

**Mr. Lif****"666"**

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[Mr. Lil One (Talkin)]

Ha Ha, mothafuckas  
It's mothafuckin Lil One  
Up here with my dawg G to P to A  
We fin to fuck up all 5 of you  
And the rest of the world  
Listen, and learn  
Before you get burned

I bring it to that ass  
Every time that I pass  
Never mind the past  
I got the last laugh  
Now everybody knows me like Gotti  
Makin all this lute  
With out shootin any body  
Excuse you, time to verbally abuse you  
Take you on a mind game  
Never mind the fame  
Talk about the truth  
And the men that got proof  
Remember all the times  
You rapped my rhymes in the booth  
Show you how it's done  
And make it worth while  
Show you how it's done  
Mr. Lil One style  
Ain't no need to lie  
The truth is inside of you  
Ain't no need to trip  
Cause I'll fuck up all five of you  
Still I stand alone  
Make it on my own  
And since you did me wrong  
You get your dome blown  
Still I be the sickest  
And I be the dopest  
Biggdy boom, make way for the lokest

[Chorus: Mr. Lil One]

I come from the land where the wicked men roam

I come from the city where you best believe it's on  
I come from the 6-6-6-1-9  
Bring it to your face and no time for me to waste  
[2x]

[GPA]

Now I see your placed your bets  
So I'ma put you in your place  
It's GPA and Mr. Lil One  
Bringin drama to your face  
Call me a specialist when I'm placin bombs  
Hangin with ex-cons  
Got ya scared cause you know it's on  
Scared when you're are home  
We're callin death threats on the phone  
I aughta break your jaw  
Mothafuck you and the law  
Mr. Lil One is comin in with the bow and arrow  
That's my evil twin  
Or should I say my twin devil  
Know we're claimin the west  
I'm gettin my gun  
You better be getting your vest  
Me and my homie will disrespect  
That ass and fis to check  
380 when I bust  
While I be kickin up dust  
Ain't no man alive I trust  
I'm hurtin feelins while I cuss  
No remorse at this time  
Or should I say any day  
Hey Little let me know when to press the button  
So I can blow thier ass away  
I can't afford a yhaut but a G is what I be  
And these bullets I put through you  
Are for disrespectin me  
And with my chrome  
Three 6's on your dome  
I wrote this little song  
Just to let you know it's on  
Protected custody  
Regretin you ever fucked with me  
Next time you start some shit  
Don't be a little bitch and run away from me

[Chorus]

[Mr. Lil One]

Well I'm sick and I'm evil  
Kinda like Peshi  
Pinch to your neck

If you ever disrespect me  
True to the streets  
Rappin over phat beats  
Try to burn the little  
And now your widow weeps  
Heard about the streets  
Mothafuckas cause riots  
Heard about the beach  
Mothafuckas keep quiet  
The late Martin Nelly  
13 on his belly  
May you Rest In Peace  
While your rep's in the street  
No about the G's mothafuck enemies  
And when they get found  
They'll be all memories  
Too it from the heart  
Like my homies from the park  
Never mind races  
Talk about faces  
Fakin, breakin ever single rule  
Fuck em all up like a PCP cool  
Lil One, be the one  
Bringin all the drama  
Mothafucka step and you're a goner

[Chorus]

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