

Maanam

"Black Connection!! 226"

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First Verse [Kilo-G]:

Now if I step up on you with two nine millimeters,
Nigga you best to up and feel the heat from my niener
Or you gone be the, next unsolved murder case,
No damned description nigga cuz only you saw my
face

But it's far too late for snitch and flatline time,
Got caught in my hood slippin', flatline time BITCH,
Optimals and fried pita and shit,
Only enhances the chances of cowards gettin' they
dome split,

I roll with, killas who that reside and blunt fillas,
And in our midst is this thug ass nigga tryin' to get
bigger

>From quarters to keys I be runnin' in and out,
Every muthafuckin' house, in the cut, goin' for the
green

Protected by the Tec, nuts, guts, and heart in the city
where it's all death

In the hood where niggas can't trust they own crew,
But I got doggs worldwide I thought you knew

Second Verse [Lil' Ya]:

I wanna take a trip to Cuba and parle' in the bay,
Play with the bitches in Havana and come back with the
yay

Front all my niggas nothin' left but QB's,
Sit back like a fat cat and count nothin' but G's

The first mill that I make-uh, buy alot of acres,
Plant all my weed, nigga what'cha need?

Can you picture just predict how to stunt a lick,
I done drove to Hammon and came back with some
shit,

Call it yayo, and the other shit just call it brown,
Some fools lay it down, then act a clown,

Call me Sousa, I toss a, bird in a matter of minutes,
You want an ounce? Gimme your number and then hit
me

I got them raw, bricks bigger than you ever saw,

I even got flip a dime for them rock stars,
I'm the richest, infamous, and they can feel this,
Commander of them soljas out the Melph, Lio, and
Nolia,
You can't stop us, fuck them choppers,
We got grenades, drop one then our work will be done,
Now we done handled that, let's get some herb out the
Mac,
And fuck parle'n, let's find somebody else to jack

Third Verse [B.G.]:

Niggas in trouble cuz the B.G. behind the trigger,
Stompin' like a savage I split yo muthafuckin' cabbage,
It's a habit to grab it, when I see it I gotta get it,
Don't deny me nigga or your wig I'm gone have to split
it,
My name ring a bell, cuz I'm as real as they come,
I'm young and I act a donkey, Uptown is where I'm
from,
I'm full of that monkey, you want some? I spit arrows
like cupid,
But mine ain't comin' out barrels or that dope, nigga I
get stupid
I get upset, I leave a nigga wet,
I left two bodies on Macnester that them people ain't
found yet,
If you beefin' with me, say your prayers,
I been in gangsta shit four years,
Huntin' niggas down like reindeers,
Oh Lord I got my muthafuckin' hands on a cannon,
So I'ma open a nigga up like the Grand Canyon,
Niggas amazed, I hit the block with A.K's,
I spray, get out the block or get grazed, muthafucka
You got the yay? I gots to have it, give it up nigga,
You play the role like you so hard and you get plucked
nigga
I got a K, but with two Q.P.'s, I'm goin' in,
Through the front door on Clarence go through the
back with the Mack 10
Lay it down, hand it over,
I told ya, don't be stingy nigga or death is gettin'
closer,
Baby Gangsta comin' for a bitch,
Uptown's the shit, B.C. two two six is the clique!
V.L. nigga, Philip & Clara, is where you can find us,
Eatin' that raw A.P., with two stolen pathfinders,

Fourth Verse [Tec-9]:

I move much Boyd to increase the leave,

You bitches can't fuck with me,
Cuz I repeatedly, fed my peoples, somethin' devious,
Even the unfortunate, I'm leavin' behind no one,
Scored five birds fronted two, kept three for myself,
Lookin' out for my niggas on the ramp and the Melph,
Since I was a shorty, hangin' out with the bigger niggas
Sittin' on corners, pullin' triggers,
Now who's next to catch this reckless nigga out of
order?
Lookin' for my next way to come up,
Nigga don't run up, you see how fast I throw my fuckin'
gun up,
For the fun of it, cuz I'm lovin' this game,
That brings me money and power, I'm never leavin' the
game,
Gimme a reason, my attitude changes like a season,
I'm slowly, but surely slowin' up for Southern reasons,
The heat is comin', it's comin' to get'cha,
I catch'cha slippin' in my hood somebody's gonna
wet'cha
Hold up, that three is only bout that paper,
If you got it better hide it cuz we bout some capers,
I take a ride straight Philip & Clara,
See nothin' but lexus, landcruisers, and camaros,
And I be fuckin' with the Rico Suave,
Now why they, wanna playa hate on me?
Cuz I'm nothin' but a G,
Wingkit hits and rims,
The effects of the blue leaks side by side as we roll by,
Sound and A/C now maybe I'll scoop you up,
You shoot back at the two two six, and I'll shoot you up,
Boot you up, let the mortuary suit you up,
You dead and gone, no more problems I'm the problem
solver

Fifth Verse [Ms. Tee]

I don't want no drug dealers out there gettin' robbed
and killed,
I want niggas and niggas and niggas to be real,
I got a shop, and we stay in good health,
So nigga keep your business to your fuckin' self,
Fuck a dopeman's bit, fuck that dumb shit,
I'm not droppin' off of regals and I'm sure not high off
dope,
So keep that shit from round my child,
If somethin' happen to her, I'ma have to go buck wild
And I'm gonna go crazy,
Because this nigga gone have us pushin' up daisies,
So nigga keep it fuckin' real,
That's why half of you muthafuckas always gettin'

killed,
All you care about is your Kilo's and your hoers,
And what a bomb I'm gonna drop on them kilos,
Ain't that a trip? And don't be sellin' nigga, and ain't
hittin' on shit,
That's why I got your ass in insurance bitch

Sixth Verse [Yella]:

I pulls up in my newly,
Painted Blue 'nee
Completely out of my own mind,
Determined, to be a legend in my own time,
And that's why, you gots to watch the drive-by,
My trigga finger moves quickly, constantly at'cha body,
I'm here to make you bleed indeed,
Eyes closed, so I flee to my destiny,
Collectin' cheese on his head which is twenty G's,
See, I takes have and invests in some coke,
I flip the sack just twice, hit the money then I go and
choke,
I'm on a come up, still comin' as I'm runnin' as I'm
gunnin',
Niggas down with that frontin'
Or that's the look, of the crooked gangsta on the block,
I won't stop, livin' lavish, makin' hoe ass niggas vanish,
If the snaps are over your scalp, then I come to bust
your fuckin' cabbage,
Like J.Y.D., I'll thump ya, bust your rump,
I'm comin' twerkin' with the fat fully automatic
Dont' panic when it's time for you to hit the canvas,
The fellas back bringin' the blues to you fools,
I call a shot, then I plot nigga got dropped,
I chop'em dead and make em dead white folks,
Like C-Loc, I will, split yo ass up for real,
Upsettin' your nerves, makin' sure your ass never
rests,
Watch them clockers bitch I'm due at any given time,
I'm a dog behind the fatty, so somebody's dyin',
Family's cryin', I don't give a fuck,
Cuz have a conscience,
Dump your body between Homer and Hammon,
Just to confuse the crime lab as if it were a game of
backgammon
Yeah, I'll come and stomp ya if the price is right,
So won't you come on down?
And meet this clown with over a hundred rounds,
It's horror son, make ya lose more blood than Jim Mora
lost period.

