

White Chalk

Junior M.A.F.I.A.

I got more glocks and tecks than you
Still seein' bodies wit' da muthafuckin' chalk around 'em
I got more glocks and tecks than you
Still seein' bodies wit' da muthafuckin' chalk around 'em I thought I told you
Never to trust, nobody but us
Now the gats must bust
Malicious black viper venomous
There's gonna be a lotta white chalk and brains on the sidewalk
I know you hear me, nigga talk Nigga I'm weak-in, can't move my mouth to speakin'
They caught me creepin', deep in the hood peepin'
Larce was sneakin', they took me off my feet-in
But fucked up because my heart's still beatin'
I can't sleep, thinkin' how I'mma creep
Burners to squeeze but can't get up to help my ememies Psychopath, when the days of wrath
Resolve the conflict, I'mma lick who did it
And who da fuck was wit' it till they dead covered blood red
Pumpin' lead till them bastards ain't got no head
The raw deal, bad era switched to terror
You could pray all day but still gone die anyway I got more glocks and tecks than you
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Still seein' bodies wit' da muthafuckin' chalk around 'em When I come, I'm comin' right
Fuck tip toein' in the night
I tear'em up in broad daylight
Snakes too crudoo for you
Nigga catch Deja Vu
When I'm aimin' my gat at you It's time ta make it happen
Fuck the yappin'
I'mma, step the fuck up and start clappin'
Double action
Two fo' fo', we robbers for satisfaction
Clickin' off reaction All those robberies we breezed
Backed down DTs
Feelin' the murder disease
Thou shall die when I catch you
And lick you in your eye

Nigga, nice try
 Our whole life, and thinkin'
 Centered in drugs
 Twin mack loaded slugs and buckin' at them other thugs
 Engraved, with the mark of the beast
 The shots I released increased aimin'
 For dey head piece I got more glocks and tecks than you
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 I got more glocks and tecks than you
 Still seein' bodies wit' da muthafuckin' chalk around 'em Murder's the death penalty
 Don't need nobody
 Helpin' me but the other half of snake and me
 Us two combined, shots ta lick
 Junior M.A.F.I.A. clique
 Now who goes the road against it Niggaz got drama
 I'ma kill his baby first
 And then his momma, ain't no time for bitchin'
 Callin' police and snitchin'
 You live by the gun, you die by the gun
 Don't do this killin' shit for real, why do the shit for fun? Try ta murder my blood, can't let it slide
 Family pride committin' grisly homicide
 Blunted, lame niggaz get hunted
 Autopsy shows he felt the black rhinos
 Fuckin' witta pro, I hit, I don't miss
 Niggaz spit clips disappear in the mist, check it I showed you rugged put you fools in dirt
 Tryin' ta put in work
 But only gettin ya fuckin' self hurt I got more glocks and tecks than you
 Still seein' bodies wit' da muthafuckin' chalk around 'em
 I got more glocks and tecks than you
 Still seein' bodies wit' da muthafuckin' chalk around 'em I got more glocks and tecks than you
 Still seein' bodies wit' da muthafuckin' chalk around 'em
 I got more glocks and tecks than you
 Still seein' bodies wit' da muthafuckin' chalk around 'em For my niggaz, Nino Brown, Lil' Ceaser
 B.I.G., Buggy, Capone, Cheek Del Vek
 Lil' Kim, Kleptomaniac
 Motherfucker

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