Untouchable

Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes

Machiavelli, I'm in the studio drunk then a motherfucker
Ready to freestyle this shit and do it wild,
Live, for all my dogs, for all my dogs out there raising hell,
Just to see ya young nigga, raise the bail
Stepped out on the streets, fresh from jail,
All the police want to rag and tell,
Not knowing that I stacks my mail,
All these niggas want to see me fail..
That's just the intro, as I sit back and rock this instrumental...After the fire comes the rain, after the pleasure it's pain,
Even though we broke for the moment, we ballin' the game,
Time to make yo mind military, be prepared for the busters,
Similar to bitches too scary and too near me be rushing,
Visions of over-packed prisons,
Feigns and niggas thug livin',
Pressures and 3 Strikes, hope they don't tell us,
They call it heater, ammunition at grace,
Move without a sound, let me slide down, pistols in place,
They got me feignin' for currency, the money it goes,
It's like I'm a, dreamin' senior season me ballin,
Official hated, and my enemies be hated, got the cops .4-5 stanchin' niggas pagers,
Laid with a mark, soon as we start, but it's hard to quit,
Started out drinkin' 40's, the hardest shit,
God Damn now I'm a grown man, I follow no man,
Nigga got my own plan, in my hand,
Got the .45, I get it live to survive, make these niggas die,
While gettin' high though we cry,
When these thugs bud, niggas'll leave in they casket,
That's what you get for being player hatin' bastards,Me and my click so legit, we keep a 50 on us,
These niggas know, you can't touch us,
When they get to come against us, these niggas be defenseless and senseless,
Knockin' niggas back on the fence,
My whole click be sick, and though we rip whole crews,
Niggas knew we came through drinkin' 22's of brew,
And though we drink Hennessy, we provide our enemies with mo' shit,
Though all the world so legit,
I read my name out, Makaveli with the Thug Life tatted on the bottom of my belly,
Can these niggas understand this, my whole family is sick and so Scandalouz...
Let's introduce my click, Kastro, when he blast y'all niggas run to hide,

Napoleon will provide the game,
Let me explain while Edi provide shit for the needy and take from the greedy,
Khadafi, he's not sloppy and not a copy, he's the only one bring a gun, if you want it,
Young Noble bring the soul to the troop, let 'em know we come through in a bucket of BMW's,
We trouble you, the "W" for West Side, niggas die when they try to infiltrate my crew,
We never hide, we ride, and die together,
And when you see my click we always ride forever,
Me, my whole click is sick, we smoke sisamy, can you convince the G,
That they can come against meYou can't see me on TV or live, niggas die when they try to come against me,
Never hide, in my own zone in my own dome,
In my mind I'm a Don, niggas knew it once,
I came all out, splashed on niggas, will I dash on niggas,
Once I mash these niggas, I'll be badder nigga,
It's me, Machiavelli, a.k.a The Don of this whole click,
Nigga you's slow sick,
That's my freestyle drunk and slow,
Just so you bitch ass niggas in the back row now,
Weather it's New York or Texas,
Ride through in a Lexus,
A BMW, I trouble you,
So and forever this Big 'ol "W"
Hu-hu-hu, my Double are cruise, I'm a big rap star,
Rockin' the grooves, niggas where ya at,
Where you are is the back, in the front when you park this shit,
I keep a gat inside my trunk legit,
Always, and though I'm on probation I still rock the nation,
Out on bail,
Though last year I was in jail,
Raise hell, until I get my mail,
Will I fail?Hell naw nigga bite my nails,
I keep a manicure, though you panic,
You're still gone die
When Pac get high,
Smokin' Indo, I roll my window down,
A smooth criminal, and though I pack this pound,
.3-5-7, .0-4-5, will I hide?
Will I die?
Will I ride?
Niggas never know why,
My whole crew, a family click,
Always sick,
Are we live though we struggle to survive in this motherfucker,
9-5 turn to 9-6, 9-6 turn to 9-7, I keep a .3-5-7 Mac 11,
Back home I got a M-O, what I say, a Mini 14, ha ha,
My Double are, ride with my crew, ride with my crew,

You don't have a clue nigga when we comin' for you,
We hit the House of Blues actin' like fools, my nigga Fatal,
Put a gun inside a club, I keep his fuckin' pre-nadle,
Had to bang inside a chest, now I, bang as Veli, no-no-no,
With Machiavelli I told him don't bring that gas out of Veli,
I said yo Fatal are you crazy, nigga pissin' all side in the front,
Niggas said god damn them niggas is funny as hell,What you want? You want the pump?
Hell no them niggas don't want no beef,
That's why we left that motherfucker in a Rose,
A Limo I mean, well pick this out, to me,
I was sittin' in the back, then on some hits,
I did a dope as show, them niggas will always remember me,
Came from India, Felizimo, was the call, yeah nigga I got Vasache on,
On mighty all them niggas want to fuck with me, y'all know,
I always represent my people to the fullest,
Yeah I'm that same motherfucker that took five, bullets,

Songwriters
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