

Big Mello

"Serious"

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(*talking*)

Uh yeah, you niggaz feel me
Know what I'm tal'n bout, huh what what

[Big Mello]

I broke bread in these streets fed these streets, bled
these streets
Left hoes ass niggaz, dead in these streets
Still here, no nigga gon change my direction
Or residence, still on some ol' waven wooden fence
Posted up with AK, tal'n bout what it do
Fuck with mine nigga what, I'm blowing up your who-do
As far as you scary ass Hollywood niggaz, I give's a
fuck bout what ya got
Or who you shot, you ain't next to Pac
With that studio plexing, yeah you bump to the mic
But get friendly, when you in a nigga sight iight
Now speak the truth and see who who, and what it do
And who the realest that escaped the shit, and who the
damn fool
Check my rap sheet, pull me up check my case
I survived prison riots, without a scar on my face
I did mine never switched, never snitched like a bitch
I beat niggaz with clutched fists, you can't fuck with this
I'm the meaning of drama, ran away from my mama
Stood alone broke bones, for the cash rocked domes
Forever H-Town, body rocker slab trunk knocker
On dro, I come through your damn screen like a
shocker

[Hook - 2x]

I'm serious, huh
You can't fuck with the infamous, notorious
Bone hard ass nigga, yeah I gotta say this
You can't fuck, with that nigga Curtis Davis

[Big Mello]

I don't piggy back niggaz, I rat-a-tat niggaz
I'm known to roam the streets, in a houpe full of killas
We gorillas, still swinging through the South on 3's
The pride of Hiram-Clarke, Sunnyside, Mo City

Ghetto gladiating, I'm beating Satan all the time
On the grind put it down, see Big Mello gon shine
You bitch made I'm homicidal, you suicidal
You paranoid, scary ass nigga I'm right behind you
Cause niggaz who talk about it, but see I be about it
I live that phsyco shit, you hoe ass niggaz rap about it
I been in high speed chases, way before Cops
Nigga what you sold rocks, I moved birds by the flock
Stacked grands before rapping, see the booth and
never acting
See real hip-hop, ain't bout fashion or flashing
Or riding niggz dick, yeah to hit the top
I done heard niggaz flip flop, to get to a certain spot

[Hook - 2x]

[Big Mello]

Southside hall of famer, made a mark in this city
Got game from Ice, K.B., Dre Dolla and Smitty
R.I.P. to fallen soldiers, but the kid still remains
One of the coldest in my era, ask my nigga Lil' James
Yeah fool I stepped out, wanted to get out the red
And I did what I had to do, to keep my family fed
No secret brain was cloudy, but a nigga still rowdy
Went hard in the paint, you hoe ass niggaz had to foul
me
Can't stop me, sloppy carbon copies
I run circles round you feeble minded label ass, wanna
be Gotti's
You watching too many movies, I'm a living horror flick
My life my life, Steven King will write about my shit
Beat the odds with God, still living to tell it
Bet a nigga won't pimp me, to sell no records
Gives a fuck about platinum, gives a fuck about gold
Ask these niggaz in the streets, they know Mello stone
cold what

[Hook - 2x]

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