

Mão Morta

"Nefarious"

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[X-Raided talking]

X-raided locc back in the house
My nigga Big Country
Motherfucking mafia...hah, it's going down
We gonna introduce you to a nigga I know pretty well
His name is Nefarious...haha
Fin to break this shit down for you
My motherfucking nigga Isosolis
And we do it like this...yeah

[First Verse]

It's the same old shit everywhere I look
Death and destruction, killing over nothin
I know I made a contribution
But in the ghetto ain't no motherfucking constitution
Niggas be shooting everything that don't look right
And if you got an attitude you'll catch a ghetto flight
The jaws of life can't save you when we crush ya
I can't trust ya cause the homie told me you a busta
And motherfuckers hate to see a nigga having thangs
You think I'm jokin, but I don't see nobody laughing kid
I want to go AWOL like a prison riot
And if a gaurd try's to stop me then thats his mistake
Think I'm a fake I'll brake you off somthing serious
It used to be X-Raided now it's Nefarious
It's very rough, cause ain't no other way for me to come
Them AWOL motherfucking niggas on the run

[Chorus: repeat 2X]

X-Raided is Nefarious; the D.A. said so
Told the jury "he's crazy, you can't let him go"
And Castro had my back to a certain extent
But they still didn't find a nigga innocent

[Second Verse]

Don't repent now
Change your ways cause you went to jail
You say your silent but motherfucker how can I tell
I ain't following no rules, I'm a rebel y'all
I didn't come to the pen and stop breaking laws
I smoke weed with the homie when he first get in

And in the visiting booth, my mocha give me head
In the county jail I had a walkman and tape
Bitches playing with they pussy's in the visit tank
Rubbin on that clitoris while I'm sitting there staring like
a motherfuck
Thinking bout to bust it
You niggas knowin it's the truth
Have the cops on the payroll lettin a nigga do what he
wanna do
Get your door popped if I want to get that ass
Get in the visiting booth, and then my mocha pass
Me a bag of the greens
And I stay high five west three thirteen

[Chorus]

[Third Verse]

The mornig after
Sitting in my cell
The jury found me guilty
No tears in my eyes, no suprise can you feel me
It was anticipation
The media had me guilty with no deliberation
But only ho's break down when it gets rough
I lost a bomb bitch, she said she had enough
My mocha told me "baby boy, I got your back"
So far so good , but I can't believe none of that
Time to tell the story better than I ever could
I say I wouldn't give a fuck, but I bet I would
Yet I refuse to beg a bitch to stay with me
If she want to go, then I'ma let her leave
In the pen it's kinda hard to keep your girl happy
My homie lost his lady to a dyke named Betty
Nappy hair, nappy chin like Ice Cube
And I refuse to lose

[Chorus]

[Ending Verse]

Yeah...
what...
what...
Yeah...1-8-7 on the D.A.
He ain't tryin to give a young black nigga no leeway
Yes, yes y'all 1-8-7 on the whole court room motherfuck
them all
1-8-7 on the D.A.
He ain't tryin to give a young motherfucker no leeway
Yes, yes y'all 1-8-7 on the whole court room motherfuck
them all
The Nefarious...X-Raided in the motherfucking house

The Nefarious...yeah...bitch
Big Country whats up locc...yeah, it's going down in a
real way

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