

Marc Almond

"Only in the Studio"

Visit "[Only in the Studio](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(X-Raided)

Fat niggas puttin shit up in the game
Livin off the fame of the Garden Blocc name
But never did dirt or put in no work
They be rappin like they g's
Talkin bout maccin bitches and slangin ki's
But please you a ho
No need to play the role like you ain't kowin that
Go look in the mirror, you won't see no gangsta starin
bacc
Based on that fact I'm let it be known
Gotta tell the homies what really goes on nigga
(You mutha fuccas)
You don't even know how to load a nine
You seen your homie do some dirt and went and wrote
a rhyme
But how you talkin bout bein a killa and never made a
niggas brain hang
You sayin you a loc but never gang banged
Nigga you ought to win an Oscar
"The Best Actor of the Year" you ain't no mutha fuccin
mobsta
You faker than Cubic Zarconia
Givin a bad reputation to niggas in Killafornia
We puttin bustas in hearses
Why you marks be bombin on base heads and snatchin
bitches purses
That punk shit, but nigga you think you so a hard
That's why thay X-Raided loc be pullin ho calls

(X-Raided)

(Chorus)

You a gang bangin nigga
Hustla, mutha fuccin psycho, loco, but only in the
studio
Rappin like you real
Talkin bout how you kill niggas
Let the truth be told, it's only in the studio
Gang bangin nigga
Hustla, mutha fuccin psycho, loco, only in the studio
Rappin like you real

Talkin bout how you kill niggas
Let the truth be told, only in the studio

(T-Macc)

I grab cash plus guns
Roll with old you gets done for the buns
And we four for the door
It's time for roll
And you done crossed the wrong line
And I couldn't forgive myself
For tellin your ass one more time
Now grab your ski and be on the grind
On a paper chase
Lace up your boots
And shoot for the skrill from the gate
And you betta make hate
Cuz it ain't no time or minor race
I ride with realas and killas from day one and stay no
face
Murder ones, protect identities
And murder twos, to kill off all these studio g's
Everybody claimin to be a gangsta in the boot
When it's time to ride they ducc and hide these niggas
scared to shoot
Ain't never seen you on the streets
And you don't want to fucc with us cuz we real mutha
fuccin P-C's
Blacc Market soldiers takin over, still slangin yola
We realas up in this shit nigga somebody should of
told ya

(chorus)

(Mr. Doctor)

Yeah nigga...
Yeah Doc...
What, what, you neva had me though
Creased blue kakies with blue laces in them blue kiccs
You never strolled the blocc with them true crips
Niggas like you round the locs is through
Bitch nigga swallow a dicc, that's why you getting ran
through
Straight trippin you could claim my blocc
You never hanged with the crips and never rang no
Gloccs
Mo like a sucra, but figure now a nigga would know
When you slip around and through settrip, it's like
walkin death row
Now you see but you seen to late
Mutha fucca, you slit like a clit cuz your ass is fake
(You don't wanna slang, you don't wanna gang bang)

You can't crip walk then don't let your gat talk
(You don't wanna slang, you don't wanna gang bang)
I never seen you on the spot
Never seen you with a Glocc
That's how real gangstas roll
Dippin old schools and rags
Holiday and X-Raided loc

(Chorus to end)

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

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.