

Magno, Already

(*talking*)

Yeah, you know how we do it off in here
Magno, Young Slugga, you know we from H-Town
Down here we say already (yeah), huh
Am I the thoedest in the game, already (already)
What you expect nigga, uh yeah

(Magno)

I step up in the game tough, y'all up on that same stuff
I'ma come down, pop trunk grip grain stuff
Fuck that, I'ma switch the game from that lame stuff
Refrain from that lame stuff, Magno's the name what
I'm the coldest in the game, put your change up
No thread no needle, sewed the game up
New piece and chain what, pull up in that Range truck
Seat with that old cow booty, had to change buck
You got beef with lil' cutty, speak his name up
I'm a short nigga, if you tall I just aim up
I make niggaz change up, and switch their style
I got the game in a leg lock, reflex style
The head standard, strapped with them head hammers
Clap one have you grabbing your chest, like Fred Sanford
Confused niggaz, put em in a round room
And tell they ass, sit in a corner
Might get a deal spitting for Warner, before my whole set starve
We on the block passing rocks to cheese heads, I'm Bret Favre

(Hook)

You bout your bank (already), you blow dank (already)
You sip drank (already), by the pint (already)
You stacking paper (already), you shake them haters (already)
You looking good (already), you rep your hood (already)

(Young Slugga)

You get left in a jam box, so fuck what you fags got
In your bed at your damn spot, your girl eating his man's cock
Still like ya stash spot, my steal in a stash box
My wheels on them fast drops, no fill but I dash out
Break laws crash cops, you fake frauds use your ass drop
I walk up and punch niggaz, like the one punch mascot
Slugga is a cash crop, better get the wheel barell
From 5th Ward to Greenspoint, cutty where I live's therel
Nigga kiss the steal barell, and nope you isn't therel
You dummies chase the easter bunny, walk in some Christmas carols
Got sign switch dineros, dirty money drenched clean
You rappers ain't saying shit, like Millie Vinillie lip sing
Ma practice your ad libs, the minute she in it she lip sing
She grab the mic and grip mean, I call her the lip queen
She call me the dick king, undercover she play with dick
Keep her covered never spraying clicks, Slugga fuckers'll spray your click
Na I ain't playing shit, bang the clip at the game you with
And I don't mean pop trunk on the slab, when I say I bang the fifth
I leave you brainless bitch, the reason you say nevermind
Blazed up nevermind, might take yours but never mine

(Hook)