

Maino**"The Fact That Im Me"**

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feat. The Mafia

You don't know the pain I feel when I see you smiling
And when I roll up you start whiling
So I fuck like everything's honky dory

But it's a whole different story
You don't like the fact that I'm me
Don't like the fact that I'm me
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You don't like the fact that I'm never caught up in
acting
Stripped out of jail but landed inside an Austin
Hopped off the whale hoes' heads turning like '
Black flag mob my dogs ready for action
Yeah, these niggas never deny that
Run up four miles but he never without that
When you hear me screaming I live it, baby, don't
doubt that
Bitch gave me head for days, she wanna out that
Bullet proof love for my war lords
Fuck these industry bitches, man, they all whores
Hundred rounds and the drummers, it's what they call
for
Tattoo, shirt off, man, I'm boxing
What it be like, nigga? Came to the game just me, my
nigga
Hoes on my tip like TI, nigga
Bitch, just the mafia, meet my niggas

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Pull right in that Ghost, some dead niggas
Funeral snap at one ahead, nigga
Got a coffin and a grave for all of you fat niggas
Louis Vuitton bat from leaving them red niggas, yeah
I ain't watching the speed, somebody saying it
200 pounds in the trunk, this nigga crazy
Boy, threw a Benz in the club, just ask anybody
When you act bad for bad I'll match anybody
Hearts for hearts, mouse do that there
With them all white squares go and move that there
Where they at? I don't see 'em, heard that they tryina
be 'em
Fuck around with my people, leave 'em right where I
see 'em
They don't like that, cook it up, crack that
Million dollar 'got a hundred in a nap sack
One in the head if a nigga wanna snatch that
Bang, bang anyone, nigga, we like that

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You don't like the fact that my niggas floating
Fuck you, you bitch ass nigga, no sugar coating
Now who you mad at, me or yourself, you fake?
You like to cheat on your girl, apply pressure, now
who's gonna melt?
That boy telling, you can read it yourself
He was busting, he's done, so I don't think he needed
the help
Rat nigga, left shit on this shelf
That nigga consumed for dough, the mafia, we all men
My brother's keeper, we all in, good mugging niggas,
we all in
Middle finger in the air, waving
I'm tryina be one of the mafia's favorite
The team that I chose and I'm not gonna trade it
Jump shot in your face and I'm not gonna fade in

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