

## **Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud**

### **"Mafia Niggaz"**

Visit "[Mafia Niggaz](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Chorus: Lord Infamous (repeat 2X)

We gotta come like we get doen and dirty for our  
figures  
We gotta come like we be quick to pull back on some  
triggers  
We gotta come you know dat Devil shit is still up in us  
We Mafia Niggaz We Mafia Niggaz

[Lord Infamous]  
So damn wicked got some shit you bitches never saw  
I caught you shakin sawed off's pumpin now'll we'll  
break the law  
I cut the air off where you breath while I'm blazin on  
these trees  
The ? ? I get from these trees'll take your leg up off  
You chokin from exhaust  
You lost up in the sauce  
You stand against the wall  
Don't play wit Lord at all  
You dealin wit some now you pissin down your leg  
and got a gun against your head you know dis lead is  
for a bloody brawl  
I'm tryna go for boss  
Prepare for Holocaust  
I got moss and when I toss it will get em off  
I'm dirty for the cause  
Bitch don't you hit the pause  
I'll lock you bitches in the icebox wit it full of frost  
Bitch don't you know that when I'm hi I leave a dimple  
Cock back dis pistol then I'll pop you like a pimple  
I got the tunes in the stones  
In your home wit the chrome  
You alone and the rest is very simple

Chorus

[Crunchy Black]  
Ain't no nigga goin play wit me  
Play wit me my nigga I'ma lay you in the streets  
All I came for is cheese nigga dat's hard to believe

I'ma lock and unload and make your bitch ass bleed  
Let ya'll know dat I came wit some shit up my sleeve  
Know what I mean my nigga It's only Jus me  
Slip dat knife down my sleeve  
Slope you dead in your heart  
Wit only dat sick shit don't get shit started

[DJ Paul]

Now ever since we done came dem hataz didn't play  
no joke  
Try to bounce to the crib  
I shot around in dey home  
I'm bustin rugaz  
wit some lugaz  
Do ya  
Nigga I'ma send em straight through ya  
School ya  
Bout dis bidness  
Bout these boys  
Ya bout to witness wit these toys

[Juicy "J"]

Wit dem toys yeah we got em  
Make the noise when we cock em  
Guaranteed to kill and rob em  
Stopped em wit the sawed off shotgun  
Niggaz in the street dey found em  
On dat dog food and Vodka  
So much dope the blood was toxic  
And the mind is pure psychotic

Chorus (fades out)

Visit [Sarah Brightman % Sir John Gielgud](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.