

## La'Chat "Mafia"

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(DJ Paul-Talking)

Yeah muthafuckaz! The Platinum plaque bringers of  
the mothafuckin' "M"

Back in this bitch, nigga.

H-C muthafuckin' P. Hypnotyze camp muthafuckin  
posse.

And it's goin' down, like we always do about this time,  
nigga, night time.

We about to load them black trucks up. Who we got in  
this muthafucka

We got my girl La Chat, Gangsta Boo, Crunchy  
muthafuckin' Black

Playboy Juice, Project muthafuckin' Pat, Lord Infamous,  
and me

DJ muthafuckin' Paul, the king of the muthafuckin' "M"  
town.

And it's goin' down- HYPNOTYZE MINDS HO!

(HOOK)

Mafia!... Mafia!... Mafia!... Mafia!...

Mafia!... Mafia!... Mafia!... Mafia!

(La Chat)

La Chat, with that gat

The other queen of MemphisHypnotize Camp we got 2  
bumpin' bitches...

(Gangsta Boo)

... In the club posted up

Eight hundred dollar bottles

Sippin' Cris fuck a glass

Nigga drink it out the bottle...

(La Chat)

... Don't be hatin' and shit

'Cause we gettin' paid and shit

Ain't no need be lyin' till I die

I'm gon' be lovin' this...

(Gangsta Boo)

... The bottle-yeah gangsta gangsta

Ridin' nigga posted up  
Fuck you bitches up when I come gunnin'  
Lettin' the lagers bust  
Chat, you got my fuckin' back?

(La Chat)

Yeah I got your fuckin' back  
Buckin' bitches that be hatin'  
Blow their chest up through their back  
(Gangsta Boo)  
High as hell can't you tell  
'Cause my eyes are red as fire  
'Bout to fuck this nigga  
Take his money- Pimpin' 'till I die  
Hypnotize Minds be the label that pay me  
Fuck you other rappers talkin' shit  
You cannot faze me

(La Chat)

So you heard it from the queens  
HCP we be together  
Fuckin' with my family bitch  
It's gon' have to be whatever...

(HOOK 1X)

(Lord Infamous)

How can you relate to this  
Niggaz they be hatin' this  
Purple fuckin' tradin' man  
Barely makin' dividends  
Burn it man, half in  
Better known as "assed in"  
All I want is money man  
Can't you niggaz comprehend?  
Lock and fuckin' load fool  
Break the fuckin' law fool  
Ain't no attitude fool  
This is what we came to do  
With them bodies in the bag  
Put that dope in the bag  
Put that money in the bag  
Let's go fool, rat tat tat

(Juicy "J")

They call me Juicy gigolo  
Got hoes that fill  
A statue of a fool  
With them platinum tips  
I'm tellin' all you bitches  
To beware of the game

I'm tellin' all you niggaz  
To beware of the lames  
I freak your baby mama  
Put her on the house  
I got my dick sucked  
When I was on the couch  
My nigga walked in  
He said that hoe was stout  
I hit it from the back  
My nigga took her mouth

(Project Pat)

By love real my nig  
Let blood spill my nig  
Shoot to kill my nig  
If ya real my nig  
Project Pat my nig  
I spit facts my nig  
Hang with macks my nig  
Who tote gats my nig  
It's blast or be left  
Baller in your blood  
White girl up your nose  
Ya high off that bud  
A slug in the lot  
Your car and no strap  
Blew your goddamn brains  
In your partner's lap

(Lord Infamous)

Choose your weapons  
But boy choose them carefully  
Each of my poisons  
Are deadlier melodies  
I am the doctor  
And this is your therapy  
You can have one  
So you must get a pair of these  
Beat, bound and gagged  
Bump off bounty  
Place all his pieces  
All over county  
The shit's very lethal  
That I place in the needle  
Prepare you for your last trip  
To the Cathedral

(DJ Paul)

I seen how TV can hurt  
And plus platinum plaques to match

And add them twenties and vogues  
And Gucci jackets on backs  
We got them Bentlys and Benzes  
And all them Lexus on lock  
The picture gettin' kind of clearer  
I see why them bitches hot  
You hoes is strugglin' and starvin'  
And wanna rise in the hood  
It's cold I'm crankin' up heat  
And you wish you could  
Y'all wish y'all could get back with us  
Then maybe then you could shine  
Like the rappers you wish you was  
And get off the grind  
I'm keepin' one in the chamber  
Because I'm filled up with anger  
And when I see yo little hoe 'n'  
You knowin' your life's in danger  
I do a show y'all in the burough  
Hollerin' no kind of shit  
Is that the best way that you know  
To get attention lil bitch  
I understand how they feel  
They feelin' that they left out  
And we the ones movin' on  
So we the ones talked about  
But niggaz keep it your best  
And one day then you'll get a crown  
But until then do a hit of coke  
And keep feelin' down  
'Cause suckaz... that's real

(HOOK 1X)

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