

Boo-Yaa TRIBE

"Mafia Lyfestyle"

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The rise and fall of an empire

We hustlin crazy [x4]

Gangstas and thugstas and playaz, we hustlin crazy
[x4]

[The Riddler]

I'm from that city that breathed it
live playa paper out there for everybody
Trailthem creepin make that paper stack
Ya'll know we got them ballers and playaz
Playa bosses gangsta haters callin shots
U-haulers all caught up in that pen partna
collectin my dough from do, slammin them Lincoln
doors
expensive clothes and ho's be hollerin tinted windows
bouncin
S - A - M - O - A - N that mafia soldier rollin to the top,
no we never gon stop where we goin showin' all them ...

[Chorus X2]

It's that Mafia Lyfestyle
Gangstas and thugstas and playaz we hustlin crazy
It's that Mafia Lyfestyle
Perpatrators and snitches and haters, ya'll dyin early

[Layzie Bone]

Dedicated to the niggas all across the globe
gettin down for the grind tryin to make a lil dough
real thugs hit em up just to let a nigga know Mo Thug
nigga what ?
get the scrilla fa sho ballin outta control hit the yellow
brick road
nigga anything goes and we gotta survive
24-7, 365 and I be ready to ride
either thug or you die gimme a hug and don't cry cuz
I'm a get mine
take this game on a whole nother level can you feel the
pain ?
sometimes it be stressin me man

but the lesson you brang you well worth it
ain't nobody perfect but a nigga pilot ain't nobody stop
this Mo Thugs madness
any nigga try then the shit is done, tragic
real drastic, big clips on the automatics

[Chorus x4]

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Gangstas and thugstas and playaz we hustlin crazy
It's that Mafia Lyfestyle
Perpatrators and snitches and haters, ya'll dyin early

[The Godfather: Singing]

Momma don't cry for me, my gangsta pain is from
these ghetto streets

[The Riddler]

I'm all about my scrill-o
illiminates that middle
that money green no dream
triple beam turn them human beings to fiends
socialize with no feds
never will never did ... now who did ?
playa like that don't wanna live
hater like that don't wanna give
paper out there for everybody
don't let that paper pay pass you by so thick
then you die, don't lay, I don't lie
in the VIP, we gamble cheese, toast to that winning
team
table full of that Hennessy, enemies eyes is all on me

[Chorus till fade]

It's that Mafia Lyfestyle
Gangstas and thugstas and playaz we hustlin crazy
It's that Mafia Lyfestyle
Perpatrators and snitches and haters, ya'll dyin early

[The Godfather: Singing over chorus]

My momma don't cry for me, my gangsta pain is from
these ghetto streets
don't cry for me, don't cry for me

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