React

The Mallard

{Ladies and gentlemen
Welcome aboard official nasty airlines, flight one eighty eight}
Kill it in the club, baby show some love
My real thugs, where you at? Baby throw ya guts
To all the ladies in the spot, show me what ya got
Big cats in the back, get rocked what, react
Kill it in the club, baby show some love
My real thugs, where you at? Baby throw ya guts
To all the ladies in the spot, show me what ya got
Big cats in the back, get rocked what, react
Real thug shit unplugged
Ladies lust, angel dust, aim and bust
Bitches who nod, the bulletproof ride's coke in my eyes
And got me shootin' at a ghost cause it looks alive
To cloak? No leaks in gun smoke
Here to get those, snakes get it the most
G's overdose, we wreck toast to deaf notes
Tech blows, I only put a hole in your leg so
{Ladies and gentlemen}
It's going on right now
Official nast' don't be playin' around, we lay it down
Dead you, for the whole win, leave you frozen
Crime scene reporter snap shots like you posin'
You got in the way, sorry to say
You shoulda known, shinin' on sonsee's not in the day
All the niggaz in my zone, my close affiliates
Be rippin' it illin' it adrenaline spendin' and killin' shit
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Yo, yo
I'm on some other shit, run up on your mother shit
Hockey mask, black tape, tapin' up your baby brother shit
Two guns, one in your face, one in my waist

Empty the safe, hit em with the lock he caught a stray shot
Fucked his girl and made him watch, made a death wish
I cut his throat now wear that like a necklace, respect this
Twenty two shots bodily harm, goodbye to your legs
Goodbye to arms goodbye to your moms
The shit'll happen so fast, the gut blast left his brains on the glass
In a dash I snatched the cash and fled off in a flash
The only thing I ever lost I couldn't find was time
Son some crackers locked me up that's how I lost my mind
Hit him from behind four times and toss the nine, fuck him
He didn't listen told him give me the shine
The sick shit is when the police, came around to get me
The killers who was with me, snitchin' sayin' it was fifty
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Fuck the rap skit, X and the drug complex
When convicts'll start conflicts, kill they own accomplice
Life in the drain niggaz money's got my gold chain thicker
Whole brain sicker, hall of fame nigga
From coast to coast I keep the toast
My weekly gross, leave you deeply froze
Half dead close to ghost, yo you heartless
Your heart pump piss, regardless if you a thug or rap artist
I seen death, almost died twice tonight
Sell my own mother out if the price is right
I hate life, gimme the lock
About to join biggie and 'pac and you comin' like it or not
G E T off me! let me go, don't hold me back
Where my real thugs at? Baby throw ya gut
Sticky fingaz, from out your darkest fears
I make you meet your maker, make you meet the man upstairs
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Killin' it
{Ladies and gentlemen
Welcome aboard official nasty airlines, flight one eighty eight}
Word up yo, official nast'
Gettin' cream, onyx, we move with the many crews
We let you know right now, we shuttin' shit down
Nine eight, word up get your shit straight
You think your shit hot? Stick your shit up
What? Bring yo' shit to the club
Bring yo' heat to the street
Official nast', shuttin' shit down, what?
{Ladies and gentlemen
Welcome aboard official nasty airlines, flight one eighty eight}

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