

# What Makes Me

## ParanormL

See most wanted  
It's the epitome of this rap shit  
Get it M R dot M A N  
We bring it to anybody that want it  
B double O N I C  
'Cause we real, check the stats  
Mister Man, Boobonic  
What makes you a thug nigga?  
The sounds of guns bustin' adrenaline pumpin'  
And give a fuck about nothin'  
What makes you a killa?  
The feelin' that I get when I touch somethin'  
Or how I give it to anybody that want somethin'  
What makes you a smart nigga?  
How I got rid of the hammer  
And got a one way ticket down to Atlanta  
What makes you a rich nigga?  
The fact that I'm not a bitch nigga  
I do it solo ain't worried 'bout a snitch nigga  
I'm the one who can stand the hit and fry somethin'  
Fuck rap you wanna see if I'm real? Try somethin'  
A G A N G S T E R we are known to leave a nigga in the E R  
B double O N I C nigga, actionious style leave you in a creek nigga  
Teenager, you ain't ever seen stranger  
Iced up cell phone triple a pager, my blood boil easily hate  
'Cause agility freezin' me hoes never teasin' me  
Think I'm here to amuse you? I crack you the fuck up?  
I'll put out my steel and I'll smack you the fuck up  
Thug baby, I gotta head for the streets  
Gotta head for business well that's dead when we meet  
'Cause one shot ill have all your business in the streets  
Comin' out slow like a fuckin' loosely  
Close your eyes gotta surprise I dare you to peep  
I put the tec in your mouth now I dare you to speak  
Niggas under pressure look they back sweatin'  
Try me? That's a gamble that lack bettin'  
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Thugged out  
Mister Man keep a clip wit 50 in it  
Have ya clique like that's between y'all we ain't in it  
Wish my squad would say that we don't even play dat  
Like you talk fly and all we jus lay back  
Talkin' 'bout what you do to me nigga, now why you say dat  
My clique jet out rounds for y'all they don't play dat  
All about loadin' cock and start spittin'  
Here's somethin' scream fuck y'all niggas and start dippin'  
Hit the bar to relieve my stress and start sippin'  
And get outta town before the cops start trippin'  
We don't play, we don't care, I'll kill you, right hand to God I swear  
See myself on the run before I see any jail  
Can't see myself callin' home for bail  
I promise you the pain is almost over one more verse motherfuckers  
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It only take one thing for mister man to come spark ya  
If my doe light I got to make shit darker  
Runnin' leave you wit a wheel chair or a walker  
Persuade me to chill? You must be a fly talker  
You heard this before I'm in your crib waitin'  
Two things for you glock no patience  
Seese what beef? That shit means Nathan  
Thugs don't talk we just ride till we die  
Drink till we drunk smoke till we high

Pop till it clack, push wigs back  
Put the gun in your mouth and say point where it's at  
The ice wrist shit nigga come on about dat  
Aiyyo, I love my kids mister, I don't doubt that  
I gotta eat too nigga how about dat  
For that ransom doe, kids get kidnapped  
Your wife act crazy, wife get smacked  
Your clique don't like it, your clique get clapped  
Or I cock back just to throw flames  
In case you got a urge to snitch and drop names  
Leave you open minded nigga wit no brains  
Shame, your man was slippin' I shot 'em  
Callin, tellin' my dog I got 'em  
Hit 'em up top and work my way down bottom  
Want it wit Mister Man? See nigga that's a problem  
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