

La Paloma Boys

"Fetty Chico and The Mack"

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Intro: Mack 10

BLaaaow Blam 187

Straight murder display from LA to the Bay
Westside, My nigga Spice 1 aka Fetty Chico
And I'll be Mack 10 aka Mack Manson
What up Spice

Spice 1:

We serving chickens you damn sure can't get at
Roscoe's
If you don't want to see no murder then keep your eyes
closed
Nigga shake the dice up, roll 'em if it's one or ten
They won't be able to put your ass together again
Leave you in Reece's Pieces, rolling in white cornices
Knocking out teethes, I know where we can get the
blackheads cheapest
From my homie down the street on the block
He copping everything from Desert Eagles down to
them mini-Glocks
If niggas fuck off the money we raise the murder stats
Me and my nigga Mack 10 committing terrorist acts
You see us bailing don't mumble under your breath
Have the heart to say fuck you so I can put five in your
chest nigga
Don't be no punk, I put my Uzi where my mouth is
Yay under couches running out of crack houses
We down and dirty for the birdy thirty-five a sack
Nigga give up the stack it's Fetty Chico and The Mack

Chorus:

Fetty Chico and The Mack
(Murder Murder) Ma-A-Mack 10 shooter, kill a man
looter
Fetty Chico And The Mack
(Murder Murder) Open up your mouth, Say Ahh, get
ready for theBlaaow
Fetty Chico and The Mack

(Murder Murder) Ma-A-Mack 10 shooter, kill a man
looter
Fetty Chico And The Mack
(Murder Murder) Open up your mouth, Say Ahh, get
ready for theBlaaooow

Mack 10:

I'm in a murderous mindstate
I'm on so much dope and coke I can't even do my line
straight
I smoke that ??? that shit put me in a trance
And since my last LP they start calling me Mack Manson
Now when I come around punks know they're gone
??? my pistol around and fall straight into a coma
So take if you want it that's my number one motto
Hitting licks like the lotto, with a four-five bottle
And assault rifles like Rambo full of ammo
Dump a nigga in his chest and watch him bleed
through his flesh
???..... chicken hawking
You kill a nigga, you kill his bitch so she can't talk
So I smoked the bitch and made it simple
I put one in her temple and got horny as a nympho
So with a hard dick and guns, a bad bitch dies
I take my two fingers and then I slowly close her eyes

Chorus

Capping him in his b-brain, with the m-mack t-ten
that's my p-partner we d-d-doing him in
L-l-leave him in the t-trunk
'til his c-crazy kid kicks one in the ch-chamber off
the s-safety
I g-got 'em g-got 'em four extra c-clips
Infra-red b-beam h-hollow tips
D-dirty l-licks m-midnight
M-Mack W-One O and l-laser sights
R-rollin b-blunts smoking to the doobie
In my h-hooptie with my uzi t-talking to me
Telling me thought another lick we can go pull off
He told me keep your mask on don't take your hood off
So me bail into Burger King and me pistol whip the
guard
Everybody up on the floor nobody try to make it hard
Another guard was hiding he jumped out and bust at
me
So I let him count the bullets in my C-L-I-P
Me hear them sirens ringing and me take off with the
stack
Bailing without the stretch it's Fetty Chico and The Mack

187-187-187-187-Blaaaow

Chorus

(Murder Murder)
Murder murder and Kill Kill Kill
World Wide WestSide

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