

## SWV F/ Lil' Ceasar

### "RAL Mafia"

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[Yukmouth]

I live the life of a hoodlum  
Take ten paces, turn around and shoot 'em  
Concrete Budda  
We threw 'em in the creak to loose 'em  
Streets polluted with drugs  
Salute 'em with thugs  
We used to  
Sleep on a rug  
A momma never said she loved  
Or hugged us  
It's just us, me and my two sisters  
I'm too whooshes  
Plus new bushes  
With .22's up in the bushes  
We ride, G's  
Menace to societies  
The real shit  
Fuck a movie, the village  
We filled with Chinese  
Essays, Niggas, Cambodians  
Or go against the police  
Thugged Out like Napoleon  
Grab the milli, from my belly, catch new welly  
Slugs in your Pelle Pelle, smell me  
Since Makaveli died, it's like the Westcoast shit died  
But RÃ©gime be the realest shit alive  
Ride or die  
So high am I, Nigga you can't tell from the eyes  
Blood shot red  
The feds gettin' bread from the pies  
Wiseguys cops risk lay-off to stay off the block  
Transportin' drop the Yay off  
You paid off the top  
Smoke-A-Lot popular on the lock  
For flippin' birds like Nadia  
Mafia, Rap-A-Lot Mafia

[Willie D]

My Nigga, my Nigga  
I'm here to say to

You try to tell it  
Can even spell it  
It's about respect  
For God knows you was talking too  
And the slap came  
We be the realest motherfuckers in the Rapgame  
Rap-A-Lot Mafia, you ain't ready for what we got for ya  
I make a motherfucker doctor ya  
See, it ain't all about records  
We run the motherfuckin' streets in Houston, Texas  
We mobilize and we been rated high  
Our adversaries die, when our pull a fry, bullets fly  
Like some motherfuckin' Blackbirds  
When we ride  
It's caskets and con words  
Mob Nigga

[T.L.T of the Ghetto Twiinz]  
Fuck peace  
See it's all about violence  
Put that Tek to you silent  
Leave you howlin  
I'ma creep upon ya (Yeah)  
I'ma put it on ya (Who)  
Drop bombs on ya like they did in Oklahoma

[Mz. G.B. of the Ghetto Twiinz]  
See ones that Nigga Yuk, look  
Somebody gon die  
You could took a try  
And kiss that ass goodbye  
You be found in your home Nigga  
Head blown from that Chrome  
Fuck with me, I'm livin' wrong Nigga

[T.L.T of the Ghetto Twiinz]  
Nigga remember me  
I'm the one, gon get ya  
You better pray that God has switched ya  
Fuckin' round with the Mafia  
You torn blood from you bitches  
Nigga what  
Bustin holes in you bitches

[Mz. G.B. of the Ghetto Twiinz]  
You better wear you vest, real tight bitch  
The Mafia gonna put it in you life bitch  
Ain't no motherfucker stoppin' up  
The only bitch puttin' it down with the Mafia  
Rap-A-Lot Mafia

[DMG of FaceMob]

Niggas sure wonder why I hang with these thugs  
Cause my Nigga Yuk fuckin' these Niggas up  
Nigga, this Rap-A-Lot, Mafia till I die  
Why? Because we ride  
Everyday do or die  
Riffles and .45's  
17-shot 9's  
Right up between your eyes  
Niggas is gon die  
Niggas come from the pound  
Hummers and S-S's  
Born to be a killer  
Fill a Nigga  
Body with holes  
Head the toe when he showed up  
Blow up your whole motherfuckin' head, quote us  
And I'ma roll, with my Niggas till the wheels fall  
Clean up the motherfuckin' car  
And in this room we bring the world war

[007 of the 5th Ward Boyz]

See the Circlepiece be the satellite  
From the 5th Ward  
Command union, how we do it, how we do it  
From the South  
Texas roll real, swing wide knock 'em out  
Double "0" and Yuk worldwide what you talkin' about  
See the .45's, see the big faces  
Catchin' murder cases, hood erasers  
Paper chasers  
With the 98, sittin' on steakes  
Ballin' in the bay with the Tek to place

[E-Rock of the 5th Ward Boyz]

