

The Relativez, Fuck Mack 10

[BIG WY]

Uh

I'm really not a rapper man

I don't know why these niggas be bumpin' their guns

Just another spread of the hustle

Streets forced me to do this shit so fuck it (say that, say that)

[BIG WY]

The preacher's at the alter

Your time is gettin' smaller

What I bring to you is like the weight of the rock of Gibraltar (say what?)

Mr. Inglewood Blood you's a goddamn lie

Cause the whole town confirmed you were scared of "NA'GUY"

Break Bread Mafia - nigga watch me close

You know what happens to bread when it's heated it turn to toast

And when the crumbs crumble

You wanna squash it and be humble

All right meet me at the sherm smoke out at the park in the Jungles

Keep "The Bottoms" out your mouth or get turned to a ghost

I'll kill you ?? fall out and cry with your folks

I gotta gangsterism track record

To incriminating to be put on the tracks and

We put on records

We The Relativez (yeah)

Plus Nuttz the Thief

Break Break is the Taliban political voice in the streets

You had CJ, The Comrads and Squeak-Ru

Except for K-Mack your whole roster was harder than you

You niggas is T.V.

You niggas don't believe in me (yeah)

And I'ma dump like the real song you bought from G

I'm a gangsterism over kill

Pistol no holdster steel

Bustin' out the G De Ville

Buga behind the wheel

Nigga you ain't a gangsta you's a tattoos freak

You ain't from Queen Street nigga you from Beat Street

This shit is deeper than Romeos and Croacker Sacks

This for the life of real Bloods that lay it down on their track

Who nickel and dimin', uh Blood you funny

You went from CEO to a artist deal for Cash Money

Nigga you need a pacifier

When it comes to rap you need to retire

Nigga you just rap behind my niggas practice rapid fire

With these kings in Inglewood nigga you can't win

The Relativez Mafia nigga, fuck Mack 10

[SUGA BUGA]

I - Will - Not - Lose

Hoo-Bangin'

That's what I've been tryin' to find out for the longest nigga who bangin'

All this dis shit is for the birds

Listen here punk when I confronted you

You started mumbling words

Ain't nobody gon' save you nigga

I'll die and go to hell before I let you dis me

To make you album sell

You done have three shots

"The Recipe" flop

"Paper Route", "Bang or Ball" flop

You like the lion

On the Wizard of OZ

And your wife she's a bad baby, T-Boz

And you don't bust straps

You just bust raps

And you fight pitbulls you don't push no crack

You're a real sick dude
And you just started wearing red
When you left Ice Cube
I thought it was a costume be the Blood for Halloween
Bumpin' your gun so nigga watch the ??
You reminded me at CB4
Pay your warrants
Catch you in the module
Tie you to this toilet
And when you run outta cheese you better stay O.T.
Cause we gutter niggas
That promotes the B
And you ain't too far too rich to get touched
Nigga the head up's over nigga your ass could get rushed
Relativez
Soo Woop - Soo Woop Soo Woop
[BIG WY]
Niggas still bleed
Some shit is over your head
Don't let your mouth get your ass misled
Niggas still bleed
When it's a war who rollin' with you
Cause when it's old we following through
Niggas still bleed
What the fuck you mean "Bang or Ball"?
You lil' bitch you never banged at all
Niggas still bleed
Watch yourself or get your family took
Cause we could both pull murders make the motherfuckin' beef cook