

## **X-Raided "Macaframa"**

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Next song is Macaframa.

Yeah

For ya'll... uneducated ass... bitches (fuck you hoes)

Yeah, yeah, yeah,

Foever hatin on a nigga that's havin thangs

Nigga in these type of situations on lockdown

Where da real love at?

Yeah, yeah...

[Verse 1]

Aint no love for them hoes an I'm knowin

Bitches only jocking X-Raided cause I be flowin

That's why I'm showin 'em love and affection

In they silky sections, my erections

Spitten milky secretions in they directions

When you in they presence, they say you king

But when you aint around they clown like you a peasant

Fuck givin the bitches presents

Diamond rings and things of that nature get you pussy  
fo sho

That hoe will date ya then deflate your ego

But they got you hero zero to show for all your actions

You went to jail wit no bail an now aint nothin crackin

Bet back when you was free, you thought you had a  
solid female

But now you can't even get a visit, and gotta beg for  
mail

Movin lika a snail when you tryin to get her to handle  
somethin

And late at night she got cum drippin out her  
bellybutton

That good for nothin bitch is useless for a convict

I'm nuttin up on hoez, nigga fuck that cum shit

Her cousins on my nuts like a little squirrel

An I would've been the mack to her if she wasn't a little  
girl

But about two months from now that little girl gon turn

18

The number one draft pick on my hoe team

[Hook]

I'm that gansta you answer to

When I say bitch jump then that's whatcha do  
I'm a fast talkin convict, blowin yo mind  
I'm workin macaframalama, even if I'm in da slamma  
I'm that gansta you answer to  
And when I say bitch jump then that's whatcha do  
I'm a fast talkin convict, blowin yo mind  
And I'm workin macaframalama, even if I'm in da  
slamma

[Verse 2]

It don't take much to keep yo man happy doing eight  
months  
But it aint no contact visits so you can't touch  
And county time aint no joke  
In Sacramento this shit will have you mental  
Cause you can't smoke  
You be stressed out  
Hopin that you beat yo case  
Three strikes tryin to wipe out my whole race  
Now here comes yo wife since you done got your time  
Saying that she can't hang. Bitch is you out yo mind?  
She got everything you own  
Vehicle, clothes, even yo home  
Not a penny on yo books cause tha bitch is gone  
They send you to The Branch, then from there out to  
Tracy  
And one of the homies hook you up with his bitch Stacy  
She's white, overweight with bifocals  
But she's sending letters wit money orders through the  
postal  
You dedicated to love an married her quick to hit that  
ass  
On the first congical visit she had you cummin hella  
fast  
You lost your pretty bitch but you gained a ugly soldier  
Move over bacon, it's time fo sizzleen to take over  
Cause doin time, it's all about support  
An the bitch is to come an let you make her pussy for it  
Tell em short

[Hook]

I'm that gansta you answer to  
When I say bitch jump then that's whatcha do  
I'm a fast talkin convict, blowin yo mind  
I'm workin macaframalama, even if I'm in da slamma

[Verse 3]

Now this is fo the homies that got them Nike wearing  
hoes  
Ponytails in they hair sportin other bitches clothes  
Ruggish, thuggish, raggedy like them up at the type

that  
Wakes up in the mornin put on some sweats an be like  
fuck it  
Nigga don't lie, you know I just detailed yo baby's  
mama  
The type of bitch that's even qiucker than me to start  
some drama  
Like a comma, puttin pauses in yo sentances  
Ya'll can't even get along irreconcilable differences  
That bitch is famous  
From so many nameless dicks that penetrated  
And she's gameless  
That's how you know she's never been with Raided  
She's aimless, where is you headed? Bitch is you  
knowin?  
Gettin on my nerves like my bunkie when he's snorin  
Immediately get rid of her at this moment  
And shake her like Jordan does a basketball opponent  
Cause if you ever fall or take a loss  
Nigga that bitch is gone  
That little leech'll find another nigga to lean on  
She's a forty ounce swigga, weed smoker  
Needin to get that shit up  
Her beer belly overlapping, needin to do some sit ups  
She's lazy as can be anll never make no progress  
So shake that hoe that's all I can suggest, nigga  
X-raided locc

[Dott Dogg:]  
Yeah, how do you bitches out there like that?  
Funky ass hoez  
Good for nothin,  
Runnin out on a motherfucker when times get hard.  
Punk ass bitch!  
Yeah, Dott Dogg said that,  
Sorry ass beatch! [X-Raided:] (Beatch! )  
To all you hoes that fit that description.  
(You know why?  
Cause I'm workin macaframalama even if I'm in the  
slamma  
Beatch! )

I'm that gansta you answer to  
When I say bitch jump then that's whatcha do  
I'm a fast talkin convict, blowin yo mind  
I'm workin macaframalama, even if I'm in da slamma

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