Oh My Lord

Junior M.a.f.i.a.

Why niggaz wanna clock me?
Like that dance called the Chachi
Don't they know I break motherfuckers into parts like Rocky
Part I, part II, part III, niggaz can't fuck with me
My style's knock-kneed plum crazy
(What?)
Who's that wild ass motherfucker catchin' wreck
Stickin' Jamaicans for sound sets outside discoteques
It's Klep the death specialist, Stallone and Stone shit
Stayin' high representin for the nine-quint
Ras bad guy, burns the house down like Left Eye
Why try mimic? MC's get broke like speed limits
(Uhh)
Niggaz can't fuck with my metaphors
Canin MC's like they in Singapore Klep
Been through more wards than Humphrey Shore
Put together catchin' leathers
On the regular, got that net, push me round and Dread
Stressin' a trick hoe, what the Dread won't know won't hurt
Robbin' his workers for they work, now, whose turf is this?
It's Klep's, the clothes wreckers'
Life interceptor, pussy collector
Got your bitch on my dick and I ain't even stressin' her
Check enough sex in her, my styles are regular
Junior M.A.F.I.A. clique moves in like the senator
Niggas say, "Oh my Lord"
Throw gats to Guiliani
Flows tighter than bitches Punani, try me, die G
Dangerous, since my daddy bust me out
The tip of his dick, Biggie Smalls with the wickedest shit
Spit clips, niggaz split like bananas
Flavour like Tropicana, orange, mango, peach
I strangle each negro for they dough
Niggaz get to bendin', got two cases, one pendin'
560 V-12 engine, women spinnin'
In 9-2-9 Mazda's, Tammy and Natasha
The menage-a-trois around my waist
Like Ill and Al Skratch smokin' 50 sacks in the back of Ac's
Windows cracked, so sit back relax

Yo Vec, crush the hash, the Beretta's in the stash
Niggas say, "Oh my Lord"
Niggas say, "Oh my Lord"
Niggas say, "Oh my Lord"
Niggas say, "Oh my Lord"
What you doin' with yourself? Stone heart's the way to wealth
Indecisive thoughts make sentences get dealt
Money makes the world go round, robbin' shit
Fuck a job shit, niggaz want cribs, bricks and spliffs
All-wheel automobiles, traction control
For clay roads, rollin' with dough, kickin' game
On the cell with bitches on hold, that's how we roll
(Uhh)
Rhymes got tight as hell so to the bank I stroll
(Uhh)
Money on my mind, open lips from my eyes
Reveal pupils shaped like dollar signs
The world is mine
Niggaz frontin', feelin' twelve gauge pellets
BIG is repellant, to all that, "He say, she say"
We play, Russian roulette, fuck the threat
Your whole crew's vagina, you and your co-signer
Nigga, we rollin' in eight and a halfs, TV's in the dash
Three G's in the stash, see we love the cash
No coke, then get some more
Niggas say, "Oh my Lord"
Niggaz don't know 'bout my game
They don't know how complex it is
Baggin' bitches in GS 300 Lexuses
And the sex is for summer sports
Passports for drug transports to remote resorts
Bitches with Donna Karan, "Catwoman" suits, matchin' figure boots
Haircut cute, on tops and garters like prostitutes
My lyrics explicit
Got bitches bringin' they own condoms on the first visit
If Biggie bring big bowls of beef
Backin' bitch niggaz down, burners bring bundles of belief
Common thief, slash drug chief, syndicated
Went from 10 K to 24 K and motherfuckers hate it
J.M. sedated, quarantined
(Uhh)
B.I.G for President, buckin' shots past the spleen
9 millimeter dream, Mac 11 nightmares
Electric chairs, which MC's do you fear?
Big Poppa, Junior M.A.F.I.A., nuff said

Niggaz disrespect just are dead

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/