

**Matt Bianco****"R U Down"**

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[Z-Ro]

Stained all broke ass niggas in my mix, mix

[Z-Ro]

I heard a stranger say geurilla till I die but  
motherfuckers be claiming

A name in vein nigga you ain't never witnessed the  
pain

But I got a diploma for making bitch niggas hold they  
jaw

When I pull a nine out, I'ma find out witch nigga told the  
law

When my homie was located incarcerated and  
simming on one

It's like going from heaven to slum, motherfucker now  
you know

This is dedicated to you, dear bitch

This is dedicated to the coward niggas of your click

Then jamming out killing to go and get the  
motherfuckers

but they fin to feel approach from behind

For the mighty motherfuckin power ranger danger  
becuase of my anger

Never been stranger to run in the chamber so run

Or I'll be coming across the chamber with my gun

No coming back, welcome to my world, I'll show you  
pain you never seen

Or slapping patches out of niggas and we mean it when  
we scream it

Never be given a good god damn so don't they go and  
get us started

Now it's time to show these niggas we the hardest  
all I want to know is are you down

[Chorus - 2x]

How many niggas want to ride with me

They say my mob is a threat to society

Because we mobbing in masks

Get the gauge and we blast

And quick to put a motherfucker on his ass

Are you down

[Trae: Geurilla Maab]

Now which one of you niggas is fake  
and tell me which one of you niggas are real  
I might now find out now  
but I guarantee if you cause me then I got your grill  
Cause I don't feel, a nigga should chill, with me still  
For me, smile in my face and stabbed me in my back  
seat  
Obviously, that nigga ain't down with me  
And he ain't who he claim to be, but it ain't no game to  
me  
I take it seriously, and keep my eyes on my  
motherfucking enemies

[Geurilla Maab]

Got to keep my distance g, cause i know they plotting  
on me  
To set me up for a homicide or robbery  
But it ain't no thang to me, cause I got my family  
Killa Klan and Geurilla Maab coming cotastraphy  
You get snatched if we, feel you less than a man  
I'm in a clan where niggas trained to kill with that by  
hand  
But they don't understand, untill they been there  
Are you down or what, cause if not than beware

[Chorus - 2x]

[Z-Ro}

Stained all broke ass niggas in my mix, mix

[Z-Ro]

Now most of the time I'm by myself cause all of my  
friends are fake  
How many more chins willl have to check  
untill the bones in my wrist and my fist finally break  
But I was born, as a child of the corn  
Now between heaven and hell I'm torn and trapped in a  
motherfucking storm  
I'm ready to kill and I'm ready to die, my mind is  
constantly gone on fry  
You laughed when I bumped you off  
then I jumped you off thinking it's about time  
To close shop, get the nine glock, put a nigga in a pop  
box  
I need some gin, instead of rate  
the murder death kill of a nigga that really won't breath  
again  
But there ain't another nigga that's as cold as I  
And I'm gone hold on to my geurillas untill I'm told to

die  
But motherfuckers be coming in sets when they be  
rolling by  
But motherfuckers are horizontal with a swollen eye  
I'ma keep me a lean on rubatussin, got to keep me a  
glock that I be busting  
I got to to keep my eyes open wider, motherfuckers be  
thinking they Mckeiver  
Pull a stunt got a trick up they sleeve  
hate me motherfuckers don't like breathing  
When a geurilla like me never be leaving  
I got a man with a verse that I be reading but are you  
down

[Chorus - 4x]

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