

Guerilla Maab "Maabin"

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[Hook - 2x]

Maabin, in the streets, until we die
No more dope selling or robbing
We platinum and gold
That to make them diamonds shine

[Z-Ro]

I bleed the block not with the rocks, I bleed with the
candy paint
Sipping promethazine codeine, with a jolly rancher with
a danded drank
Telling all foes, got my eyes closed and a fifth done
got me numb
On the cool feeling dumb but I'm still on no, come
ready to watch you get done
I'm thinking thoed about to unload, on anything that
don't mind
Trying to slap patches up out your hair, better say a
prayer to somebody to find
But you can't because you the demon, Frankincense
got you on the run
Forever living in fear your life, that's why your coward
ass keep a gun
You can run but I'm gon walk you down, where the fuck
you think you gon go
I got connect in every state, city and town, from here to
Akapoko
You choose to play put on your game face, it's bout to
be a grudge match
I guarantee if I bust first, there ain't gon be no busting
back
I shoot to kill I don't shoot to hurt, I wear the pants I
don't wear the skirt
Do you really must know to use a gun, and if so did you
ever put in work
Hell nah, y'all niggaz be gangbangng out of the
garage faking it
Dodging shots everyday from real niggaz, y'all barely
making it

[Hook - 2x]

[Dougie D]

Finally ain't no mo' jacking and robbing, or selling dope
out on the corners

We can live how we wanna live, and blow big marijuana
Maabin' till I die, all of the streets bitch can you feel me
Yeah I'ma do the damn thang, trunk knocking hole can
you hear me

I'm a Southside G, steady flipping and flossing the L-T-
B

D-O to the U to the G-I-E, nothing but a G baby that's all
that I can be

I can only be me, if it ain't platinum it must be gold,
dollas gon shine

Twinkle and glow, so shit we must expose

Chopping the game up on you hoes, that is the way for
toll

And I'ma keep shining and grinding, always on you
hoes

Motherfuckers be loving how cool I be, boy don't get it
twisted

Cause a nigga won't hesitate to pull the infrared beam
out his ?pentos scene?

This is on all my G's, we gon continue to mash

Stacking our cash forever, because we

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

Still in to win I'ma hold it down, I got a AK that'll make
em move around

Like a track star ducking low, hopping high rolling on
the flo'

You bumping gums steady talking down, on nigga what
you know about us

And what you know about the 17 shot, cocked back that
I'm fin to bust

I'm a Southsider screen shiner, with a remote in the
seat recliner

Blue over gray in a Pathfinder, tinted up on the block
grinder

Block bleeder, trunk waver, DVD and a PC playa

Pimping the pin and a mic breaker, cross skater hollin'
at you later

Slab shaking out the renegader, body rocking on the
equator

Like Al Kapone I'm living thoed, in a dream home with a
elevator

Guerilla nigga fin to come and get you, take you out
the picture like a X friend

For the divedends you fucked up, cause Guerilla Maab

clicked up again
Like the Wu-Tang, you better respect our name we all
real
And if you wasn't killed on another page, we still be
wrecking your grill
Feel that and get back, on my block we kill the chit-chat
Doing out thang then go to sit back, I know they toll y'all
we could do that

[Hook - 2x]

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