep Macs around me like Wayne, mothafucka

... fucking E. Coli
Yo, you wanna get fucked up, yo
Drive down to Arizona, get what I mean?
First off, work out outside, come back inside
Get you a little fever
Then take you down to Arizona
And then my man Rico pull up to you with at least four to seven E. Coli's
Take those
And then...
Go to the fucking...