

## Lennon John

### "Mac Melph Calio"

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(Lil' Ya)

It's goin' down everybody wanna have the most dope,  
Drought season got a nigga runnin' lookin' for more,  
Don't panic, that U.P.T. protected by soldiers,  
If you're scared, go to church cuz we gone start in that  
Nolia

Chorus (Tec-9 & Lil' Ya)

(Tec-9 & Lil' Ya)

From the Mac to the Melph to the Calio

(Tec-9)

Big time dope dealers, niggas with automatic weapons

(Tec-9 & Lil' Ya)

From the mac to the Melph to the Calio

(Tec-9)

Let it be known that it's a fact, you might not make it  
back

First Verse (Tec-9):

I'm in the Nolia I'm surrounded by soldiers,  
A whole army full of niggas that's bout it,  
And that circle is crowded,  
Bout to go down, P.B. Got the hook up,  
Everybody celebratin' cuz we all been waitin',  
People from all over the city come to see how we do it,  
Camoflauge with a boot in they mouth, and the lights  
shot out,  
We got them brothas See-show and Tonto jugglin' cola,  
While gangsta and big Chris, about to break out with  
that raw dope,  
T-Bone is on the side with that pluck,

Frontin' niggas from the old side to the new side,  
Everybody comin' up,  
Little soldiers representin', if you not strapped better  
get one,  
One o' clock, that second line is comin' to Washington,  
Bitches know, niggas they gettin' they shine on,  
Cars waxed, rims polished, windows cleared so you  
can see who it is,  
Niggas pullin' up, in Yukons, Lexes and Cadillacs,  
Protected by a couple of killas ridin' in the back,  
We ballers and we know it,  
We gangstas and we see it,  
We might not be bout foolishness, but we the wrong  
niggas to fuck with,  
A lot of niggas check in the 3rd, but never check out  
Lio,  
It shole ain't pretty in that Mac, Melph, and Calio

Chorus

Second Verse (Lil' Ya):

I know some killas out that Lio that'll bust a head for  
me,  
I know some niggas out the Melph that'll leave ya dead  
for me,  
I know some soljas out the Nolia that get paid with me,  
Come take a ride with a "G", from out that U.P.T.,  
Now I'm headed to the C.J. Peete, a.k.a. Magnolia,  
Sellin' boulders, duckin' them rollers,  
Say awk I need a sac, I done sold all my crack,  
I'm bout to chill in the circle man, them people on my  
back,  
Look, I'ma spend ninety with Will, go with the people  
and chill,  
By a hoe in the Mac, I kinda like a lil',  
And get some feet up, get the fuck, I gotta pick up my  
wealth,  
Tec done fronted a lil' somethin' in the Melph,  
Holla at my bitch back there, and yes she still shakin',  
She's the bitch that shows my grits for my bacon,  
Saw my nigga Myron still in the cut, chillin' with curl,  
Suge was on the ramp, back with amp slangin' furl,  
Now I'm headed in the Lio a.k.a B.W. Cooper,  
Feelin' super duper got my finger on my Ruger,  
So I'm with my crew, puttin' the iron on a nigga,  
Ran into the crew and said enough I said go fill 'em my  
niggas

Chorus

Third Verse (Tec-9):

I'm in the Calliope thuggin' on Thalia,  
Where dreams are shattered,  
And bullets are scattered,  
Nigga this cut throat to the fullest,  
Back in town killas, real niggas,  
Home of that heroin since before I was born,  
CP3 got it goin' on,  
A team of niggas with AK's we gotta watch each other's  
back,  
In that third Ward,  
We beefin' so we comin' hard,  
My niggas Frank goin' see slangin' that torture,  
You duckin' from T-Dubb, but that nigga dope'll force  
ya,  
The repper and T-Darryl gettin' paid slangin' that yayo,  
Eithy and Bell plottin' steady talkin' to the same hoe,  
One love to my niggas Damon and Durkey,  
Slam got them thangs for ten five, you get your issue  
and ride,  
Gotta holla at Dead Eye Derrick, he doin' time in the  
pen,  
For puttin' in work and spinnin' them bins,  
There'd never be another posse like Meatball and the  
crew,  
Broad daylight, ain't no tellin' what them boys gone do,  
Or who, about to be the next victim of the clique,  
Once you in it you it and if you fuck up you finish,  
This shit ain't over cuz we still got some business to  
handle,  
Gots to get the nigga who killed Yella and get the  
nigga who killed Randall

Chorus

Fourth Verse (Lil' Ya):

I'm the lieutenant of the Mac, Melphenine, and that  
Calliope,  
Ever disrespect that, and I guess I gotta do ya bro,  
Oh, you ain't know the three done came together?  
Ain't no leavin' niggas beefin' and they countin'  
cheddar,  
Rest in Peace to Levi, always been wearin' them levis,  
Nigga I remember smokin' blunts in the coke gettin'  
high,  
Them was the days, hanh bruh? Niggas was out of  
control,  
Snortin' dope, duckin', and slangin' the yayo,  
But um, it's true "G's" and a nigga still playin' it raw,

I'm in a bar tryin' to cheat a guard,  
And what I saw made me kinda mad,  
Mad enough to put that iron on a nigga ass,  
Nigga claimin' the three, and I don't even know him,  
But I'm from sixth and B, so I'ma show him,  
Perform for him go for him,  
2318 Errata is where it all started,  
Dearly departed, we gathered here to talk about the  
Melphemene,  
Niggas who packin' down and sellin' green,  
My niggas Carl and Suga Bear, they still there,  
And they ain't goin' nowhere,  
Here come the po-po's, nobody care,  
They got some suckers on the payroll,  
Who act like they don't see us but they all know,  
And when we drop 'em like potatoes,  
Livin' in the Melph is like swimmin' in the swamp with  
alligators,  
Already know as playa haters,  
Unidentified man, found with a vest on,  
Still had two arms and legs, but all the rest gone,  
We contract killas, and we do nothin' but attack the  
dogs,  
Went to the ramp to get amp, feelin' higher,  
Throwin' a block party on the amp and that bitch on  
fire,  
Fo' sheezy, situation is greasy,  
Killin' is too easy,  
You got a caper? Boy don't leave me,  
Y'all can check out the third, but you never check out  
Lio,  
It shole ain't pretty in that Melph, Mac, and Calio

Chorus

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