

# Nobody Make a Sound

## Mac

Alright, we got Mac, Magic, Fiend  
And fa sho we got 2-4-1 up in this bitch  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
And if any of you motherfuckers move  
Y'all gon get your fuckin' heads blown off  
Ya heard me? Alright, nobody move, nobody die  
If you thinkin' about breathin'  
Then I'ma open fire tonight  
Everybody's gonna die tonight Mr. Magic, you pat 'em down, 2-4-1 y'all duct tape 'em  
And if anybody move Fiend gon disenegrate 'em  
Startin' with you and you 'cuz I told y'all not to breathe  
Now I want the rest of y'all to watch them motherfuckers bleed Throw down your rollies  
Your Gucci's, your 'Sace's  
And your new Jays and your cellphones  
And anything else that cost over a hundred bones Alright, I'ma pat everybody down, so keep your heads to the  
floor  
Whoever in charge of this bitch better point me to the door  
I'm lookin' for the loot, so me and my people can leave  
But any dis-cooperation and one of you bitches gon bleed I'm 'bout that drama, ask my mama, she ain't raise no  
punk  
I'm 'bout that murder, you motherfuckers better smell my trunk  
They call me Magic 'cuz I'm known for makin' my victims disappear  
Fear? Naw nigga that shit ain't happen 'round here Now everybody lay it down, nobody make a sound  
I got fifty fuckin' rounds  
Now everybody lay it down, nobody make a sound  
I got fifty fuckin' rounds Lights beamin', we screamin', we gonna get cha  
2-4-1 we're dumpin' in the clip with the triggers  
We gotta be bad, you better get ready  
We're gonna do your ass like Jason or either like Freddy The time has come, the clock has ticked  
Man hold up, this is your last trick  
Off the hook, it's the way, let us reign  
Niggas better know this ain't no motherfuckin' game Now what I got to get it done?  
The M-1, I borrowed from Big Ed  
My chopper got a spittin' tongue  
And when it hums, it speaks ya to death I ain't got no problem with you, well maybe I do  
You got what I want  
And either till you give it up, I'ma split ya up  
And don't think that I won't Don't got much time to tell about the murder tale  
To each one of y'all

But that last motherfucker that ain't really wanna give it up  
Just be here with y'all What cha mean that nigga  
Fiend ain't got the gall?  
My nigga Mac gave the call  
Murder, murder, kill, kill, burn up all y'all Now everybody lay it down, nobody make a sound  
I got fifty fuckin' rounds  
Now everybody lay it down, nobody make a sound  
I got fifty fuckin' rounds Now everybody lay it down, nobody make a sound  
I got fifty fuckin' rounds  
I told you bitches lay it down, everybody made a sound  
So we shuttin' this bitch down, ya heard me?

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