

## Mia X "Daddy"

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[Featuring Fiend Mac Skull Dugery C Murder Mystikal]

[Fiend]

What's goin on out there in soldier world? {All my  
soldiers and  
Soldierettes}

This Fiend the excited private nigga act like ya know  
me

Here to represent on Mia X Ms. Mama Drama Shit  
{Mama Drama Nigga}

Here we have Mac the shell shocker skull dugery  
C mother fucking Murder Mystikal

And last but not least Fiend the excited private  
Here to represent like this ya heard me?

[Chorus X4]

Cock, bust, squeeze, aim

We No Limit Soldiers nigga you know our name

[Mia X]

What y'all niggas really come to do

If you with me tell them soldier haters Fuck you {Fuck  
you}

What y'all bitches really come to do

If you with me tell them soldiers haters fuck you {fuck  
you}

True niggas on the front line ready to squeeze

Bitches think before you speak cause you don't want  
none of these

Left, right, left roundhouse

Cause everytime I bring it one sombody gets knocked  
out

About as bout it bout it as it gets

It's that bitch

Mia X lady no limit {yeah that bitch}

Mama four-star {yeah that bitch}

You don't wanna go to war {That's that bitch}

Drill me

I make ya fell me like ya dick in burning pussy

Lyrical beats or in the streets nigga I'm no rookie

I'm the drama in your heart when your people get killed

The most respected gangsta bitch on the real cause I  
will

[Chorus X2]

[Fiend}

Remember me I tote a shoty  
Military gunfare just one day  
Paper weight hands and arrest leg  
I ain't scared I done prayed for all the consequences  
Brand new glock inventions and killers with bad intentions  
Forget to mention don't mind my neck on the line  
Give my moms the insurance money and card for valentines  
I ain't died burn no coffin don't pour no cornie on me  
Smoked in the zone stashed throw me taking what the owe me  
I the soldier in the fatigues full of weed ready to bleed  
Behind what I believe the tank and we indeed  
Boy I hem thee the message with bent knees  
And notes around they neck signed bitch Fiend sent these

[Mac]

What? I hit the block yellin shell shocked  
From the streets to the motherfucking cell block  
If you with me cock it back and let them shells pop  
If we gone die then we gone die letting off shots  
Woah there nigga  
Don't fuck around, don't fuck around with this click  
Cause haters eat dick and shit through them tubes  
bitch  
I used to murder murder back when I was seventeen  
Got with that tank now it's all about that mean green  
And I get you open like the Waffle House  
This shit get real when I pull that rifle out  
Kill kill mama drama told me bust  
There ain't nuttin to discuss  
So you won't gone get the fuck  
If you ain't riding with us

[Skull Dugery]

Now everybody wants to play the game  
I bring the force like the Desert Storm bring the pain  
Like the land brang  
Motherfuckers must dismiss when I enter they shit  
From house to house to block to block to the project  
bricks  
Every hood them thuggish soldiers taking over I told ya  
It's no limit bringing the pain  
The other level of the game  
Niggas disrespect they get deal with  
You be in a pillow in that wooden box riding in that long  
black dick  
You feelin this nigga you know on thing is real  
Fucking with no limit niggas and top dog skills  
Niggas gonna get ya

Fell and then they peel ya  
Niggas ya gonna fell this solder shit you dig it?  
[Chorus X2]  
[C-Murder]  
Nigga what? make some run I'm about to throw down  
I ain't no motherfucking homey but you bout to get  
clowned  
No limit soldiers get rowdy raise the roof like Luke  
We be some true tanks doggs ask my niggas Fiend  
and Snoop  
Capital N-O Capital L-I-M-I-T  
Until I D-I-E and that's no L-I-E  
So bitch get off me before I spit some shit  
And break your ass off with a 45 and a extra clip  
They call me C-murder cause I put on in your dome  
I come to your set and leave you laying at home  
I hang with killers and dealers, weed smokers and G's  
No limit niggas don't fall off so fuck my enemies  
[Chorus X2]  
[Mystikal]  
If I come from around the corner I'm a knock up your  
head  
shouldn't have been fucking with that nigga with the  
enuciation  
fucking with the nigga with bad attitude and bad  
pronunciation  
that's why I come off rude, loud and obnoxious, every  
other word gone  
be  
profane  
farting, spiting, grabbing my dick like I ain't got no  
fucking home  
training  
Even if it's 5 o'clock in the morning and the song ain't  
done I ain't  
leaving  
I'll take all day but when I finish the bitch have your  
head hurting  
and your  
ears bleeding  
From having no money barely eating, not going no  
where rarely leaving  
to steak and shrimp every evening, gone all day busy  
as a beaver  
Imma soldier, told ya, now I'm a show ya  
doing it over  
I got the end of the M-16 explode  
you don't wanna, ain't gonna go to war  
shot to kill, forward march  
[Chorus to fade]

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