

Alan Licht

"Y'all Thought It Was Over"

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Al Pac:

Gain Greene

Hook

Al Pac:

Y'all thought it was over

Gain Greene still in this bitch

Got these hatin' ass niggaz lookin' sick

Y'all thought it was over

But I'ma take the team to the top

Al Pac and Mac Mustard wont stop

Y'all thought it was over

We still got the hood in a loop

Kuz we awesome muthafuckas, can't do what I do

Y'all thought it was over

We still ridin' out for Biggavel

Ain't a damn thing change, we gon' give these niggaz
hell

Verse 1

Al Pac:

Al Pac still on it, them other niggaz are wanted

Lotta dudes be actin' tough but them muthafuckas be
bluffin'

Gain Greene in the building, these haters is catchin'
feelings

I'm just tryna do my thing, and stack a couple of
millions

Still ridin' for my nigga, let's do it for Biggavel

I'ma whole the fam down while they got you stick in a
cell

See I'm all about my paper so pay me in straight cash
Hooligans is in this boy, get found wit' ya face
smashed

I don't care of big chains too my nigga just make me
stronger

Put my life in every verse, real niggaz could feel the
hunger

I'm a beast on these beats, so show the proper respect
I don't even got a deal, I'm labeled one of the best
Boy known to get it in, tell lil' homie be easy

Got so many different flows, you niggaz wouldn't
believe me
Give it to you right, I'm keepin' the streets soakin'
And the name ring bells in Harlem, Virginia, Boston

Hook

Al Pac:

Y'all thought it was over
Gain Greene still in this bitch
Got these hatin' ass niggaz lookin' sick
Y'all thought it was over
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Al Pac and Mac Mustard wont stop
Y'all thought it was over
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Verse 2

Mac Mustard:

Now you got me fucked up, Mac Mustard the wrong
nigga
Get ya strip clipped, hit all the right and the wrong
niggaz
Fill a nigga injure reserved, you ain't shit on the curb
Get a buck like a tenth of a bird
Don't get caught in my words
A nervous wreck, don't get caught on my nerves
My arm's reach get 'em caught in the birds
Nigga any disrespect'll get you wet, get your vets
Lemme hear you claim the shit you rep when the Tec hit
your neck
No parole, bigger checks, we got bigger fish to catch
Got a bony bitch, can fetch, chick get down and get it
wet
Till the death, I'ma always be Mac
Gain Greene, 33rd, and we still reppin' for Max

Hook

Al Pac:

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Verse 3

Mac Mustard:

And when I sit down and write shit, flow tighter than
vicegrips

Can't call it like dices but the 5th'll do 'em righteous

Try violatin' my shit, any member of my clique

Shit get hard as nightsticks, cold as December night
shifts

Must be snortin' that white shit, fuckin' wit' your brain

Don't produce that type of mileage, need to stay in
your lane

Had to shine, Al breezed, pass off to Mike, the keys

My nigga just came home, wait listen, it's Al P

Al Pac:

Fuckin' with the same hoes, tell your bitch suck a big
cock

Come through the hood stuntin' Pac in the big drop

Talkin' like a bigshot, Gain Greene, we still hot

Keep talkin' crazy Mac Mizz'll let the 5th pop

Hit him with the .38, lil' niggaz featherweight

Niggaz in the loop, bitches ride the wave in every state

And you know we still here, Los fire up the doom

Breath of fresh air, other rappers better make some
room

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