

Tini Maine

"Red Rum"

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[Verse 1: Tini Maine]

Who's that nigga?, Mister Tini Maine
Creepin' from the fields wid the murder grippin' Jason
mask
Seventeen shot glock twelve guage buckshots
Killin' motherfuckas in they anna puttin' swords up in
they ass
Fill 'em with the damn knives and put 'em wid family
it's twirkin' and we droppin' time bombs
Til eternal flames come and get you some anna
cannon
buckin' kinda fast and there's nowhere you can run
Always stayin' strapped wid the gats in my hood
damn fool never catch me runnin' slippin'
Big Mike, Killa C, Pimp Dad, Mister Black, Tony Fields
ain't nobody slippin' on the rich
Vanish from the scene once again it's the Leprechaun
shoot ya gun, hit 'em wid revenge knock 'em dead
Ninety nine nigga smoked out, get back, pull the strap
got the chain saw to cut ya bitche's head
Blunt just rolled up tight, gimme that mic and
snort this devil's dope
Inhale, exhale head rush gimme the gun
This holy white smoke got me, chokin' in a daze
got my twelve guage tryna make a stang
car jackin' leave ya pockets on the ground
Tryna take my crown get ya ass found drowned in the
Mississippi river on the eastside ah the town
Kidnap, pistol pack, niggaz gettin' jacked
everyday in everyway and then we bury them alive
Smack him couple times while he yackin' on some
swine
caught him from the blind side, why he lookin' in my
eyes?
Murder, murder 1-8-7 the reaper's call so here it come
Laughin' blowin' out smoke and takin' his butt out
right under one red rum

[Verse 2: Psycho]

Clickin' and thinkin' bout murder maine
Lucifer got me goin' insane

The devil is dwellin' I'm talkin' bout killin'
Niggaz

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