

Guerilla Maab

"Maab"

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[Hook - 2x]

We be, the M double A-B
Cocking and have my back, taking out all our enemies
We be, the M double A-B
Ain't no problem the point, that's to make all you
bitches bleed

[Dougie D]

We be, the M double A-B
Infrared beams up on brains, and we making bitches
see
Motherfucker don't play with me, cause shit could
escalate and get deep
We pack techs, 22's, AK-47's glad to meet you heat
It be me the D-O-U-G, represent the M double A-B
I might pick up the glock and let off some shots
You don't really wanna be around me, son of a bitch
don't you test these G's
It ain't a thing, to grab the thang and squeeze, we be
fucking boys up
And leaving boys fucked, and that's the way that shit
be
Who that there wanna do that there
Like fucking with a nigga that'll part your hair
You ain't know I was going there, you ain't know I was
Maabing yeah
Nigga D, Z-Ro, Trae like desperadoes knocking all
bitches fake balling
Too late to think about what your ass would be doing, if
you had stay home
And I stay long, give you bitches what you need fuck
what you want
We rugged and rough and stay tough, and that's the
way that we get gone
We Maab on a bitch, ain't no weakest link we all roll on
a bitch
Family connect and collide, leaving boys shot up and
shit cause we

[Hook] - 2x]

[Z-Ro]

Hokes, murderers, jackers, that's my motherfucking family
And fuck the police, cause they would never understand me
I'm criminal minded, kicking in your door with a shot behind it
And I don't never be givin a damn about nothin, kickin up dust mean muggin
Cussing all the time, when I pull out my calico opposition be falling down
Like rain drops when the pain stops, you'll be over
Shouldn't of removed the motherfucking chip on my shoulder
A soldier fa sho, like sho nuff I got to glow

24/7 about my paper stack, I gotta get my do'
And ain't bond a damn thang, trying to put punches on punk ass niggaz brain
Busting like open the pain, cheifing potent mary jane
Got me lifted since I'm talented and gifted, I'm going off
Call me Viagra rapper, going hard never going soft
Everybody we be, the M double A-B
Cocking our weapon and stepping up in your fecinity, S-E-T tripping

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]
Never see what your boxing game about
Running off at the mouth, you fin to get bumped off
Guerilla militia be ready for combat, strapped up with a sawed off
Turn off the lights, half of you niggaz don't really wanna fight
So I'm gone end it for you, bout to come nigga you better run
Cause I'll sweep the block, when I'm aiming for you
Like De La Hoya we body blow ya, then knock em over like Sammy Sosa
Still letting off shots in a Cheve, Guerilla Maab fin to come take it over
Don't take it litley I'm not politely, I know you despite me nigga and what
You better check yourself, 'fore you wreck yourself
Or you get found dumped off in a cut, fucked up
When I go hit up I ain't gon duck, when I pull out nigga you outta luck
Thinking you Superman, when I bust I bet you don't get back up
Your life I bet you can't lift that up, your blood I bet you

can't pick that up
Your lip I know that I'll split that up, and I'm steadily
taking you niggaz lunch
You better stay out of my way, motherfuckers fin to get
they words
They straight up, on the microphone you get ate up, on
the shelf
You fin to get layed up, and on the block you fin to get
sprayed up
Steady fucking up you haters later, you don't want
none
Cause I'm gon fade you, whether you locally or you
major nigga

[Hook - 2x]

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