

Mayhem (feat. A-1)

E-40

'Bout, 'bout 'bout, 'bout 'bout, 'bout 'bout
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Me and my guys be lurkin' the streets, plottin' upside down,
smilin'
Bummin' no matter Skully hoods bandanas bullets
Stockin' caps Ski masks locec out murder one classes
Those who wallop hocked up chopped tatoes permanent creased
Survival one jeans, throw away his real ooze
machines
Chinese AK zooms, razorblades, Jerry Curls, fingerwaves
And French braids, labeled him sinner look out for that motherfucker
He might rob ya, niggas come tatted up head in a body slang
Well, it's your nigga Big Bonna niggas be creepin'
up on ya
Doin' for the juggler niggas tryin' to slug ya
Catch a nigga doin' all kinds of nasty things
Ohh, what I feel is mayhem brings
You see us on the block we doin' are thuggin', the gottie
Got the whole cap wonderin', who the fuck shottie?
Lookin' for the body, tell me what they found
His head in Richmond the rest in the V-town
Thinkin' about the set up, tryin' to get my red up
'Bout my cock this tech nine and get you wet up blue
So what the fuck they wanna do
Seem like we got the vas of these niggas
Caught cash and thought we was through
So fuck this old bat shit, I'll get the gat bitch
And probably blow your brains out
Lookin' to get my cap fit
Thinkin' they all acted up
And while I'm at yo ass
I'll probably put the fuckin' slugs
In you ass
Causin' Havoc's, markin' up chaos, bringin' the ruckus
Heavy metal heathens, mobbin' under bucks
If you can't beat us then join us
Get on the team street sweepers grenades rafts and M-1 cambiums
Causin' Havoc's, markin' up chaos, bringin'
the ruckus
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Get on the team street sweepers grenades rafts and M-1 cambiums
It's a cold piece of work I just wait
'Cause the way niggas are in the baby plan ain't too safe
Niggas will run up in yo car and try to take your face
Move up out the plan so I trust no one take nothin' for granted
[Incomprehensible] expanded double 0 chill
hillside hillbilly

Like changed clammit, dammit
Us niggas is deep and do improved latex
Found out where he slept and latest wave capsTycoons, this business is really too bad
That our biatchess find our villa skates
Sit up at the roundtable and discuss
Trish ish batteries and territory issuesBy any means necessary, so in your chest I bury two buck shots
So who got six niggas next to carry
Of these wanna be's, niggas they gonna see
And if you motherfuckers put some that tatoned to meYou see these niggas can't flip doing' things that sick,
like what?
Cut off your damn dick, make you eat your own shit
But I love a little mayhem fuck it, we can do it
Don't let me get off that masso candy and some fluidCausin' Havoc's, markin' up chaos, bringin' the ruckus
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Get on the team street sweepers grenades rafts and M-1 cambiumsUh uh, A element of surprise, getting my gig
on
Split yo house in half with a dreadlock wig on
When you do ya hot ones, shoot locus
It's the reflection program dinner rolls, automatic hit the floorDump, bust, blast, barefaces
Strike, dip, mass like a mental patience
Run, quick, fast and in a hurry, biaatch
Don't worry forty vision ain't blurryIt's like military issues, make you wish you never got an example
Stalkin' niggas like a bitch do
Can only ride so long with that fake shit I take shit
To the limit with no gimmick in ninety-eight bitchSo fuck what you say and fuck what you play
I down it straight and can't wait to hear what you bitch niggas gotta say
If I can't keep it real you can kill me so feel me 'cause
I bring things to the game for my scuzzieWe'll kick a niggas door in, hit and lick you brags
Now you ridin' in a fan, pulled tight and gag
Then they pullin' up out the Glad Bags, the hefty type
But you niggas ain't got no kind of idea what
A chopped up body looks likeThen them niggas start to pull down your Levis
And bust you in the head with ruggard P 85's
Call a mortician, call mark class somebody in this motherfucker
'Bout to come up missin', best believeCausin' Havoc's, markin' up chaos, bringin' the ruckus
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