

Mercedes F/ Jamo, Mac

"Moham Mitchell"

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(*talking*)

I did the whole yard in fucking 15 minutes
I will kill you (no I will kill you first)
No if you kill me, I will come back and I kill you
(You will never get me, I will run and I will hide
And you'll never find me, and I'll send somebody to kill
you)
Ha-ha-ha, what's up 'Lero uh (Shreveport)
Check me out man, uh

[SPM]

I'm in the candy Benz, fancy lens
Fucking with this motherfucking, bad ass biatch
With fat ass tits, a big ol' ass
I come from the head, cause I think so fast
I'm the one, and not the two
Smoke pep lepue, make revenue
Old Western U', send me cash
I'm ake my do', and I paid the task
I paid Uncle Sam, I paid my band
I bought everybody, that Chimey Chan
I'm ean chicken wing, rice and gravy
I'ma throw a chicken wing, at my lady
Cause she pissed me off, with all that hate
Now she in the closet, duct taped
What's crackulating, what's obvilating
I'ma do boys, like Walter Payton
I'm the boss, while boys getting fucked off
I'm a high power, people mayn playing golf
Trying to put, but still I'm thugging
My golf club set, cost forty-five hundred
Love it leave it, lose it I'ma keep it
I'm ade it in this rap game, cause I cheated
I told my genie, make my albums sell
She said you already used, your three wishes in jail
Remember your first wish, behind the bars
You wished that you could fuck, the security
Well I hypnotized her, ad let you fuck her
You ate that bitch, like she was supper
Then your second wish, was to fuck her again
Then your third wish, was to get out the Penn

Now this makes four, but fuck it I'll do it
I'ma even have you, on Stevenson Pruit
So even though you sound like shit, and can't rap
You gon be the biggest fucking rapper, on the map
You mean all that stupid shit, that I write
People gon actually, think it's tight
That's right, plus you'll be the CEO
But stop wasting money, on Miss Cleo
Okay, I'ma call Jose
And tell him call the stations, that never gave us no
play
And see what they say, maybe it'll work
And if it don't fuck it, I'll make my gun squirt
Y'all should join me, my skin is oily
Y'all don't want no beef, probably soy bean
No sir knowing, I flipped a coin
I saw her tits, and my dick went boing
At the car show, it's the third annual
I'm chilling with my boy, who Jack Daniels
I'm mixed, with a splash of coke
My girl mad, cause I bust a nut in one stroke
I'm a loc'd gangsta, shoot em up killa
There's something about Mary, like Ben Stiller
I'm a thriller chiller, like to fight in Menilla
I shot the tooth fairy, trying to reach under my pilla
I'm sorry, I didn't know it was you
She was putting ten dollas, for my daughter's tooth
I picked her up, and took her to the hospital
She flew out my car, I said this is impossible
I got out and said, you should go to the doctor
You lost a lot of blood, dumb bitch I just shot ya
She flew past a tree, looked at me
And said y'all won't be getting a nickel, for none of y'all
teeth
Ah that ain't right, let's make a truse
My lil boy Los, got two teeth loose
And he needs the money, for a remote control car
I spent all my cash, at the butt naked bar
So I really need you, to come through with that change
I'm sorry bout the dress, and all the blood stains
Oh pleeeeeease, I'm on my kneeeees
I'm teaching my son, his ABCeeees
I'm just a damn fool, I fight my pitbull
He killed a dog, that belonged to Moham Mitchell
But he lost his last fight, and lost his eyesight
And now my dog's blind, I hope you don't mind
I know I'm dead wrong, come from the head strong
I hit my red bong, this song is so long
I'm talking nonsense, on freestyle projects
So check what's on next, I love you God bless

(*talking*)
Ha-ha, yo yo yo
(I will kill you) I will kill you
(no I will kill you first) no I will kill you second
(you will never find me, I will kill you) No, no, no
If you kill me, then I will come back to kill you
(no you could never come back from the dead, I kill
you)

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