

M**"Camoflauge"**

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Mac

Wooo look.

All them soldiers, put them rags up, ya heard me?

Cause it's going down No Limit style, feel it.

Mac/(Mercedes)

All my camoflauge niggas, raise 'em high

(And all my camoflauge bitches, raise 'em high)

All my camoflauge niggas, raise 'em high

(And all my camoflauge bitches, raise 'em high)

Mercedes

Camoflauge bitch, Mercedes, ever for I bitch

You don't wanna try bitch, quick to ride or die bitch

Don't underestimate me cause I make the B's hate me

Make me jump all out my character, forget I was a lady

Sexing and shady, got more game then the average
nigga

All about my cabbage nigga cause I gots to have it
nigga

Give it up, cause my girls don't give a fuck, we come
through like nigga what

We split you up with choppers, them motherfuckin core
stoppers

Only fuck with soldiers, them thug niggas that be down
to ride

And I got look (click) for all them haters wanna die

You ride for me, I ride for you, I put that on the tank

My platinum LP's, my Benz and my bank

Mac/(Mercedes)

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(And all my camoflauge bitches, raise 'em high)

All my camoflauge niggas, raise 'em high

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Mac

The motherfuckin Assassin, seven three O seven seven

I first laid it down at the age of Mac eleven

If I ever slack up that's when they kill me

But I never let you bitches steal me, on the for real we

In it for long paper, lyrical hits from skyscrapers
You'll need a million fake niggas to break us
I got my soldier with me and I got my sniper with me
My murderer, him specialize in taking out your kidneys
Infinitely, you shoot me down bitch, I'll be back in my
ghost
Wooo, I like my rappers with some egg and some toast
And I'm fully loaded, the only way papa taught me to
tote it
One in the chamber, cause if I'm walking into danger
Mac's a dunk it, you know I get full of funky with these
niggas
Whether it's microphones or it's triggers
If I die tonight tell God to bury my words and resurrect
'em
So niggas in the next life can check 'em

Mac/(Mercedes)

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(And all my camoflaug bitches, raise 'em high)
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Sam

Never say die, that's the attitude, nigga, do what we
have to do
I'm a soulja, it's the Magnolia that I'm adding to
We hustle when it's hot, this grind got bout nine niggas
on it
Come through and you goin find niggas on it
Bout five in the morning or three in the evening
Cross the camo, we toss the ammo, leaving 'em
bleeding
We responded to war with automatics spit rapid
Pumping drugs or smokin it, both of 'em habits
My click attack it, on the streets or on stages
Our fingers on triggers and our triggers on gauges
Flipping niggas like pages, get it straight from the start
Fuck a vest, you want me, aim straight for the heart
Don't miss cause that's they ass if a nigga don't hit
Camoflaug, never die, nigga, fuck that shit
We come equipped with thugs, all black, all strapped
Fuck around Uptown and get killed with your own gat

Mac/(Mercedes)

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(And all my camoflaug bitches, raise 'em high)
All my camoflaug niggas, raise 'em high
(And all my camoflaug bitches, raise 'em high)

Mac

Wooo, and it's real.
1999, ya heard me?
Macadon, Mercedes, my nigga Sam.
Camoflauged off in this bitch.
No Limit Soldiers.

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