

## **S.A.S. "Reservoir Dogs"**

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Mega:

I give a fuck if your rep is hard  
You follow suit like a deck of cards  
Have ya body laying in a reservoir  
Want beef with who?  
You snitchin' I'ma eat your food  
Cuz you pushin' keys while singin' just like Alicia do  
This villian is wheelin' and dealin' the raw  
He only pop his tags cuz he steal it from stores  
You feelin' me whore, naw I'm not the average, I'm a  
rider  
You can tell in my karats a fabric of my fiber  
Paid In Full, not Cam or 'Khi Phifer  
Rounds clap, drown, you rat like Pied Piper  
Style Adidas, who wild as he is  
Handle AKs like we Al Qaeda  
We just keep out Berettas cocked  
Look you can get a shot  
Settin' what in a block, Mega's not gettin' locked  
I get it forever and never will my terrorists stop  
Understand that Anthrax through your leatherbox  
I rock and groove with opera music  
Have some mobsters do shit, do not confuse it  
The Coupes is vicious, abuse these bitches  
I Fruity Pebble the sweater, now it's Coogilicious  
Niggaz

Mayhem:

I glide in the jeep, rims grind in the street  
Met Killa and Jim Jones, I got signed in a week  
So fuck them other crews who be rhymin' for beef  
My.9s got Cruel Intentions like Ryan Phillippe  
Kickin' off white, Blood, did you make up your life  
Only peace you bring is when you breakin' up fights  
We takin' the flights, brother I'm supposed to shine  
You speakin' of 6 digits, mines is close to 9  
Cuz I'm so raw, both hard and a record  
If it's war, like a postcard, I'll address it  
I'm respected, keep talkin' reckless  
Or May'll bring the beef to your yard like domestics  
Now chicks rush the squad  
They can all see the watch from far, haha

I won't front life, certified G is my blood type  
With the game I'ma shine on the game like flood pipes

Ru spits:

Mufuckas is sick, don't think Spits the shit  
Yeah I rap but I got another brick to flip  
Man my trap money long like a Christmas list  
Blow 100 bars straight while I hit the piff  
Yeah it's Ru and the U.N.  
We land hwere they won't let your crew in  
Y'all niggaz wanna live what we doin'  
Come against us you gon' get your rep ruined  
Spits in the Jag with the temporary tags  
'06 shit makin' 'em very mad  
Hit the mall, hop out with heavy bags  
Remember me, same kid with the Montero  
Way beyond ghetto, quick to palm metal  
One way or another, bet the drama gets settled  
See I'm comfortable with taking it to another level  
Then I fall back, get high off a few spliffs  
I just put it in the ear like a toothpick  
Been nice since Fight Dog and Q-Tip  
Had every hood like who the fuck is Ru Spits  
Fish market niggaz tryna get on some new shit  
You can bullshit with rap if you want  
Yeah I lay my shit down, I'll be back in a month  
Got a itty bitty town outside the city miles  
And you wouldn't believe what I charge for the pound  
This is street literature, reach and get rid of ya  
Toast raw, you be ghost dog like Whitaker  
What, muthafucka

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