What Makes Me

Philly's Most Wanted

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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