

Krayzie Bone F/ Niko

"Major Figgas"

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(Lunasicc Talking)

Uh, uh. Ah, ah. Uh, uh. Ah, ah. Uh, uh. Ah, ah. Uh, uh.
Ah.

Verse 1

Fo the rest of my life,
I be ballin fuckin top notch hoes,
makin the coroner mad as fuck when he look at that
body wit out clothes,
frozen memories of mutha fuckin used to be,
fucked in the game, I aim fo the brain constantly,
doin 90 I mash,
empty 8 miles an hour,
my heat,
I dump in the middle of the street if the job turn sour,
these cowards,
don't really know who tha fuck they fuckin wit,
Eddie Bauer,
Super Sport, Lexo's, wit shipped kits,
went from Nike's to Levi's,
top hats, to black ties,
from nation to worldwide,
been a gangsta since knee-high,
fallin on you bitches, stayin away from you snitches,
so if anybody got nuts, I'm servin yo ass like some
tennis,
servin yo ass like a gymnast,
who got it crackin like me??
ain't no doe-doe, shake a hoe like a po-po,
movin 'em off that weed,
I will blow until you bleed, this boy gonna make it,
call the coroner for that ass,
yo life I'm gonna take it.

(Chorus) x2

I got sumpthin for you gangstas that's major niggaz,
made niggaz, straight paid niggaz, clockin major
figgaz,

I'm goin all out to get what I got, holdin my own,
call me the King of Cali, Northern Valley is my home.

Verse 2

I stick bitches like a cactus,
an I'm deadly wit no practice,
layin these niggaz down on the ground, like layin these
hoes on a
matress,
no theatrics,
these movies ain't got shit on me,
it's this Mafia life I live in the S-A-C,
these niggaz be lookin pitiful,
wit rhymes that come out critical,
actin like they bad, not knowin they nouns, pronouns,
an syllabls,
you niggaz can't get wit me can't daddy I move too
quickly,
most of them they talk they shit, but they scared to rain
like they name
Missy,
my pistola, he ring like Motorola's when I'm drivin,
attractin attention like hoes,
have naked,
sun shining out the 9-1-5 plus 1 city,
get the picture,
kill it don't matter as long as my pockets gettin thicker,
they say rich or for poor,
but that shit ain't nuthin but paper,
it's Siccness, I'm major cuttin yo flesh like a razor,
an fuck Dr. Dre... EASTCOAST NIGGA,
who the baddest??
life of the rules say potna we leave families disastised.

(chorus) x2

Verse 3

Til my casket drops,
I'm a be steady pimpin, dippin,
doin my thangs,
checkin niggaz hangin on me like gold chains,
please back the fuck up,
before I go pump the trunk up,
dump yo ass inside,
then ride to the site an dump you off mutha fucka,
kill, kill, kill,
murda, murda, murda,
catch me ridin sumpthin clean,
bumpin some shit you never heard of,

put my b-b in tha 7-3-5,
B-M-dubble,
ain't no sucka, I'm blastin on you punk mutha fuckaz,
casualties of war,
harcore like my feezie,
booty rappers I call em chester cuz they shit sound
cheesy,
an that's fo sheezy,
what kind of man would I be,
if my rhymes was tight as fuck costin about 30 g's,
nigga please, I'm the youngsta makin the noise like
thunder,
candy paint on my 6-4,
gotta drop it before the summer,
this that real shit,
nigga you can't fuck wit these,
do or die up in my city, when I'm chasin my cheese. Uh.

(chorus) x3

I got sumpthin for you gangstas that's major, beeitch,
beeitch.
That's right, westcoast mutha fuckaz(mutha fuckaz)
that AWOL camp(AWOL camp) uh. uh. uh. You know one
for the money bitch

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