

Brad Martin

"Hoodlum Poetry"

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(Heavy Breathing)

[Mia X]

I came to this country with my mama
Everybody called her the white girl
But you all knew I had a lil' somethin' somethin' on me
Cause my outer was slightly tanned
Southern folk called me a yellow gal
I've been out here in this world for a while now
Bringing madness and mayhem to man, woman, and child
You see my mother, the white girl had several lovers
So my father's true identity has yet to be discovered
Some call it A-1 soda others V-12
Doctor Tishner has been implicated
But all of their seeds are incriminating evidence
As far as my perception goes
My mother, she was indeed good, but I was most powerful
Just ask anybody in your hood
You can even ask those in corporate America about this mobstress
Most times, I as little as a pea, though my weight fluctuates
Size ain't shit, cause I have enough game to make you steal from ya mama
And call her out by her name
I can make her neglect her children, sale her body,
perform dirty tricks
On her knees and be called the neighborhood hottie
Everybody's a thief and a liar once they make my acquaintance
They be anxious to buy my love, they lust for me
Want to hold me and test my purity, but it's only for a moment
You see the ecstasy that I give to you
It's only temporary but quite costly
I'm bossy from your very first encounter with me
I tell you, you need me, gots to have me, can't live without me
The pea, my game extends, it gets deeper

You see my skills don't pimp just the weak minded
The so-called big ballin' brothers are obsessed with me
They kill, rob, and plot on one another to possess me
They see me as a goddess
The financial path that will lead them out the ghetto
But don't they know, have a clue
That I and my mother were sent here to destroy them
To entice, baffle, and trap them
Conscious people call the conspiracy genocide
Well, what do you think
I mean you make money off me, while they pile up
evidence on you
Then get you to spend all the money you're stackin'
On lawyers and bail bondsmen
They seize your property and worldly items
That have you caught up in this lifestyle
Material things that turn friends to foes
Woman to hoe, man to monster
Yeah nigga you've changed but so what
Cause I give you what you need I give you power
Make you feel invincible right by me
I make you feel like a big man, timer
No matter how fat, ugly, illiterate you are
I make the prettiest women love you
Fight over you and compete with others trying to give
you babies
I make your relative, want to kiss your ass
Treat you like a king and roll out the red carpet
They've got one hand out for money
And the other hand has a pen in it so you can sign your
life policy
My assistance makes you have that edge over the next
man
Cause it's all about me and money, the root of all evil
The necessities of function in this society
I make all your gangsta dumbass stories interesting
Cause you are the man
I mean we listen in awe as you speak of your murder
tales
MÃ©nage a trios, homosexual advances, and secret
romances
I'm bout it and I make you feel bout it bout it
I split family, split friends, split lovers and even
business partners
So niggas nickname me crack, ain't that something
I'm the reason why a lot of people are homeless, crazy,
crippled
Why they're HIV positive and dead
But you still want me, feel the need for me to be in your
possession
Fear to get high off my intoxicating little pieces

Or to spread my love to profit
You're even willing to kill and die for me
And even though my mother, the white girl
Engaged in several orgies for my creation
I still know my father, you know him too
You follow his lead, and work with him
Claim you hate him but your actions are different from
your tongue
Let's face it, you serve him faster than you do your God
We own you nigga
And as far as the ones that send I and my mother here
to destroy you
We own them too
So after all my destruction, I must pat myself on the
back, uh uh
I am crack, the devil's daughter
Human life, minds destroy ya
You need me, yeah ya do, for sho' ya do, you really do
So go head on nigga, take a hit
I'ma keep putting you out on the streets
Freeze you now, help me to kill you
Hoodlum poetry, food for ya mind
Wake up deaf, dumb and blind, it's time
I'm the masteress, I'm the mobstress
I'm the pimpstress, and I own you
I'm the masteress, I'm the mobstress
And I own you, I'm trying to kill you
And I'm succeeding, yes I'm succeeding
I'm trying to kill you and I'm gon' do it
I'm gon' kill you, I'm gon' kill you
I'm gon' kill you, and it's bloody

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