

# Realms Of Junior M.A.F.I.A.

## Junior M.A.F.I.A.

Ladies and gentlemen  
You are now listening to the sounds of  
The Notorious B.I.G. and the Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
Jealous niggaz recognize, freak bitches fantasize  
Uhh, ahhUh, one two y'all, you know I rocked 'cha  
Step in the realms of Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
One two y'all, you know I rocked 'cha  
Step in the realms of Junior M.A.F.I.A. One two y'all, you know I rocked 'cha  
Step in the realms of Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
One two y'all, uhh  
Uhh, uhh, yo  
(Check it out) Easy livin', bitches givin' pussy like it's free  
My GS3 gleams perfectly  
Lil' Cease get raw like the stems  
Land's and Lexus' flexed with the M A F I A  
Blunts make my day  
Friday to Friday, stay bent, baby  
Plus stylish, sippin' on Bailey's Irish  
My wish, filthy rich by sixteenSwimmin' in cream, fuck a dollar and a dream  
Song knockin' on hoe's answerin' machine, uhh  
True baller, bitch page might call her  
A little shorty but I like my bitches taller  
Nastiest, the flashiest, you got blunts pass them shits  
While Big fuck your bitch, uhh, uhh  
While your nigga take flicks  
Uhh, yeah, Junior M.A.F.I.A. clique One two y'all, you know I rock ya  
Step in the realms of Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
One two y'all, you know I rock ya  
Step in the realms of Junior M.A.F.I.A. One two y'all, you know I rock ya  
Step in the realms of Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
One two y'all  
Uhh, uhh, uhhI admit, back in the days I did stupid shit  
Now I changed, I'm into bigger and better things  
Like rockin' Cuban change, bitch copped the Range  
Del Vec was set with the Lex and diamond rings  
Pop Moet with my bitch when it rain  
Drink away the pain, got mad stress on my brain  
A little niggarole for dough  
Copped ki's across seas, in San DomingoFrom a Cuban kid named Sallio, sell mad perrico

Coppin' 'bout four bricks, then I called Nino  
Meet me at the airport, feds is on the stalk  
I almost got caught 'cuz the dumb bitch talked  
How much you make and what we do and where we live at  
How much my Vee cost and where my cash stash at  
But the feds still couldn't get nuttin'  
J.M. still stuntin' and frontin' One two y'all, you know we rock ya  
Lil' Jamal and Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
One two y'all, you know we rock ya  
Lil' Jamal and Junior M.A.F.I.A. One two y'all, you know we rock ya  
Lil' Jamal and Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
One two y'all, you know we rock ya, rock ya  
Lil' Jamal and Junior M.A.F.I.A. Mally G, the villain, keep niggaz feelin'  
My trigger finger enhancin', peelin'  
Your dome piece with the chrome piece fat  
I'll fuck around, black, catch a Mac to ya back  
Lethal weapon with the eighteen leather  
Scheamin', bustin' on whoever out the Jetta  
Window, think slow sink low  
Fuckin' with raw dog 'Mal you ain't know, ahh Remember this, funkabist lyricist  
Blow the premises out the frame wit' this  
Killer seen with the guillotine shotty  
With Junior M.A.F.I.A. rockin' ya whole fuckin' spot  
Cockin' the Glock, fifty, bust, hit the dust to spit shit murderous, huh  
Now do you think that you can fade Jamal, I fade dem all  
And if I have to kill 'em all, I shall One two y'all, you know I rocked ya  
Step in the realms of Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
One two y'all, you know I rocked ya  
Step in the realms of Junior M.A.F.I.A. One two y'all, you know I rocked ya  
Step in the realms of Junior M.A.F.I.A.  
One two y'all  
Uhh, uhh, uhh I got that venom rhyme like Sprite got lemon lime  
Donna Carradine, keep her hair done all the time  
My rhyme, somewhat Shakespearean, blood I'm smearin' in  
Tongue-kissin' my lawyer, at my hearin'  
In this day and age, my rap is like the plague  
I married this shit, y'all niggaz still engaged  
Turn blowouts to 360 waves  
How this 12 gauge feel sittin' on ya tongue, on ya lips 'n' Dippin' with money L in the green beamer  
Sippin' Zima's, on our way to see Katrina  
She said she need a, "Freak like me," like Adina  
Fucked her, by mistake she had a twin named Regina  
I seen her, lights excite all the freaks  
Squirtin' on curtains, lips, tits and sheets  
Compete, meet death, ya dead, ya die

Don't fuck with B-I, that's that

Lyrics provided by  
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