

Frank Stallone

"Mama's Family"

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[Mia X]

I'm mama superior, bitches recognize
Don't a damn thing move until I hear "mother, may I"
I chastise, with ruger nines and hollow tips, venom
dipped
With dums dums baby, but you don't want none
Six sons indeed, they be The Baddest
Most Criminal, Serv-On and The Camoflauge Assassin
Actin up always bullets bringin tears
But you best not say shit about my kids, or you gets did
Lit up like Christmas trees
Wanna be mommy's understand who I am, the biggest
of all
Runs my household and holds down your block
Open up shop, don't make me knock
Your dick in the dirt, I hurt, behind the cheese and the
products
Faceless corpses found shot up from plastic toys
Yeah, we bout some funky noise
Eighty six Ma Parker and her boys, this is mama's
family

[Fiend]

May I do mine
Represent my No Limit click with my new nine
May I do mine
Represent my No Limit click (Mama Mia)
May I do mine
Represent my No Limit click with my new nine
May I do mine
Represent my No Limit click

[Fiend]

With Fiend's Mr., watch me hit em, get em, for mama
I'm a split em
And let my desert eagle lit em, fill em, family forget
em
Kill em, pop ya, my guidelines are improper
Gettin fit ever since I was cristined them glocks
Handlin my chopper, my bullets they penetrate
Fuck the money rate when I was hungry as a Hatian

Mama may I forever stay high (fa sho), for safe keepin
Stay fiendin baby, cause I'm more devil then human
being
Money schemin, supplying my workers with birds and
dealing
Because mama understand that my hustlin has a
meaning
The reason to stay passive, I ain't here no more
Addicted from havin it, from the ceiling to the floor
Fa sho and dedicated to my family chromosone
The Pope, come get it badder Fiend, now tell me the
war zone
Black strong, puttin red dots on Uncle Sam
Continuin to be a bad man (bad man) and grams for
Fiend

[KLC]

I said my mama was a rolling stone to the bone
Wherever she lays her piece of chrome is her home
(there it is)
As long as she wants it to be there, bitch ass niggas
beware
The spot where your standing I really wouldn't want to
be there
Now see there, KL don't back down
My little brother's a pair, standin straight over there
I get respect like Elliot Ness, so how you figure
Old punk ass, broke ass, bitch ass niggas
I brings drama like you spit on my mama
And before you think to steppin best done pause like a
comma
Cause I done lays niggas down flat like that
Bitch on your stomach or back
So I don't wanna hear no bullshit
About my brothers that I roll with and my brothers that I
pull hoes with
Cause it's a blessing to get this ass whoopin and a
lesson
Now come and get this real session
Lesson one, never fuck with my mama or brothers
Two, buckshots flyin as we burn another
To the motherfuckin three, get somewhere when I get
there
To the four, like I siad before niggas I don't pack fair
Motherfuckers been in benches
I'm pushin a forty thousand dollar machine sittin on
fuckin twenty inches
All paid out without a doubt
We rumble like the Bronx, and a bag that'll blow your
fuckin back out
So mama I wanna get into some gangsta shit

But they don't wanna get into no gangsta shit
They all played out and they can't say shit
That's all I gotta say now mama that's it

[Kane & Abel]

Dear mama, they want your tubes tied cause you get so
gangstafied
Fuck it we ride smokin that cannibus,
homocide grease it hotter then peppermint
Fuck scimilac, mama fi'n to jack
Mama taught me how to cook crack, if niggas bangin
too then bang back
Cause that, I keep my gat close to hand,
niggas stuntin like Jackie Chan
I fill em with lead, leave em dead,
with they hand lookin like an autopan
For Christmas my list consists of nina
Two masks, two glocks with extra clips and my favorite
street sweeper
Look ma, I'm bout to bang this nigga, this fuckin pussy
eater
Goin up my jaws, with breakin laws
Robbin niggas out they rocks at the bus stop, leave em
standin in they
drawers
Keep them hoes on all fours
Test me, you must be on them rocks like Pooky
Best learn the facts of life like Tootie
If we was in the penn nigga put it on your bootie
I used to watch cartoons while I'm breakin out keys in
the backroom
At the table, boom, ten G's for little Kane, ten G's for
Abel
Twin thugs down south, mama said knock you out

[Mr. Serv-On]

Congratulations, it's blood relations
Mama done gave birth to a brand new baby killer
Pass that nine rattlemiller nigga
Addicted to lead, fuck breasts, I was gun fed
Misled by Uncle Boz and Uncle Ed (family ties)
No beds so you can toss this dead bodys the smell
born in hell
Mr. Bavgate, Mr. No Limit affiliate, Mr. retaliate
With a twelve gauge and a handshake
The baddest motherfucker east of the Mississippi
I'll bang ya for every letter in Kansas City
I can't spell, so Lord forgive me
Fuck goin to movies, she took me gun battles
And hid her dope in the baby rattle
Ain't no reg and nice meal and apple juice, kept my

bowels loose
For my first birthday she gave a nigga a duece duece
So sincerely mama's number one, blast one for your
oath of son
So now I lay me down to sleep
Fuck em, this family'll never live in peace
So if I bang one I hang one, mama's oldest son, nina

[Mac]

Dear mama, the youngest of us, bust quickly
Assassin, flashin in soldier fashion with the army action
Below the seas where the warm air breeze
Murder is desease, call it big ease, flooded with keys
of China
Macadon put you on like reflon, them fake niggas get
they rep on
I stack money like the Orientals, what's up to all them
niggas that I'm kin to
To make a meal I'm bent to, mama said the rent's due
What's happenin, put them thug niggas on the map
and
I represent like it's my first time rapping
What's the deal, keep it real and then real
The ill nigga feel, the blood spills on my army pantses
Buckin at the ambulances to my foes
Shots to his nose, I make sho' the casket is closed
The family's tight like ham and cheese
Once again I'm camofluage yall

[Fiend]

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