

# Unlv, Rape U 4 Your Life

Mac melph calio gonna rape you for yo life ya bitch you  
Believe dat yeah!

Chorus

Chillin' on the set wit the fully automatic tec  
Ya better back up off before I rape ya for life ya bitch  
Chillin' on the set wit the fully automatic tec  
Nolia soldiers the melph boys the melph boys  
Calio calio

(tec-9)

Ya better watch dis mascara that's about to occur  
I'm pretty sure to buck 'em down because I got the most rounds  
Up in my chamber release my anger  
Straight at you!  
I hear the po-pos as they say my name over the dispatch  
But I'm round the way hidin' wit my boy who knows me real well  
No matter the price a real nigga will never sell you out  
'cause nigga that's not what it's all about  
We droppin' 'em down if ya runnin' off at the mouth  
Yeah! dem boys at 6 and b.b. comin' up  
You gets buck straight to the ground  
If ya talkin' about ya comin' around  
Lil' niggas becomin' bigger niggas everyday!  
Initiation spray a nigga wit an a-k  
Block parties drinkin' 40's smoke somethin' wit meeee  
We like to roll tightly without the seeds  
Like kilo I be coastin' full of that potion  
Nigga flowin' so pass the weed around to meeee  
When I'm high I'm like kurtis nigga superflyyyy  
We be deep so watch my back if we chose to sleep  
Will I live to see my 21st birthday  
Will I live to told the world what my niggas from around the way  
I got dat flava that will save ya  
Money hungry bitches blowin' up my pager  
But beep me some time and I am call you back  
But for now I'm in the hood  
Smokin' on a fat sac!

Chorus

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(lil' ya)

I'm not that average one of them lil' niggas  
So let me clerify packin' a gat  
For real black because where I'm at it's do or die  
My peeps up in that project protectin' makin' reck shops  
Its good to be alive in 96 I tot my 9 glock  
My niggas out that 3rd keepin' dem  
Blunts steady passin'  
The dope is steadily flowin'  
Mutherfukers steady blastin'  
I'm racin' for my shit I bet ya mutherf\*\*kers recognize!  
And if ya didn't know ya better ask somebody!  
In 1996 we shiners soldiers out da nolia  
I told ya I'm a roller  
But I guess ya ain't hear me though  
I'm kickin'it on a level that a buster nigga

Can't touch!  
A rebel runnin' rhymes leavin' bitch niggas f\*\*ked up!

Strickly representing' kickin' it for my niggas out the 3rd  
Servin' silly suckers jealous niggas get what dey deserve  
Pass me the disc jump in the back  
And snort a lot drain got me booted  
Now I'm zooted out my mind  
Straight out the 3rd I know ya heard  
That we a bout it  
Niggas packin' steal rapin' bitches and gettin' rowdy!  
If ya caught slippin' or trippin'  
Without the clippin' ya flippin'  
Because we bustin' and bustin'  
Never missin' always hittin' nigga!

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(yella)

A buck connection temple surely  
Another murder in your town got the streets  
A certi I'm closin' shop wit the noise  
From a large weapon it's on again  
The thirds got to teach another lesson  
I got a click thats quick to buck  
Bitch buckle up when I come  
I come aimin' strickly for the throat on up  
I'm like a tractor as I bulldozer in those streets  
Quiet is kept that I creep and knock you off yo feet  
Then meet yo name the next day at yo j-o-b  
Hurricane yella just swept through yo f\*\*kin' town  
I throw my bullets as if I'm on the pitcher mound  
Red handkerchief representin' assholin'  
The theme plus leavin' yo f\*\*kin' head swollen  
Like mo b dick I'm deavin' quick up in this gangsta shit  
My probelm solvers bullets wit dem extra clips  
I dips and dale wit my ree's strap up real tight  
I'm wit my dogs and we on bloody all night fight  
I'm full of the dope out the comost roll like a molle  
The whole third got my back we comin' through  
Watch yo back it's the mac melph calio crew  
Bustin' ya up servin' ya up wit dem choppers  
Its the third aka call us life stoppers  
I take ya to war like the desperado  
All my dogs on the scene wit the extra hollow  
Now I'm the driver of the u-haul  
Filled wit the third the backs open  
'cause we dumpin' somebody gettin' served  
One for all all for one now the jobs done  
The victorythe third somebody smoked  
Somebodys elses son  
Its the fella wit the chucks in front of the crowd  
Like the days of the 11 o 8  
The thirds goin' out  
Ya bitch you!

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