

M People

"Rape U 4 Your Life"

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Mac Melph Calio gonna rape you for yo life ya bitch you
Believe Dat Yeah!

Chorus

Chillin' on the set wit the fully automatic tec
Ya better back up off before I rape ya for life ya bitch
Chillin' on the set wit the fully automatic tec
Nolia soldiers the melph boys the melph boys
Calio Calio

(Tec-9)

Ya better watch dis mascara that's about to occur
I'm pretty sure to buck 'em down because I got the
most rounds
Up in my chamber release my anger
Straight at you!
I hear the PO-POs as they say my name over the
dispatch
But I'm round the way hidin' wit my boy who knows me
real well
No matter the price a real nigga will never sell you out
Cuz nigga that's not what its all about
We droppin' 'em down if ya runnin' off at the mouth
Yeah! dem boys at 6 and b.b. comin' up
You gets buck straight to the ground
If ya talkin' about ya comin' around
Lil' niggas becomin' bigger niggas everyday!
Initiation spray a nigga wit an a-k
Block parties drinkin' 40's smoke somethin' wit meeee
We like to roll tightly without the seeds
Like kilo I be coastin' full of that potion
Nigga flowin' so pass the weed around to meeee
When I'm high I'm like Kurtis nigga superflyyyy
We be deep so watch my back if we chose to sleep
Will I live to see my 21st birthday
Will I Live to told the world what my niggas from
around the way
I got dat flava that will save ya
Money hungry bitches blowin' up my pager
But beep me some time and I am call you back

But for now I'm in the hood
Smokin' on a Fat Sac!

Chorus

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(Lil' Ya)

I'm not that average one of them lil' niggas
So let me clerify packin' a gat
For real black because where I'm at its do or die
My peeps up in that project protectin' makin' reck shops
Its good to be alive in 96 I tot my 9 glock
My niggas out that 3rd keepin' dem
Blunts steady passin'
The dope is steadily flowin'
Mutherfukers steady blastin'
I'm racin' for my shit I bet ya mutherfuckers recognize!
And If ya didn't know ya better ask somebody!
In 1996 we shiners soldiers out da nolia
I told ya I'm a roller
But I guess ya ain't hear me Though
I'm kickin'it on a level that a buster nigga
Can't Touch!
A rebel runnin' rhymes leavin' bitch niggas fucked up!
Strickly representing' kickin' it for my niggas out the
3rd
Servin' silly suckers jealous niggas get what dey
deserve
Pass me the disc jump in the back
And snort a lot drain got me booted
Now I'm zooted out my mind
Straight out the 3rd I know ya heard
That we a bout it
Niggas packin' steal rapin' bitches and gettin' rowdy!
If ya caught slippin' or trippin'
Without the clippin' ya flippin'
Because we bustin' and bustin'
Never Missin' always Hittin' Nigga!

Chorus

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(Yella)

A buck connection temple surely
Another murder in your town got the streets
A certi I'm closin' shop wit the noise
From a large weapon Its on again
The thirds got to teach another lesson
I got a click thats quick to buck
Bitch buckle up when I come
I come aimin' strickly for the throat on up
I'm like a tractor as I bulldozer in those streets
Quiet is kept that I creep and knock you off yo feet
Then meet yo name the next day at yo j-o-b
Hurricane Yella just swept through yo fuckin' town
I throw my bullets as if I'm on the pitcher mound
Red handkerchief representin' assholin'
The theme plus leavin' yo fuckin' head swollen
Like Mo B Dick I'm deavin' quick up in this gangsta shit
My probelm solvers bullets wit dem extra clips
I dips and dale wit my ree's strap up real tight
I'm wit my dogs and we on bloody all night fight
I'm full of the dope out the comost roll like a molle
The whole third got my back we comin' through
Watch yo back its the Mac Melph Calio Crew
Bustin' ya up servin' ya up wit dem choppers
Its the third aka call us life stoppers
I take ya to war like the desperado
All my dogs on the scene wit the extra hollow
Now I'm the driver of the u-haul
Filled wit the third the backs open
Cuz we dumpin' somebody gettin' served
One for all all for one now the jobs done
The victorythe third somebody smoked
Somebodys elses son
Its the fella wit the chucks in front of the crowd
Like the days of the 11 O 8
The Thirds goin' out
Ya Bitch you!

Chorus

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