

Mac**"What's Your Alias?"**

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A tell me what's your name?
MC Mystikal
What's your alias?
I'm the Prince of the South
What's your thing?
I ain't playin' with your bitch ass
So boy what'd you say?
Here I go, here I go

Bitch I'll back slap or back stab after that kidnap a
whack rap
Bring it louder if you comin' to rap
Your arms to short, your legs to small
I'm the sure shot shit off of deputy dog
Break it in two and true so do
By myself I can take you and you and you and you
Straight forward like Kerri Kittles
Nigga's head bob very little

Gooder than a whole hand full of skittles
Evil with feedback when I turn on the mic
I'm the spritz that has to when you open your sprite
No fight no war no brawl you all ain't ready
When they see me their eyes get big, arms get sweaty
Enough to go around, you know exactly how it go down
In house uptown big boys throw down
Out of control ballers from bag wood back to New
Orleans
If it'll make you feel good that's what you can call it

What's your name?
Mac, The Don, motherfucker
What's your alias?
Shell shocked nigga
What's your thing?
Murder, murder, murder, murder
Nigga what'd you say?

Who rocks it? I play the plug you play the socket
You all got your pieces nicked lets cock it
Now how I get your open knock and lock it

You all niggas fail so now you all tryin' to jock it
My formula's trill these fake ass niggas are blockin'
With niggas with them I'll times are rockin'
He lifts and cocked it suckers are toxic
I'm all about what's fallin' in my pocket
I'll be the one they wanna share that cock with

Your just that nigga that they wanna shock with
You never hit it told your niggaz you did it, you
probably ate it
Laid back and masturbated
Take them fake wood strips off the side of you ride
'Cause real niggas keep their war on the inside that's
money with pride
She'll shock niggas we on the block niggas Fiend
cocked in 98
We bought more figures and triggers we be murder,
murder too
So have my money or have my shit
And oh tell your little sister to stay up off my dick

What's your name?
Capital F I E N D
What's your alias?
I'm Mr. Get It On Jones
What's your thing?
I'm the one that call the shots
What'd you say?
Whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp, whomp

I'm the decided private miscontortin' to fire on me
Bringin' you extra clips and jeans favorite style's
sareen
Mr. Get It On Jones I noticed I didn't drop the phone
If it's on then it's on mister stay loaded up the zone
I stay rollin' on some chrome Mr. Bad Ass nigga
My verbal class can kill you I'm a mad man killer
Warnin' no hommie can turn you to thugs and drug
dealers
So what the fuck up nigga expect me to be discrete

Well you bitches beneath me like athletes feet
You have can't beat a handicapped
As for me I mastered the art of MC
It was all before BC wanna see me?
Close your eyes and hold your breath that whore
pushin' that store
Cuttin' on over to quicker death
Bet you niggas are set for ghettos soon to be junk
Got lyrical fuck up, I'm Mr. War War

What's your name?
Silkk, The Shocker
What's your alias?
Mister!
What's your thing?
I'm a made man nigga!
Nigga what'd you say?

Mister hang with real thugs mister's real blood
Mister don't shoot blanks mister shoot real slugs
I never feel shit except from the ghetto and I don't feel
love
Nigga I'm out there pissed without this nook I see a
club
Nigga what? Mister hit your block Mister hit your spot
Mister you better duck the fuck down or Mister's gettin'
shot
Come on come with me come and get me
I'm gonna find you some hurtin' I drop flies that hurt
the same time

I hit the horn street man tries to hurt me
Let me negotiate my contract on the beach he got me
some ends
Look turned nineteen look nigga I got me a Benz
You know me see that nigga gonna flock with the rocks
in his hands
He ain't worth a cop just to block his rocks and then ran
I check my flow last year only got better
So cold now if it's hot I can still rock leather
Mister ain't NO L I'm I to the T, yeah that's me

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What's your thing?
I ain't playin' with your bitch ass
What'd you say?
The man's right here

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