

Filthy Relics

"Non Fiction"

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[Mausberg]

Aiyo Sax dog, let's break they backs my nigga
Nigga y'all ain't ready for Non-Fic
Real niggas grab yo dick and let 'em know that we ain't
with the bullshit
Real niggas on the rise
And when I get to bustin' yo eyes with the bomb, don't
be surprised
Black Tec affiliate, rider with high spirits
Any track presented, prepare for me to kill it (realism)
Realism, blowin' a L of the bomb-ism
Mausberg be in the lab with the Eel-ism
Who wanna test me? Bring it to the streets dog
Lyrical vet optional 'cuz I'm a real hog
I'm from the streets and we don't take that shit
Black fist to your grill on some bust-your-lip shit
I take it personal
Money, murder, and business
I'm a hell of a shot, I put a slug in your eye lenses
Don't get me twisted with these rap punks
I'ma ride, pump and I dump and leave ya body in the
trunk

Chorus:

(Mausberg)

Non-Fiction, real wired G's keepin' it filthy
Names have been changed to protect Tecs who guilty
We on the main line, duckin' one-time when it's crunch
time
Feel the wrath of a gauge, if you touch mine
(Six Million)
Yo, real niggas, real shit, true story
We want the money, fuck the fame and the glory
(Mausberg)
We on the main line, duckin' one-time when it's crunch
time
Feel the wrath of my gauge, if you touch mine

[Squeek]

KABOOM! Make room as I consume the tune
We mashin' like Mack trucks through sand dunes

Niggas in this rap game is doomed, give 'em pink slips
You's a actor, character, cartoon
I'm rollin' with the realest
Chicks wave your hands and niggas pop your fists if
you mothefuckers feel this
The home of the scandalous, where you ride or die
Nigga fuck the scrilla, South Central Los Angeles
Fuck the fame and the glory
We ain't got shit to prove fool, these are Non-Fiction
stories
Gunshot wounds so deep like battle scars
Gangbang affiliated like behind bars
Givin' a toss to all those that die
Sunday nights, G'd up in yo ride
Deletin' the aliases of a few
Got me plaedin' the fifth, these stories are true

Chorus

[Mausberg]

I represent the block where they pop-lock
Pack glocks with red dots and takin' over your spot
The Berg the black villain
Killin' for the respect of the gang
Bang only for the money, I ain't fuckin' with no chump
change
Respect a nigga when you see me rued up (rued up)
And same thing for Sax when blewed up
Black Tec casino, dog we be the illest
West coast gangster shit, we be the realest
Kill 'em all dog
Y'all niggas making me mad
The shit you comin' with, we done re-flipped and been
had
Got the talents of Nostradamus
Predict niggas would bite it
Now you lyin' and denyin' it, stop tryin' it
I'm on some Dub-S gangster shit
Niggas showin' they true colors and get dealt with
From the bottom to the top, two hit rocks
Never Hollywood
Bringin' the drama to your nearest neighborhood,
yeah....

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