

Mausberg

"Shut Up"

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Yo it's a lotta niggas bangin' the realest that ain't worth it

You bein' fake

You're fuckin' with Mausberg the Great

The king of the block

Lickin' hot shots to keep the pesticides off my jock

Well if it's on then it's on

I'm bustin' with the black and the chrome

Black tech gangsta, platinum crowns on my dome

You wanna rumble, chuck em around with the superb

Come up show, chain tokin' all your herb

I'm'a (?) this nigga with (?) in the game

And this bullet goes out to niggas bitin' my name

Thought it was subliminal, but real doggs recognize them thangs

That's why your chronic bout to change the game

Certified bet, before my album even pop

And fuckin' with Quik, that's certified platinum when I drop

And I'm callin' out competitors, lettin' you know

If you fuck with the Berg I gun ya down fo sho

CHORUS (x2)

Shut up, nigga

You're fuckin' with my name 'stead of my game

Fuckin' with my fame

Shut up nigga

And mind your own

Before you can't find your own

Ey yo I keep a full metal jacket

The opposite of a bad habit

Medicatin' niggas who start static

It's on now, jet line suits and war boots

Marine green canteen (?) and lime juice

Mausberg the superior

You never heard of a more (?) nigga comin' out the
urban area

Fake, fraud, and fictitious

Like som parsley in a Ziploc bag

I got the crown fool, it ain't for grabs

I run through the biggest packs of niggas

With my fists cocked back, and ready for combat

And hit ya, with six blows to ya cranium

I'm the dime nigga

Fuck this rap hunch niggas, I'm gainin' em

It's the Y2K, but the glitch is in this bitch niggas

Don't want to ride with they own kinda niggas

Me and Quik bout to take it to the limit

Erasin' all coward ass punks and gimmicks

We the realest for real

Chorus 2x

I'm still sportin' gray jeans with the black and white
Polo's

With the chucks cut lo do's

Niggas thought that I was goin' Hollywood

After rhythmalism

But all that taught me was to keep it realism

Give a pound to my real thugs

Use a jimmy when I fuck a bitch

Stay away from unknown drugs

But unlike y'all, bitch made, don't know where you from

Lyin' on your records about niggas you done

Fuck what happened to Cavaricci jeans and backpacks

Where you get them khakis and that dog patch

You ain't no gangsta

You only get in to fit in

Take yo ass to the circus with your family and friends

Cuz i'm too rough, too (?), too rugged for y'all kind

And I gotta keep them cowards from crossin' the red
line

Pointe blank, niggas'll do whatcha do

But keep in mind when you come across the Berg
you're through

Chorus 3x

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