

Junior M.A.F.I.A. "Lyrical Wizardry"

Visit "[Lyrical Wizardry](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Lyrical wizardry dances on MC's like Murray on SC's
Never flaunt, now motherfuckers come test me
Burnin' everybody hotter than torches at Jamaican
parties
Far from angels, niggas can't see me like Charlie

Style weak? Hardly!
Don't let the whacked pursue you like Marley
JM clique moves in packs like whities on Harleys
Niggas get injured, fucked do' in 40 fingers

Got bitches by bike bar bussin' Glocks off a' niggas
Klep don't give three shits to flip scripts
Miss bullets from clips, leave niggas rollin' up
skateboards
Wit nuttin' under they hips, bitch, so if you test me
Shit gets messy, bustin' .38 speci outta paper bags like
Joe Pesci

Yo, you know the tune make sure bitches don't eat
When it's time to shit out them coke balloons
Balked up the ninja when it got shady, now I got grown
ladies
Bustin' .380's outta E Class Mercedes

Hurry the fuck up bitch, get on
Fuck you motherfucker let me out this L
There they go right there, dot them niggas
Motherfuckers

MC's get cut like glass, cut like glass
Rag tagged and crash, hemp bags, come save dat ass
Who wanna get broke the fuck up? Tell me
Freakin' vocabulary like Chinese and spelling bees

T-P-E-L-K held to reflect a device-es
The nicest, Jesus Christ-es
Junior Mafioso, niggas get torn off head to torso
Bullets evacuated out windows

From Hekkyl and Coch, P7 inmates
Extra .380 on a string 'round my neck cos feds check

the waist
No time to waste, grab the loot and escape before next
break
Heads are clockin', private eyes are watchin'

Nigga caught up in the hustle
Fuck flippin' packages and tyin' up, minx and rings I
bubble
Trouble's what I look for in stores on expensive floors
Beeling boots is essence, bookin' Pelle's in my drawers

Armani, Gianni Versace, V2
Lost count o' all the little sections me and mans ran
through
It ain't hard to discard cans of mace on guards
Leave them bitch ass niggas screamin' like a fuckin'
retard

Lyrically I come off like ink alarms
Got styles under the wing like spread is booked under
my arms
Niggas couldn't see me with closed circuit TV
Tryin' to peep my steez, like DT's I get over like I'm
fifteen

Hey, you're not fifteen
I'm fifteen, what?
What do you think we are, assholes or somethin'
Fuck you, soundin' like that nigga from Night Court
Loose my cuffs I'm outta here

MC's be fake like toupes so I transplant
Implant my fist to their face makin' their skin red
Sound waves disrupted, they fucked, kid
Air holes bloody rupted but that ain't nuttin'

The best is yet to come
MC's get strung like heads on drums
They don't be knowin' what I'm knowin', flowin' like I'm
flowin'
Makin' motherfuckers take nose dives like 747 Boeings

Obnoxious beef's squashes face-to-face
Niggas get wet up like Alasha's on Klep's place
Through the hard time sayin' prayers committin' crimes
Sick minds don't care, rockin' parties from front to rear

Brains engulfed by ferocious [Incomprehensible]
Runnin' up on Big wit Lex wit nappies doused with
chloroforms
Livin' in a world where you do what you must

If preachers be robbin' niggas who the fuck can you
trust?

Visit [Junior M.A.F.I.A.](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.