

## Ghetto Mafia

### "In the Paint"

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Verse 1: Wicked)

Pick up trucks

Big yay

Mac 11s

Thrust out hoop

Bad hoes

357s

I heard the word

Powder head

50 grams

I'm in the cradle slangin'

Billows and cocaine

I fit the lamer

I admire ya

Scrub you to death like my

Pit bull terrier

See I got something for all y'all

Wanna be stalions

It's the magazines

Black stallions

Every numbry

Every punk

Have you ever seen inside

Of a Regal trunk?

My life is worse than any hand in poker

Come on and pull me bitch

I ain't no joker

I ain't that nigga that rap

But don't want nothin'

Saying he never had nothin'

So he don't need nothin'

Watch him blow holes to his salary his whole round

Pop a clown

And leave him dead in this dope town

And after that

Beat his head with a pipe

Kill for the hype

Kill for my strike

I ain't Jamaican but I

Get a pussy oil (?)

Left him cold

Take his soul

(chorus)

We in the notherfuckin paint

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah,

My nigga Nino in the paint

Big D, he in the paint

I'm in the paint...

(Verse 2: Wicked)

Met a pair of the dank

Keep seeing myself

In the bank

Yeah i oughta' get a full-time

And do the right thing

I got a full-time

Slangin' cocaine

My brain's fucked up off them

Sniper nuggets

Late nights fuckin'

And wicked(!) book it

See a bumper in the hood

Won't be faded

man it's fucked

'Cause I made it

See killin's what we do

In the dec

See killin is normal

For respect

I gotta grind down to the local

See some work that I got

From my uncle

See my whole family

We in the paint  
You wanna trap in my hood  
But you can't  
Pick up trucks  
Mac 11s  
Plushed out hoops  
357s  
Quick to bust you  
With this black stallion  
And falling victim to a trigger  
Of a little stallion  
'Cause them young boys  
Be weedin' and dustin'  
Instead the cops  
Are being busted  
They call this schools  
Got them filled with greed  
But a bitch don't know me  
I'm hard to read  
When a bitch don't know me  
I squeeze with speed  
When a bitch don't know me  
I fool the breeze (?)  
(chorus)  
(3rd Verse: Nino)

I lifted two 'keys  
But both of them were fake  
Fuck Nino couldn't tell  
Even if he checked  
Hop in the hooptie  
Headed to Augusta  
Lookin' for my man  
The perfect busta  
Check his dough  
I got 36 for 2  
Send some real work  
Back to my crew  
Back down the way  
I heard them niggas want game back  
Catch you like a scar  
I'm gonna crack your head with a car jack  
See he forced that judgement  
I know you want it slower  
Heard about two killings I did in  
Colordo  
Picked up bad habits  
When I was younger  
My pops always told me  
Get a fool's drama (?)  
But I'd never thought  
He'd take this shit this far

Killed a motherfucker outside a sports bar

I ain't even flinched

He hit the road

I shot him again

Then took his gold

You know my Wicked

He saw the whole thing

I told you before

357s

Pick up trucks

Big yay

Mac 11s

(chorus

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