

Berg Matraca

"Bonus Track"

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(*talking*)

Down South Cartel baby
Put your game face on, what
Corleon, H-A-W-K, Godfather baby, C. Whodi

[Hook]

In H-Town, we got them cakes brah
We charge em high, out of state brah
Look at the money, we can make brah
Holla, if you need that weight brah

[Godfather]

I had to switch the game, playas ain't on my level
I can make a nigga, take a trip to the devil
Here in the route game, make a brick from a pebble
Like UNLB, Godfather I'm a rebel
White collared crime, look at money like Melo
Buried itself, dug a hole with a shovel
Crack I use to hustle, was the pieces to the puzzle
Killas in my yard, pits don't wear muzzles
Win a lot of fights, get the chips like Ruffles
Potato on the nozzle, so the gun sounds muffle
Off eight balls, in the hood I juggle
Guard the sent, with Saran wrap and Snuggle
Family live around, a lot of rocks like the Rubbles
Menage tois, hit girls by the double
Wear and cock the glue, for a thirty Lex bubble
Just a mama's boy, you don't want no trouble

[Hook]

[H.A.W.K.]

Here in my city, show motherfucking respect
Welcome to the state, called Big Ballin' Texas
Rams and pyrexes, rocks up in our necklace
Live up give up, catch one in you solo plexers
Hummers Benz and Lexus, hogging up the lane
Quarters halves and ounces, hogging up the game
A lot of thangs done changed, but I remain the same
Spitting nothing but flames, still moving cocaine
So my satisfaction, is fucking with the fraction

Addition subtraction, equals up to stacking
Homeboy you lacking, still out here jacking
H.A.W.K. I was packing, so what's crack-a-lacking
Freeze that lip smacking, if you ain't paid
Or I'll take action, rain on your parade
Put a hole in your fade, or a slug in your braids
For fucking with a nigga, that's already made

[Hook]

[Mike D]

Six ki's on the street, packing my heat
I can't be beat, still staying on feet
I'm back in the kitchen, whipping up another knot
Off lock down, and I'm still on my grind
I guess they ain't heard about, them niggaz in that Dirty
3rd Coast, we got that yay by the boat
It's in Mexico, ain't in Florida no mo'
Ain't in California, cause down in Texas we got the
dope
I told y'all, to hit us on the beep
Plant 1-5-3, where you gon get it cheaper
Coffee mug beaters, interstate bleeders
City to city head to head, dope game feeders
Twelve aimed at y'all, when I handle that raw
Hundred zippers out the brick, coldest head you ever
saw
I'ma beat me a nigga, cheat me a nigga
Let them 40 glock shells, straight up eat me a nigga

[Hook]

[Chris Ward]

It's C. Ward my nigga, you know the block flooder
I turn pure raw yay, into rocks of butter
The cocaine cutter, there is no other
Nigga like C. Weezie, that got nothing but love for the
Cash my nigga, trying to stack and add
To the stash my nigga, come up short
You might get brains, bashed my nigga
I'll be all around the block
In and all about like Jumping Jack Flash my nigga
So holla heeey, like the girls
When they see me, with the yaaay
I grind all night, and all daaay
Trying to get my motherfucking paaay, now what you
say
By the way I come through, in that blue pick up Lac
Dropping off twenty chicks at a time, can you pick up
that
Two hours later, I'm back to pick up stacks

You don't have it don't worry about it, I got a hick up gat
That'll hick-up hick-up, and make you spit up splat
Leave your jersey holy and molly, dissect your
membrane
And turn your fitted, into a split up hat
And the prices are much higher, if you coming from out
of state
And if you don't spend regular, nigga you gotta wait
Cause money is time, and my time is money
If you waste that you chipping in, on my new 600 nigga
what

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