

Maino**"1-900-The-Mafia"**

Visit "[1-900-The-Mafia](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Ft. The Mafia

Yeah, here's a couple of suggestions of how you could
finess it

First you see the nigga and see if he gonn confess it
What's done inside the dark gonn show up in the light
Never call a man a rat unless you see him black and
white, right

Set the trap, if the boy eating cheese
Get the fuck away from him, if you think he jay reed
Look him in the eyes, see exactly what's inside
Do your own work, see if he ever testify
Or run upon him throw a couple water on him
This nigga's in the fast, and he drop quarters on him
Or catch him alone say you know his little secret
And from a right price between y'all you will keep it
Before you know it, you like when extortin him
Then you tell the hood anyway nigga, fuck em
You got that? Makin check for 900\$ holler

First upon you should have called me
And put that thing to your baldy
And took that ring from your shawty
Niggas is sick, fresh to death like the ash
You thought niggas was rich
But niggas is hurting, nomads
Niggas is sick, when you comin through with it all on
Nigga a vic, and I don't care if you a nigga or bitch
The streets be like that nigga a bitch
Don't be listening and now your man like
Get caught slippin in van dyke
Hit the ground filled with that land like
You a mail and it was can night
Next time park in the bush, you take the cab over
Call this line, I'll send the pass over
Tell my niggas to take it easy, mac oprah
Who you came to see though?
Pussy nigga proolly upstairs watching tivo
Every 2 minutes peek through his peephole
Like I was just about to come hit you, fuck outa here

First day's first, should have never came to the book

If you ain't passed in with them gangsters bra
You thought it was sweet, how you creep
One dip with no heat
Can you tell me what the fuck was you thinking bra
You a sheep around wolves, you ain't eat in a week
And them motherfuckers gonn leave you stankin bra
Brooklyn just barclays, goons selling hard yay
Flatbush to broadway, g's shootin broad day
Thinking what you think got your ass in a hard place
That instagram got your ass in the jail
Before you sent that dm you should have thought like a
man
Who ain't got shut but a bad bitch as his fam
You thought it waas the right time to line one of her
friends
For a favorite cousin who just got out of can
Plus you from outta state, she just threw out the biat
Put kisses under your flicks, and post the pictures of
her cake
Came with jewels in and your benz, you wanted to
impress her
Now you lucky to go home on a stretcher
I mean look sonny it could be worse
You could run out the crib with your hand in your shirt
And try to front like it's â€¦ but fuck around and get
murked
Shit, man, that would be a fatal attempt
â€¦with moves from the rockerâ€¦cause you a dead
motherfucker, sucker!

Visit [Maino](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.