Recognize the Mob bitch  
All day this thug shit  
Blisted up, trigger fingers for Niggas that start shit  
Creep this as I part quick  
Ride dopefiend, will her with a tint  
AK's and vest's  
Born in California, killed down in Texas  
Ohoh, slow your roll here come the po-po's  
Anything can happen ridin' through execution capital  
E-Rock the stupid fo', who's ridin' with this Nigga Yuk  
We the Mafia, squabble the gun  
Played out, droppin' ya

[Lo-Life of the 5th Ward Boyz]

We mob figgers  
We to take the whole world out

At 50 states all Black God  
After that, we still gon grind on the side  
To make your motherfuckers mind  
I pop the 9, you pop the 9  
And all y'all motherfuckers dyin'  
We gon drive by  
We walk up and do these Niggas out the game  
We sell 2 shot, and none left in the chain  
Cause it's Rap-A-Lot Mafia man  
Is to be fuckin' with man  
Watch who you talk to  
We kill  
If that's what it's brought down to

[Capone of FaceMob]  
Off with his motherfuckin' head with the lead  
Dead leave his Hilfiger shirt all red  
Said it's motherfucker locked in your spot  
Shot's will be dropped, right here, right now  
Paw, Niggas all the way tugged down  
Town  
Ride around town showin' out  
Pounds  
City after city fuckin' hoes  
Yours ain't a lot act like you know  
Capone with the city complete assassinater  
With paper, blow up a Nigga shit like sky pagers  
It's major, save a whole out of not  
Stop, if you think your feelin' fin popped  
Rap-A-Lot can't stop, won't, don't stop  
And we did already hit the top  
Rap-A-Lot can't stop, won't, don't stop  
And we did already hit the top  
Mob

[Lil' Chylla of the Snypaz]  
I be comin' through rages  
And Niggas thinkin' I pissed off  
I'm itchin' to get my sick off  
I be trickin' them if they trick off  
All hands about to get kicked off

[2-4 of the Snypaz]  
Nigga I got 'em  
Fuck up your body when the slugs touch down  
Runnin' up on me you feel it  
The realest and platinum bound  
With the Nigga called Yuk  
We brakin' bed and ballin  
Feds hollin'  
Bloody bodies with no heads

And calling your momma Nigga

[Lil' Chylla of the Snypaz]

Yo, who the Mob, feel her  
Rap-A-Lot Nigga  
Kick that John quicker  
I missed the bomb disher  
Flat the palms  
Money is in my figures

[2-4 of the Snypaz]

With our triggers  
Snypaz be red dot Niggas  
We the Mafia and Yuk sent your picture  
So we're droppin'

[Lil' Chylla of the Snypaz]

Maybe you speakin'  
Role one  
Kill each other, smoke some  
Po-po's pass to folks some  
Rap-A-Lot Mafia known from

[??]

We put's limits on Niggas  
We hold money over bitches  
Let the whole world recognize the realest  
When it's bangin' Rap-A-Lot Mafia  
The street's most popular  
Servin' your hood like helicopters  
Say the wrong thing and I'll slaughter ya  
Disrespect the Mob, young catch punkin' heads  
Wishin' you was dead  
Layin in bed the next  
Nigga what did I say  
To make these Niggas act this way  
Rich thugs still got me muggs  
Just to remind a motherfucker, about where I was  
Nothin' but love from my thugs  
Get your paper cause  
We laugh and drink when we rich, black and know this  
spore  
Nigga this Rap-A-Lot Mafia

[J Prince]

You ain't gotta come from Cranestreet  
200 or Circlepiece  
It's all about do you believe  
Rap-A-Lot Mafia life  
Rap-A-Lot on the streets

[Scarface of the Geto Boys]  
Recognize the Mob or get you ass mobbed on  
No love to ones who oppose  
We taggin' motherfuckers toes  
And we ain't even got a dresscode  
Just those, 1000 Niggas infront of Expo's  
Waitin' on the next goes  
So lets roll and lets go  
Ain't no sissy Niggas survivin'  
If you don't come with them you got a problem  
Solve 'em, hit 'em with the .44 revolver  
Make an amount of what believe is right before his  
daughter  
Exactly like the doctor ordered  
Dressin' your homies up in church clothes  
You took the shot, that brought the black hoe  
And that's cold, but that's the motherfuckin' thing  
Respect the Mob and Little J and the family name

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