

# **X Mia**

## **"Mama's Family(Ft.Fiend, Mac, Klc, Kane & Abel, Mr.)"**

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Artist: Mia X

Album: Unlady Like

Title: Mama's Family

feat. Fiend, Mac, KLC, Kane & Abel, Mr. Serv-On

[Mia X]

I'm mama superior, bitches recognize  
Don't a damn thing move until I hear "mother, may I"  
I chastise, with ruger nines and hollow tips, venom  
dipped  
With dums dums baby, but you don't want none  
Six sons indeed, they be The Baddest  
Most Criminal, Serv-On and The Camoflauge Assassin  
Actin up always bullets bringin tears  
But you best not say shit about my kids, or you gets did  
Lit up like Christmas trees  
Wanna be mommy's understand who I am, the biggest  
of all  
Runs my household and holds down your block  
Open up shop, don't make me knock  
Your dick in the dirt, I hurt, behind the cheese and the  
products  
Faceless corpses found shot up from plastic toys  
Yeah, we bout some funky noise  
Eighty six Ma Parker and her boys, this is mama's  
family

[Fiend]

May I do mine  
Represent my No Limit click with my new nine  
May I do mine  
Represent my No Limit click (Mama Mia)  
May I do mine  
Represent my No Limit click with my new nine  
May I do mine  
Represent my No Limit click

[Fiend]

With Fiend's Mr., watch me hit em, get em, for mama  
I'm a split em

And let my desert eagle lit em, fill em, family forget  
em  
Kill em, pop ya, my guidelines are improper  
Gettin fit ever since I was cristined them glocks  
Handlin my chopper, my bullets they penetrate  
Fuck the money rate when I was hungry as a Hatian  
Mama may I forever stay high (fa sho), for safe keepin  
Stay fiendin baby, cause I'm more devil then human  
being  
Money schemin, supplying my workers with birds and  
dealing  
Because mama understand that my hustlin has a  
meaning  
The reason to stay passive, I ain't here no more  
Addicted from havin it, from the ceiling to the floor  
Fa sho and dedicated to my family chromosone  
The Pope, come get it badder Fiend, now tell me the  
war zone  
Black strong, puttin red dots on Uncle Sam  
Continuin to be a bad man (bad man) and grams for  
Fiend

[KLC]

I said my mama was a rolling stone to the bone  
Wherever she lays her piece of chrome is her home  
(there it is)  
As long as she wants it to be there, bitch ass niggas  
beware  
The spot where your standing I really wouldn't want to  
be there  
Now see there, KL don't back down  
My little brother's a pair, standin straight over there  
I get respect like Elliot Ness, so how you figure  
Old punk ass, broke ass, bitch ass niggas  
I brings drama like you spit on my mama  
And before you think to steppin best done pause like a  
comma  
Cause I done lays niggas down flat like that  
Bitch on your stomach or back  
So I don't wanna hear no bullshit  
About my brothers that I roll with and my brothers that I  
pull hoes with  
Cause it's a blessing to get this ass whoopin and a  
lesson  
Now come and get this real session  
Lesson one, never fuck with my mama or brothers  
Two, buckshots flyin as we burn another  
To the motherfuckin three, get somewhere when I get  
there  
To the four, like I siad before niggas I don't pack fair  
Motherfuckers been in benches

I'm pushin a forty thousand dollar machine sittin on  
fuckin twenty inches  
All paid out without a doubt  
We rumble like the Bronx, and a bag that'll blow your  
fuckin back out  
So mama I wanna get into some gangsta shit  
But they don't wanna get into no gangsta shit  
They all played out and they can't say shit  
That's all I gotta say now mama that's it

[Kane & Abel]

Dear mama, they want your tubes tied cause you get so  
gangstafied  
Fuck it we ride smokin that cannibus,  
homocide grease it hotter then peppermint  
Fuck scimilac, mama fi'n to jack  
Mama taught me how to cook crack, if niggas bangin  
too then bang back  
Cause that, I keep my gat close to hand,  
niggas stuntin like Jackie Chan  
I fill em with lead, leave em dead,  
with they hand lookin like an autopan  
For Christmas my list consists of nina  
Two masks, two glocks with extra clips and my favorite  
street sweeper  
Look ma, I'm bout to bang this nigga, this fuckin pussy  
eater  
Goin up my jaws, with breakin laws  
Robbin niggas out they rocks at the bus stop, leave em  
standin in they  
drawers  
Keep them hoes on all fours  
Test me, you must be on them rocks like Pooky  
Best learn the facts of life like Tootie  
If we was in the penn nigga put it on your bootie  
I used to watch cartoons while I'm breakin out keys in  
the backroom  
At the table, boom, ten G's for little Kane, ten G's for  
Abel  
Twin thugs down south, mama said knock you out

[Mr. Serv-On]

Congratulations, it's blood relations  
Mama done gave birth to a brand new baby killer  
Pass that nine rattlemiller nigga  
Addicted to lead, fuck breasts, I was gun fed  
Misled by Uncle Boz and Uncle Ed (family ties)  
No beds so you can toss this dead bodys the smell  
born in hell  
Mr. Bavgate, Mr. No Limit affiliate, Mr. retaliate  
With a twelve gauge and a handshake

The baddest motherfucker east of the Mississippi  
I'll bang ya for every letter in Kansas City  
I can't spell, so Lord forgive me  
Fuck goin to movies, she took me gun battles  
And hid her dope in the baby rattle  
Ain't no reg and nice meal and apple juice, kept my  
bowels loose  
For my first birthday she gave a nigga a duece duece  
So sincerely mama's number one, blast one for your  
oath of son  
So now I lay me down to sleep  
Fuck em, this family'll never live in peace  
So if I bang one I hang one, mama's oldest son, nina

[Mac]

Dear mama, the youngest of us, bust quickly  
Assassin, flashin in soldier fashion with the army action  
Below the seas where the warm air breeze  
Murder is desease, call it big ease, flooded with keys  
of China  
Macadon put you on like reflon, them fake niggas get  
they rep on  
I stack money like the Orientals, what's up to all them  
niggas that I'm kin to  
To make a meal I'm bent to, mama said the rent's due  
What's happenin, put them thug niggas on the map  
and  
I represent like it's my first time rapping  
What's the deal, keep it real and then real  
The ill nigga feel, the blood spills on my army pantses  
Buckin at the ambulances to my foes  
Shots to his nose, I make sho' the casket is closed  
The family's tight like ham and cheese  
Once again I'm camofluage yall

[Fiend]

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Represent my No Limit click

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