

Mr. Lucci, Diabolical

I make them playaz lay it down for the stoney crook
you know dem dem boys known to clown cause we off tha hook
Off tha chain with Mary Jane you best ta take a look
French connection in East Texas got my body shook
Now them playaz say Uhh

(Chorus)

Ballin so hard it make ya holla
We ride for Mr. Diabolical
He's not just your average balla
We ride for Mr. Diabolical
20 inch blades on a drop top benz
Ballin so hard doing it so clean
He's not just ya average balla
We ride for Mr. Diabolical

(Verse 1)

Now who am I the ngga from D.T stacking cheese
And Flipping G's and making them C's respect me
I'ma head hunter fed stunta candy red runna
Comin through on twenties choppin boys like Benihana's
I'm burning hot like summers and sauna's while digging tunnels
And bitch niggas and flaunter and fake ass cliques with bumpas
5'7 and monstrous shakin states and continents
Mr. Lucci be bombing bitch in these fools with continence
(I swear) I'ma harm to this
(I swear) I done pourn through this
(I swear) I'll mourn a bitch
(I swear) Casue I was born to this
With enormous cliques of ballas and hustlas
Playaz and Pimps stake shrimps
And glimpse of Lucci they catch a glimpse
Only 17 but I'm still holding this shit down like a healthy king
With a wealthy team ya'll floss a whole lotta ice
But i'm still bezzletine mine ain't no dream
It's the real thang so ya'll betta check it
Mr. Lucci bringing it to ya from ~Dallas, Texas~

(Chorus)

Bitch ain't no easin me and my niggas need no reason
Open and kill season on any nigga that's breathing
I'm known for leaving niggas bleeding eternally sleepin
I'ma heathen I keep bullets fighting like kids teething
I'm quick to 'eliminate and penetrate the ones who playa hate
Find the nigga be the way and duck tape on the interstate
Now let a nigga play the wig splitter in the wrong way
See him the next day with Lucci autograph on his neck brace
From the ~Lone Star State~ I make bones break with own fools
Fuck em up in D-Town and bury em down in Long View
Death is upon you when I straight march with my stone heart crew
What's up wit it i'm here to split it cause that's what I do
L-U-C-C-I betta take a picture bitch
All niggas that's hatin Lucci is all niggas that can suck dick
Betta thank quick cause I'm coming and gunning in your direction
Shh, and hold that down while Lucci show these boys a lesson

(Chorus)

Say dog i'ma straight up ~Texan~ so ain't no stoppin when i'm flexin
Light reflecting off up the bagits in my necklace
I'ma lyric infection that they can't cure up on these dope tracks
Getting nitty and gritty putting my city on the damn map
I brang mo Bam Bam than Bigalo with these sick floes

Affiliated with kick doe's alarms, bombs and kick hoes
Can of slick loads is what I flip when I dip slow
I gots ta grip doe and handle my business be's my motto
This ain't no normal nigga I be that diabolical figure
With a whole clique of killas triggas ready to spill ya
I'll peel ya cap back with real niggas
In a milla meter of a second begin ejectin and straight wettin
Dissecting your section when you done crest me in the plexin
We told you we was soldiers at the beginning when we was noticed
Now who the coldest who the boldest and who the roughest
Mr. Lucci a*k*a diabolical mutha fuckas

chorus till end