

# Mercedes, Camouflage

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 camouflage niggas, raise 'em high

(And all my camouflage bitches, raise 'em high)

All my camouflage niggas, raise 'em high

(And all my camouflage bitches, raise 'em high)

Mercedes

Camouflage 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  
Camoflauged, 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)

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

Mac

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