

Yukmouth "Ral Mafia"

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I live the life of a hooler, take ten pages
Turn around and shoot 'em, concrete Buddha
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 West coast shit died
But Regime 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
Wise guys 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

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 Rap game
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

Fuck peace, see it's all about violence
Put that Tek to you silent, leave you howlin'
I'ma creep upon ya, I'ma put it on ya
(Yeah, who)
Drop bombs on ya like they did in Oklahoma

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

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

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

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

See the Circle piece 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 O 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

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 dope fiend, will her with
a tint
AK's and vest's, born in California, killed down in Texas

Oh oh, 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

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

Off with his motherfuckin' head with the lead
Dead leave his Hilfiger shirt all real
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

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

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

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

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

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 mugs
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

You ain't gotta come from Crane street, 200 or Circle
piece
It's all about do you believe
Rap-a-lot Mafia life
Rap-a-lot on the streets

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 dress code

Just those, 1000 niggas in front of Expo's
Waitin' on the next goes
So let's roll and let's 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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