

# Intro

## WC and the Maad Circle

\*helicopter flies overhead\*  
[cop] One of twenty, I'm behind the vehicle  
And there goes the suspect, he saw us now  
\*police siren\*  
\*chopper still flying around\*  
\*chains rustling\*  
Coolio, c'mon man, hurry up!  
\*chopper makes another pass\*  
\*somebody whistles\*  
\*chains rustling\*  
\*siren stops\*  
[cop] Back here  
Police officer, come on out or I'ma send in the dog  
Police officer, come on out or I'ma send in the dog  
\*whispered "fuck em"\*  
Front em, front em!![WC]  
Yeahhhh, beaaaaa!!  
Back up in the mutha-fucka  
Crawlin up the letter to skanless  
Givin it up, straight holdin my nuts  
Dub-see nigga, still chanky as fuck  
Fresh out, so fuck the world nigga  
This is MAAD Circle to the fullest, everybody killa  
Takin it back to the days of drum loops  
And lyrical skills, before niggaz got record deals  
The dope game, when beats was the product  
And only those with mic control made a profit  
Before the shady ass contracts and restrictions  
When niggaz true to this ruled the underground connection  
Back to the days of hardcore  
So lock your doors, here comes the MAAD Circle "You know, we do whatever we do to survive"

Songwriters

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<https://damnllyrics.com/>