

## Mavis Staples

### "Tattoos On Her Ass"

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Tatoos on her ass  
Take one  
Dame Grease, we got 'em baby  
Got these niggaz  
Got the whole game tryna take us down Al Pac  
You know it's Vigilante Season man  
Fuck this shit  
So I'll just give you that wave  
Shout to the Four Horsemen  
Let's get 'em, uh

Hook:  
Them Gain Greene boys, they too advanced  
(Too advanced)  
How Jimmy let the game slip through his hands  
(Fuck you do that, fucked up now)  
When my songs come on, they do the dance  
(Do the dance)  
Bitches tattoo my name on they ass

Verse 1:  
Yeah  
The Vigilante Season is here, so buckle up  
The Milli Vinilli killer, Chrissy, pucker up  
Get ya lips wet, take ya dentures out, let me feel the  
gums  
My DVDs be in the slums  
Lookin' all good in my three-piece, got you niggaz  
speech weak  
You bitch niggaz couldn't see me like cheap seats  
Ridin' that white horse, slippin' that caine, need twelve  
steps  
Squeeze at you niggaz till no shells left  
Stop it son you not the shit, I'll pop a clip  
Seen him on YouTube swappin' spit  
What the fuck is that, that's some homo shit  
I noticed it, did the Domain on some promo shit  
That ain't even one third of the wave, I possess the fury  
Send some wolves to get you for your jewelry  
Ask 'em 'bout the boy, I'm a nuke myself  
Played with the biscuits as a boy, and I never tried to

shoot myself  
Nigga that coke you sniffin' got you skimpy, come and  
get me  
They gon' find ya like Pimp C  
I don't give a fuck about your bullshit, best to show me  
where the money be  
Nigga your only 23  
Owww

Hook:  
Got a foreign car, the new Coupe is black  
(Coupe is black)  
And I'm never too old, we movin' the cash  
Plus I piped your broad, how cool is that  
She wanna tattoo my name on her ass

Verse 2:  
Nigga I ain't trippin' off this shit  
I'ma tool up, vroom up, time to hit tools up (Tools up?)  
Yeah, time to hit Ben Bitty  
The 2010 Biggie  
Need another swiggly, just pour me some Grand Cru  
Got the Codeine, sour make the whores leave  
More fiend, that's that shit I be slingin' out the back of  
the spaceship  
Taste it, get you niggaz facelifts  
Get you niggaz wasted, Bigga the better spar  
Pay for your funeral on my debit card  
Cop a pine box, you don't want that, baby  
Niggaz on my dick, screamin' "Wavy"  
Try to do a splash, now cyclones  
They told me Batista, you Roddy Rowdy Piper, E's got  
you hyper  
Nigga stop poppin' those percocets, make me hurt the  
set  
They make me wanna squirt the Tech  
Owww

Hook:  
Well she touched in Miami, while you was doin' tracks  
(Doin' tracks)  
She even gave me couple bucks out ya stash  
She said it taste like pastry, what type of fruits is that  
(What type fruits is that)  
She wanna tattoo my name on her ass  
Them Gain Greene boys, they too advanced  
(Too advanced)  
How Jimmy let the game slip through his hands  
(Fuck you do that)  
When my songs come on, they do the dance  
(Do the dance)

Bitches tattoo my name on they ass  
Got a foreign car, the new Coupe is black  
(Coupe is black)  
And I'm never too old, we movin' the cash  
Plus I piped your broad, how cool is that  
She wanna tattoo my name on her ass

Freaky bitch, yeah  
Need a nice outro for this one  
Ain't gotta say much  
Vigilante Season, ya know  
Boss Don Biggavel'  
Dame Grease  
Four Horsemen baby, yeah  
Got bottles of that Grand Cru  
Ya know the industry, comin' for my head  
All these niggaz talkin' greasy 'bout the boy  
Let's let the music speak for itself, ya know  
Lil' coke head niggaz runnin' round the game  
Poppin' them percs, shrooms  
Fuck wit' ya boy bitch  
The Boss Don, oww  
Gotta love it  
Gain Greene, yeah  
That's it, huh  
{Max B laughs}

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