

**C****"Major Pain and Mr Bossalini"**

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Featuring Spice 1]

Verse 1-(C-BO)

We got the warehouse packed from Lamborghinis to  
Lacs,

more ruby an flame pack, than metro rap,

got keys on knees wit g's out of state,

flippin more yay than IHOP flip pancakes,

I'm a boss balla now, shot calla now

rose's Bentley's nigga fuck the Apollos now,

an these bitches be comin by the dozens,

true ballaz never love 'em, fuckin aunties an cousins,

got a have a ??? humble, sticky green gumbo

layin by the pool, hella full off gumbo,

rollin wit these g's, get R.I.P.

by dozen ??? to mini gages, to AR-15's,

see I don't trust a soul on patrol when I roll

4-4 I hold cuz I gotta shake parole,

you can stroll wit me, rock an roll wit me

but when the one times dip, caulk, unload wit me,

cuz I'm a killa, nappy head nigga, from out the valley,  
best strapped

down, in Sac-Town, capitol of Killa Kali,

fool I comes heated, when needed, niggaz retreat,  
when I blast pair of ??? an a mini 14 when I smash.

(Chorus)

None of y'all niggaz can't fade this,  
west coast niggaz is the craziest,  
we got that MOB mentality,  
C-BO an S-P-I-C-E,

None of y'all niggaz can't fade this,  
west coast niggaz is the craziest,  
we got that MOB mentality,  
Major Pain & Mr. Bossalini.

Verse 2-(Spice 1)

(Straight G's)

Pullin our straps on niggaz who thinkin they bodies is  
made outta

teflon,

wit a 5-0 caliber in my right hand, an a G-LOCK in my  
left palm,

Black Bossalini, can't see me, wit a Lexy up on my  
wrist,

imagine this, a ballin ass nigga addicted to killin shit,

??? cross soldier mutha fuckaz so nigga don't fuck wit  
me,

I seen niggaz that I done murdered up in my dreams,  
when I be asleep,

strapped an I thank God, nigga chasin me callin me  
punk ass nigga,

wakin up wit the finga on trigga

spittin hollow tip slugs that goes to figga,  
wanna put down, my Cristal, drink Cristal an shit,  
but niggaz Uzi think he tellin me I'm gonna die if I sit,  
so I MOB wit the old skool, wit a shot of chromes out my  
window,  
could it be the S-P-I-C-E wit a fifth of hin, yay an indo,  
Black Bossalini.

(Chorus)

Verse 3-(C-BO)

We puts it down like g's, swingin vipers an vests,  
from Benz to Beamers an Lamborghinis all on the set,  
an keep it crackin from LA all the way back down to the  
Bay,

I'm from the, valley, northern of Killa Kali, where g's  
lay,

gots to keep yo head up, you slip they drop, they leave  
you wet up,

blasted magnum taggin the fool of the big block we hit  
him up,

eyes do or die, let 'em drip til they dry

two killaz eye to eye, never duck when bullets fly,

keep it crackulatin, like Pearl Harbor when we spit,

g's bump this shit, from ??? moves to the rip set,

trippin get split,

wit a magnum,

steady blastin now I done seen murder eye to eye

but my kids hope that I'm steadily fastenin,

ain't no love for you thats down at the end of my barrel,

when I multiply my cash, ridin in my 4 barrel Camaro,

I catch ya slippin, I'm slappin my clip in, I'm puttin it  
down,

you been hit from slippin an caulkin yo grip in my town.

(Chorus until end

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