

Mannoia Fiorella

"Say What You Want"

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(*talking*)

Ha-ha-ha, yeah mayn it's going down
Know I'm tal'n bout, all you haters think a nigga
Ain't gon get you, come on now you know us better
than that fool
We coming for you baby, we at you know I'm tal'n bout
It's going down A3 Wreckshop, Noke D, D-Reck
We gon hold it the whole family, uh-huh

[Hook]

See you can say what you want, when you talk about
me
Just make sho' that it's real, when you speak about me
See I don't wanna bring it to you, cause you can't stop
me
But everybody keeps, saying my name
See you can say what you want, when you hate me
Just as long, as you know that you can't play me
On the real, M-O-B till we through
Yes it can, get done to you

[A3]

We some thug niggas, running with macks and techs
If you try to flex, I'll slug your neck
With a beam for the spleen, dropping dimes on my
team
Reality unseen, but the truth is ring
Depend on me, like you do the cash
Open the Double R roof, missing heat up in the stash
With Noke D on my side, with a 3-57
D-Reck in the back, fin to spit about eleven
At these niggas I swipe in the game
Broke niggas on the sweet, to destroy our names
Understand to win, you gotta have a plan
Take it like a man, Reck got the upper hand
And Noke D, putting the bass up in your back to make
you wanna swing a Lac
Until your rims get cracked, or you sitting on flats
So you can get it how you want it, or take it how I give it
Either way you gon feel it, wrap it up and then seal it
nigga

[Hook]

[Dirty \$]

Well it's that Mr. Dirty \$, making hoe ass niggas holla
When I rain on your set, like April showers
In a hail of gun fire, coward what you gon do
Tuck your tail blaze a trail, and change your point of
view
Your player points are few, and far in between
No mercy retired jerseys, for talking down on my team
Protect our ghetto dreams, by any and all means
Cause at the end of the day, all we bout is cream
You blowing steam, fool but cool head's gon prevail
Say what you want long as what you say, don't effect
my mail
We good understood, but I put this on the hood
Once you cross that line, you'll be lying in wood
Shit you really should, lie low like Moe
I get it done to you, for little or no do'
For real so play the game, how it G-O go
But when you out of your league, have sense enough to
know that

[Hook]

[D-Gotti]

Niggas in the gutter, don't give a shit about you
When we in the projects slanging bricks, straight up out
the Coupe
Loved by a few, hated by a lot of hoe niggas
And I go bananas on a nigga, bout figgas
I figga, if I sacrifice one in the future
So the Penn can survive, feeling stronger with the steel
I'm trying to do a mill a minute, keep the car tinted
No more thug I represent it, and I squabble go with it
Feel it in the finer thangs, plus I have you cry for
change
Let me remind you mo'fuckers, all I know is moving
caine
Came on your feet, you can leave on your back
Stressed out on the future for, lean on the mat
Ain't no slacking in my pimping, the ghetto is my
dimension
And I steal me a bitch, like the Grinch stole Christmas
Viscous as a pit, when he off the chain
Some of the realest shit, I ever wrote up off the brain,
see I'm saying

[Hook]

[Noke D]

You can say, what you want to
Just as long, as you know who
Run these streets, and pack that heat
And boys know, we don't play no games
Kicking ass, and taking names
Want the fortune, fuck the fame
We gon do, what we want to
Best believe, we gon be around

(*talking*)

Ha-ha-ha-ha, yeah man
It's going down

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