

Master P F/ Fiend, Mystikal

"Lyrical Gangbang"

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"This.. should be played at high volume
Preferably.. in a residential area"

[The Lady of Rage]

Now I'ma kick up -- dust, as I begin to bust
on the wick-wack, fucked up suckers ya can't trust
When I kick up, I lick up, ya face get smacked up
when I rack up, so all you motherfuckers just pack up
or get slapped with the swiftness
If you think you're swift with the gift Merry Christmas
Now stuff that in your stockin
I'm knockin em out the box 'n'
knockin em out their socks 'n', cause Robin is rockin
Breakin em down to the -- slab
Takin em down on their -- ass
Now what you wanna do, ya wanna battle, uhh?
Send you up shit creek without a motherfuckin paddle
Rattle -- that brain, I'm not that same ol' plain Jane
Roll on you like a boulder, you're nothin more than a
grain
or a pebble, take it from the real rap rebel
Not Bushwick Bill but I can take it to 'That Other Level'
You think you got pull then pull it, uhh!
I got the trigger so I figure you'll bite the bullet
then bite the dust and wipe the fuss
Do what I must, and what I must - is bust
the bubble, or choose some trouble, for you
So skip to my Luger, Lady of Rage is comin through

{*cut n scratch* "Some cool shit" 2X*}
{*"Boo-yaa! Spittin out buckshots" -> B-Real*}

[Kurupt]

I fears no one, I makes em cool off like a polar cat
Lynchin, as a hit, misses the roll of dice
Pushin packs to make a profit
Diggy dope duck on the topic so stop and gimme my
props, kid
I'm livin large like a fat bitch
So get back, bitch, I'm hard to bogart, for the faggots
This young black kid, a mercenary, merciless

Murderin millions of niggaz so who's first to diss
They say I'm bad so you'll find none worse than this
Chewin motherfuckers up like a Hershey Kiss
Put to sleep, lovin the lyrics I leave in the minds of each
Roogh when flex, too complex, wrecks your mental
piece
So feel the wrath, nigga, I rip in half niggaz
You're quick to talk shit, I whoop your ass nigga
Then watch me blast, nigga, cause I'm the last nigga
you wanna fuck wit, so up your cash, nigga
I make em stagger, I'm skanless as Jimmy Swaggart
I'm a good tracker, scopin your girl then watch me tag
her
Pullin steel like a stunt
Sewn like an ID card, nigga, no needs to front, so
here to torment I put track on crack
And I'm strapped wit a semi-tone milli-ten Mac
Yo, I breaks em off, I breaks em off, chief
Deadly as Jason on Friday the 13th

{*"A to the motherfuckin K*" -> Cypress Hill}

[RBX]

Back in the days, niggaz they use to scrap
but now in ninety-two, niggaz they pull they strap
cause umm, police dem come wicked and dem shoot
niggaz, so niggaz retaliate and start to loot
Execute, boot, stompin
Black soldier, here to teach and mould ya
The innovator, dominator, narra-rator
R-B to the motherfuckin X -- flex wicked
Stylee me, bump and be found and do bleed by a
maniac, with a gat
See nowadays niggaz is like that
I pull my trigger back, the bullets go
BO! BO! BO! Now I'm on Death Row
Fuck it, niggaz goin wild
Everynight they shoot, it's like Bei-rut
Maybe you should get a teflon vest for your chest
anytime steppin through my hood
But that'll do you no good
One slug to your face, no haste
you're gettin smoked like wood
Nasty nigga bloody pumps face flat
on the concrete, here comes the white sheet
Mr. Coroner, cocked with some yellow tape
but, the murderers escape
Audi like 5 G's
Lyrical gangbang but it's just a G thang

