

# M.A.F.I.A. Land

Lil' Kim

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yeah, uh  
In the M.A.F.I.A.'s land y'all  
Where loyalty is everything  
The M.A.F.I.A. forgives but never forgets  
Let me tell you In the M.A.F.I.A.'s land where there's one boss and one clan  
Yes mans, they surround us like steaks in pans  
All 'em wanna be the man right hands wash the left hands  
Loyalty's priority in this fam  
Where life's initiated ain't no givin' it back  
Once you in it like Bennet you'll soon be lieutenant  
Like me the Don Juan, Miss Yvonne  
The sweat-a the money gett-a, copin mad cheddar Stevie's all wondering how I got in this position  
One day Frank was fishin' for competition expedition  
Number one, his name is Barry Madanno  
Push the phat Milano '96 mission cost ya barizano  
I lay gently in the Bently through binoculars he seemed popular  
Givincci socks Cartier coolats  
H-class rocks and charms like Bohemians  
Sick like lukemians, receding hairlines Watch how genuine his gold mine decline  
When Frank pops the wine, I cocks the nine  
Niggas peeped it from behind and slipped their clips in quick  
One chick named Nick thought she was the shit  
Tried to play Big Poppa, don't worry  
Minutes before I dropped her the blow, blow, blow  
Like a parole the bitch violated  
So how you like it, coffins or cremated There ain't a day in my life that rolls by  
That I don't get high, sit back and won't cry  
I used to roll hard with tons of bitches  
But now it's just me and my niggas, whah  
There ain't a day in my life that rolls by  
That I don't get high, sit back and won't cry  
I used to roll hard with tons of bitches



But now it's just me and my niggas, whah  
Street murders, thug parasites, we official no fake gators  
Coppin' fire arms with dug missles, we leavin' scar tissue  
That nigga Barry still aggy about that slut  
Mob nigga what, threw the gang sign up  
The nigga chuckles, just slip the loot  
On my belt buckles and cracked his middle nuckles  
Damn how could a deal for a couple mill  
Result to such violence and throw our whole shit off balance  
Yet still, they pat me down from all angles  
Trapped inside this devil's triangle like Bo I had the Jangles  
And movin' slow to slide up on these Mexicans  
One cross eyed and hunchbacked, the other must be mixed with black  
The third nigga had missin' teeth and tatto tear drops  
Long hair, chest for like a bag of rocks before this chops  
I grabbed the keys to locks, the jewels and the rocks  
The cream in the box, etc., etc., etc. and it don't stop  
I got away with everything, the cash and the stash  
There ain't a day in my life that rolls by  
That I don't get high, sit back and won't cry  
I used to roll hard with tons of bitches  
But now it's just me and my niggas, whah  
There ain't a day in my life that rolls by  
That I don't get high, sit back and won't cry  
I used to roll hard with tons of bitches  
But now it's just me and my niggas, whah  
So now I'm titled mission acomplished  
My man was astonished  
He looked as if there was a foul aroma in the air  
Stinkin', I know what this nigga thinkin'  
Damn, she's too little, too pretty, too quiet  
The bitch is hired, mob's wife for life  
Diamond heist with Trife, contracts on your life  
We increase the price, uh  
So guess who the bitch is, but for now I be the mistress  
There ain't a day in my life that rolls by  
That I don't get high, sit back and won't cry  
I used to roll hard with tons of bitches  
But now it's just me and my niggas, whah  
There ain't a day in my life that rolls by  
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