

## **Mercedes F/ Jamo, Mac**

### **"Illegal Amigos"**

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#### [Verse 1]

No nutt's no glory, hear the whole story  
I'll be on stage, when you kill that punk for me  
Drink some more forty, fuck my Lil' Shorty  
Pick out your ride, Luxturious or Sporty  
Money is no object for this killa project  
Caballo a low-low that bounce like a hot check  
You always have my back, my number one soldado  
Watch the time fly on this dimond lace novato  
Me, I'm rollin in tha two tone corvette  
My third wife, ain't even born yet  
I'm Dope House Records, band outta Texas  
Real niggaz eatin MC's for breakfast  
Relentless, when they hand me tha steal  
Get your family killed, like amid-divil  
The ink in my pen shoot poison from a blow pipe  
I pimp two bitches Mary Jane and Snow White...

#### (Chorus 1)

(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)  
Illegal Amigos, from LB's tha Kilos  
(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)  
Illegal Amigos, stackin 'em c-noes

#### [Verse 2]

C-Frawn, I'm a mothafuckin face, is it tha place?  
To get my pocket, nothin but big face  
Dollar billers  
See me rollin in these streets  
With these mothafuckin killas  
Get on my lap, make a left on Hillah  
Givin shouts out, en dath, yo SPM pass me tha gap  
So i can show there mothafuckers where my heart is at  
Cath me in tha back of that Benzino  
Puntin on my C-Noes  
Migga JP, where tha fuck we gone go  
Blowin all this smoke, Straight flowin out tha window  
I thought you knew we blowin two sticks of vindo  
No turnin back bro, continue on my hustle though  
I ain't comin up show  
Must maintain, ain't that right Hoe Ohh!!!

You see my at the show  
Chillin with them blunt masters  
Pushin off that green dragons stick it  
With that V and soak it  
Put a! you couldn't even see me  
Talkin bout, ain't that Chuy from tha T.V...

Chorus 2:

(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)  
Illegal amigos puttin down our peoples  
(Who can hang with Illegal Amigos)  
Illegal amigos stayin incognito...

[Verse 3]

Illegal amigos, yeah!  
They be my people, we connected like dots  
Extensions C-Notes from kilos  
As my nigga niÃ±o, he know  
How to make 100 thousand dollas  
A week, startin' from Zero  
Now we got connections from Chicago to L.A. (L.A.)  
The holly West, we even got Matigo Bay (Matigo Bay)  
House of pounds then Key's to Key's  
And I still keep my eyes on my K-Sam...  
We big ballin', that's what I'm tellin' my people  
Affiliated, La Colecta, Illegal Amigos  
Blunt Master's, C's, South Park Mexicans  
Brown Pround, Dino, and my boy K-Sam  
Outlaw, Hudlam, Capon, and the exsis  
Chuy Loco, Falcon, and Lack Mischis  
Illegal amigos, tha mexican connection  
Everything from Key's to pounds to automatic Weapons  
Big Ballin...!

(Chorus 1)

[Verse 4]

As the sun goes down we begin to post up  
I done cook my coke up and my dope is low punk  
Don't fight the fillin, eventually you give in  
SPM, rock tha world that you live in  
Street raise for combat, hollin where tha bomb at  
Fuck hoes and all that, bitches is a draw back  
I go all out, walk down the wrong route  
Gone South, Knew what I'm torn bout  
Ya'll down my padential, my padentials  
I twist ya niggas up like pretzels  
Man quien soy? Carlos Coy  
80 G's a month stayin self-employed  
Killin 'em softly, raisin 'em off me  
They askin me if I'm the best

I tell 'em probably  
You fellas, just jealous on my dick like relish  
I promise Imma show your bitch ass what hell is...

(Chorus 2)

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