

## **Banda Eva**

### **"Mr. No Print"**

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[Intro: Sicx]

Yeah.. luchini, Swartzanigga, haha  
That's why you gonna die  
C.O.S., Northgate, my nigga Fig, Tall Cann G, Capone  
I'm that nigga Sicx

[Verse 1: Sicx]

Ain't nathin funny about this money I'm tryin to make,  
straight broke  
So everything I take serious cause 4-25 ain't no fuckin  
joke  
An everyday struggle, puttin down this hustle's harder  
that it looks  
But the mo' dirt, that I do the mo' these niggaz hooked  
on bein a crook  
Skrillas my major concern I'm burnin just to get a sniff  
of that scratch, but the catcher can't see me so I'll be  
ski'n  
with my mask on; ski money gets my blast on, in a  
major way  
So my paper stays stacked, way back behind some  
boxes  
In that (?) wait that nigga in Killa Cali stay real  
Automatically kill, without no feelings still gets dirty  
Then I'm that-a-way, clockin mo' luchi than John Belushi  
made from +Blues Brothers+ so choose your mother's  
funeral dress  
Then feel my Smif & Wes, shiftin through you vest,  
rippin up your chest  
Pickin up the rest cause when I does my dirt won't leave  
a mess  
All by my lonesome most of them (??)  
blocks stay hot like rock spots, with one-time posin on  
each block  
I want G-knots, so I eavesdrops, on C-spots,  
then I'm out with 5-0 never knowin about my caper  
at home countin up that paper  
Can't wait to, go robbin through your hood  
Mr. Invisible's only concern is, to get his,  
when I get caught with them residuals nigga

[Chorus: Sicx]

So call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a clue  
In and out the cut 'fore you know who gettin who  
+Mysteries Unsolved+, that's why you never seen  
the one that they call Sicx, on yo' late night TV screen  
Call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a trace  
In and out the cut with a ski-mask on my face  
25 to life, that's not on my agenda  
That's why I'm in and out before you have time to  
remember

[Verse 2: C.O.S.]

I let your blood spill, then chase the murder with some  
8-ball  
and never leave a trace, I'm in and up outta the cut  
soon as you fall  
Leave blood all over the walls, cause my massive blows  
to the dome  
from the .44 chrome that was shown,  
but it ain't no case cause the bodies all gone  
In the trunk of the Chev', about to get thrown up off the  
lid  
cause whoever in the crib won't live  
when I kick through yo' door with some O.J. gloves hold  
onto my .44  
So call me Mr. No Prints -- cause I never leave no  
evidence  
I kill off all the witness, then I vacate the premises  
Shit, that's just another residence victim of them killas  
Gettin hit up by that (?) Swartzanigga shit  
Don't make me spill yo' blood  
and I'm hittin the bud as soon as I see them brains go  
split-splat  
See niggaz and bitches get left for dead and alla they  
kids get kidnapped  
Put a fresh (?) on our (?) cause we planned and plotted  
Premeditated then waited for the right time then we got  
'em  
Shot through the do', with the flag, hockey ski-mask on  
my face  
Cuz see, I just don't give a fuck,  
as long as they can't see us make our escape  
And that's just in case, by some slim chance we leave  
someone alive  
That's why we in and up outta the cut so fast they can't  
identify at all  
Gettin high -- count up our dollars and our sins  
Thinkin about how easy it is to murder like this  
and leave no prints, nigga

[Chorus: C.O.S.]

So call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a clue  
In and out the cut 'fore you know who gettin who  
+Mysteries Unsolved+, that's why you never seen  
the one that they call C.O.S., on your TV screen  
Call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a trace  
In and out the cut with a ski-mask on my face  
25 to life, that's not on my agenda  
That's why I'm in and out before you have time to  
remember

[Verse 3: Tall Cann G]

Call me Mr. 211 a.k.a. jack-yo-ass, 187 blast  
Hit a nigga like stick'n'move, then dash on that ass  
Gettin away, wit a ski-mask on my face  
If there ain't no description then there ain't no fuckin  
case  
Fin' ta hit your block tight, with my Glock hidden up  
under my seat  
Let it pop 'til you drop, 'til you dead up in the street  
Guts and meats all over the concrete, ain't no time to  
sleep  
upon this nigga with this trigger love to swig that malt  
liquor  
Cause I'm sick with that Olde English shit, heads gon'  
split  
Black chrome spit, 'til you layin up in a ditch  
So fuck your whole click, fill 'em up with them 16 slugs  
Kill 'em up with that Siccness love - do or die  
Who the fuck am I? - Tall Cann  
21st meet your worst nightmare, leave 'em right there  
Bloody up in the mud, cause this nigga ain't got no love  
Wear my gloves, cause I'm bouts to gets my hands  
dirty  
Guts all over the place, face ready for plastic surgery  
Never showin no mercy, in a hurry to do my dirt, then  
I'm out  
Put my strap deep in yo' mouth, try to take yo' tonsils  
out  
So watch for the ricochet, for my niggaz they dumpin  
with no clue where they comin from punk  
Then I'm out your block with an empty Glock  
y'all niggaz knowin nothin

[Chorus: Tall Cann G]

So call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a clue  
In and out the cut 'fore you know who gettin who  
+Mysteries Unsolved+, that's why you never seen  
The nigga Tall Cann on that late night TV screen  
Call me Mr. No Prints, I never leaves a trace  
In and out the cut with a ski-mask on my face  
25 to life, that's not on my agenda

That's why I'm in and out before you have time to  
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