

# Mecedades, Camo

Mac

Woou look.

All them soldiers, put them rags up, ya heard me?  
Cause it's going down No Limit style, feel it.

Mac/(Mercedes)

All my camoflaug niggas, raise 'em high  
(And all my camoflaug bitches, raise 'em high)  
All my camoflaug niggas, raise 'em high  
(And all my camoflaug bitches, raise 'em high)

Mercedes

Camoflaug bitch, Mercedes, ever for I bitch  
You don't wanna try bitch, quick to ride or die bitch  
Don't underestimate me cause I make the B's hate me  
Make me jump all out my character, forget I was a lady  
Sexing and shady, got more game then the average nigga  
All about my cabbage nigga cause I gots to have it nigga  
Give it up, cause my girls don't give a fuck, we come through like nigga what  
We split you up with choppers, them motherfuckin core stoppers  
Only fuck with soldiers, them thug niggas that be down to ride  
And I got look (click) for all them haters wanna die  
You ride for me, I ride for you, I put that on the tank  
My platinum LP's, my Benz and my bank

Mac/(Mercedes)

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Mac

The motherfuckin Assassin, seven three O seven seven  
I first laid it down at the age of Mac eleven  
If I ever slack up that's when they kill me  
But I never let you bitches steal me, on the for real we  
In it for long paper, lyrical hits from skyscrapers  
You'll need a million fake niggas to break us  
I got my soldier with me and I got my sniper with me  
My murderer, him specialize in taking out your kidneys  
Infinitely, you shoot me down bitch, I'll be back in my ghost  
Woou, I like my rappers with some egg and some toast  
And I'm fully loaded, the only way papa taught me to tote it  
One in the chamber, cause if I'm walking into danger  
Mac's a dunk it, you know I get full of funky with these niggas  
Whether it's microphones or it's triggers  
If I die tonight tell God to bury my words and resurrect 'em  
So niggas in the next life can check 'em

Mac/(Mercedes)

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Sam

Never say die, that's the attitude, nigga, do what we have to do  
I'm a soulja, it's the Magnolia that I'm adding to  
We hustle when it's hot, this grind got bout nine niggas on it  
Come through and you goin find niggas on it  
Bout five in the morning or three in the evening  
Cross the camo, we toss the ammo, leaving 'em bleeding  
We responded to war with automatics spit rapid  
Pumping drugs or smokin it, both of 'em habits

My click attack it, on the streets or on stages  
Our fingers on triggers and our triggers on gauges  
Flipping niggas like pages, get it straight from the start  
Fuck a vest, you want me, aim straight for the heart  
Don't miss cause that's they ass if a nigga don't hit  
Camouflage, never die, nigga, fuck that shit  
We come equipped with thugs, all black, all strapped  
Fuck around Uptown and get killed with your own gat

Mac/(Mercedes)

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Mac

Wooo, and it's real.  
1999, ya heard me?  
Macadon, Mercedes, my nigga Sam.  
Camouflage off in this bitch.  
No Limit Soldiers.