

Mausberg "Non-Fiction"

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f/ Squeek & Six Million

Artist: Mausberg f/ Squeek & Six Million

Album: Non Fiction

Song: Non Fiction

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[Mausberg]

Aiyo Sax dog, let's break they backs my nigga

Nigga y'all ain't ready for Non-Fic

Real niggas grab yo dick and let 'em know that we ain't
with the bullshit

Real niggas on the rise

And when I get to bustin' yo eyes with the bomb, don't
be surprised

Black Tec affiliate, rider with high spirits

Any track presented, prepare for me to kill it (realism)

Realism, blowin' a L of the bomb-ism

Mausberg be in the lab with the Eel-ism

Who wanna test me? Bring it to the streets dog

Lyrical vet optional 'cuz I'm a real hog

I'm from the streets and we don't take that shit

Black fist to your grill on some bust-your-lip shit

I take it personal

Money, murder, and business

I'm a hell of a shot, I put a slug in your eye lenses

Don't get me twisted with these rap punks

I'ma ride, pump and I dump and leave ya body in the trunk

Chorus:

(Mausberg)

Non-Fiction, real wired G's keepin' it filthy

Names have been changed to protect Tecs who guilty

We on the main line, duckin' one-time when it's crunch time

Feel the wrath of a gauge, if you touch mine

(Six Million)

Yo, real niggas, real shit, true story

We want the money, fuck the fame and the glory

(Mausberg)

We on the main line, duckin' one-time when it's crunch time

Feel the wrath of my gauge, if you touch mine

[Squeek]

KABOOM! Make room as I consume the tune

We mashin' like Mack trucks through sand dunes

Niggas in this rap game is doomed, give 'em pink slips

You's a actor, character, cartoon

I'm rollin' with the realest

Chicks wave your hands and niggas pop your fists if you mothefuckers feel this

The home of the scandalous, where you ride or die

Nigga fuck the scrilla, South Central Los Angeles

Fuck the fame and the glory

We ain't got shit to prove fool, these are Non-Fiction stories

Gunshot wounds so deep like battle scars

Gangbang affiliated like behind bars

Givin' a toss to all those that die

Sunday nights, G'd up in yo ride

Deletin' the aliases of a few

Got me plaedin' the fifth, these stories are true

Chorus

[Mausberg]

I represent the block where they pop-lock

Pack glocks with red dots and takin' over your spot

The Berg the black villain

Killin' for the respect of the gang

Bang only for the money, I ain't fuckin' with no chump change

Respect a nigga when you see me rued up (rued up)

And same thing for Sax when blewed up

Black Tec casino, dog we be the illest

West coast gangster shit, we be the realest

Kill 'em all dog

Y'all niggas making me mad

The shit you comin' with, we done re-flipped and been had

Got the talents of Nostradamus

Predict niggas would bite it

Now you lyin' and denyin' it, stop tryin' it

I'm on some Dub-S gangster shit

Niggas showin' they true colors and get dealt with

From the bottom to the top, two hit rocks

Never Hollywood

Bringin' the drama to your nearest neighborhood,
yeah....

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