

# Mafia Niggaz

## Juicy J

Chorus: Lord Infamous (repeat 2X)

We gotta come like we get doen and dirty for our figures

We gotta come like we be quick to pull back on some triggers

We gotta come you know dat Devil shit is still up in us

We Mafia Niggaz We Mafia Niggaz

[Lord Infamous]So damn wicked got some shit you bitches never saw

I caught you shakin sawed off's pumpin now'll we'll break the law

I cut the air off where you breath while I'm blazin on these trees

The ? ? I get from these trees'll take your leg up off

You chokin from exhaust

You lost up in the sauce

You stand against the wall

Don't play wit Lord at all

You dealin wit some now you pissin down your leg

and got a gun against your head you know dis lead is for a bloody brawl

I'm tryna go for boss

Prepare for Holocaust

I got moss and when I toss it will get em off

I'm dirty for the cause

Bitch don't you hit the pause

I'll lock you bitches in the icebox wit it full of frost

Bitch don't you know that when I'm hi I leave a dimple

Cock back dis pistol then I'll pop you like a pimple

I got the tunes in the stones

In your home wit the chrome

You alone and the rest is very simple

Chorus

[Crunchy Black]Ain't no nigga goin play wit me

Play wit me my nigga I'ma lay you in the streets

All I came for is cheese nigga dat's hard to believe

I'ma lock and unload and make your bitch ass bleed

Let ya'll know dat I came wit some shit up my sleeve

Know what I mean my nigga It's only Jus me

Slip dat knife down my sleeve

Slope you dead in your heart

Wit only dat sick shit don't get shit started

[DJ Paul]Now ever since we done came dem hataz didn't play no joke

Try to bounce to the crib

I shot around in dey home  
I'm bustin rugaz  
wit some lugaz  
Do ya  
Nigga I'ma send em straight through ya  
School ya  
Bout dis bidness  
Bout these boys  
Ya bout to witness wit these toys  
[Juicy "J"] Wit dem toys yeah we got em  
Make the noise when we cock em  
Guaranteed to kill and rob em  
Stopped em wit the sawed off shotgun  
Niggaz in the street dey found em  
On dat dog food and Vodka  
So much dope the blood was toxic  
And the mind is pure psychotic  
Chorus (fades out)

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