

Shaquille O'Neal F/ K-Raw, Sonja Blade "Gon' Madd"

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[M-Child] [Chorus x2]

Associating with bullshit, got me Gon' Madd.
Associating with stupid hoes, got me Gon' Madd.
You fuck with your boy, somebody throw me some
caps,
Somebody like anything before I kick somebody's ass.

[M-Child]

I need green, like Don King, need a haircut,
So I got with the 'Kaze 'cause they be hooking shit up.
We hellified music, I got the vocals to do it,
Since a nigga got capped, a nigga kinda got used to it.
Up there on the mic, got you hyped; rocking your head.
Making so much noise, a nigga wake up the dead.
Keep an eye on you niggas that want a loaf of my
bread,
Pop on the infrared, pop it back and fill you with lead.
Nigga, you can test my nuts, 'cause they thought I was
fake,
Now they (mad?) 'cause if they got some Go-Go-
Gadget roller skates.
But me, you can't escape, 'cause now I'm in your radio,
Better take me out, press pause, or fast-forward, hoe.
I've Gon' Madd, Madd enough to buy you some plast',
Call the school; bomb threat, got my niggas outta
class.
I want it all, so I hussle try not to fall,
You try to take it or make it, your whole world pause.

[Chorus x2]

[M-Child]

And to you niggas in the rap game, shit we gon' start,
Fuck around and how you hoes doin' shows as we got,
I feel ridiculous; clocked my gift from St. Nicholas,
Hard-core lyricist, rough is how I'm bringin' it.
Kamikaze thuggin' it, niggas they be jockin' it,
Fall up in the club, groupie hoes, they be lovin' it.

Heat on my hip incase a nigga get cold,
I'ma leave the hoe froze, plucked out with bullet hoes.
Money-maker, mark my word, M-Child, the top dog;
Test nuts if a nigga jump like a fucking frog.
You better make way, give me room before I stray,
Bombs tied around my chest, blow this bitch to outer
space.
I ain't playing with you, and I ain't fucking with your
needle.
Them Mound niggas crazy, we chieffin' the reefer.
My niggas cappin' the geef, big bush, knockin' out
teeth,
Eliminate beef, I think they gone and they deep.

[Chorus x2]

[M-Child]

Now don't let me get deep, and rap until you fall
asleep,
Smoke on the Optimo and Big Game, like a crooked
priest.
If a nigga got beef, yo, we can take it to the streets,
Put a bomb in your pager and watch it blow into chow
beef.
I creep with a hundred motherfuckers out late,
Smokin' dope, sippin' syrup, not the kind you eat with
pancakes.
Taking over shit, do whatever for the cheese,
I need a bladder in the water a bitch need to breathe.
Zero tolerance, step out a lyin' ass whoopin',
You gonna be in hot water like noodles when they be
cooking.
Overlookin' my style, sick, making niggas vomit,
My clan comin' through and we clean up they Comet.
Now you can look, but don't touch, why you on it, I know
you want it,
That M-Child nigga, you won't him dead, don't he?
If you just clear my weave, it's gon' be something bad,
You fucking with the wrong one, my nigga, I'm Gon'
Madd.

[Chorus x2]

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