

**MessCalen f/ Killa Tay, 151****"M.O.B"**

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[151]

150 weezy what is it

Killa Tizzy what is it

Yeah, yo

Yo I done told y'all niggaz before don't try me  
She know I'm surrounded with K's and Mac nineties  
Who really wanna find me?, come get 'em a piece  
I be more than glad to show 'em all he gettin is grieve  
With no relief, nigga fuck that beef shit  
He better reach quick, I'm on the blind side of some  
sneak shit  
Sedan on the deep dish, heavily tinted  
Duggle bag in the trunk, heavy artillery in it  
No longer lieutenant, I'm general now  
I send lil niggaz to combat like I'm Colin Powell  
Or Donald Rumsfel, hundred round drumsfel with  
hollow  
Squeeze off the clip make you blow like Chicago  
I'm on the throttle, movin wrecklessly  
Dick in the models, throw down while her neck is be  
Don't pless with me, I'ma say it again  
For the coroner have to notify your momma and them  
nigga

[Hook - Killa Tay & (MessCalen)] - 2x

I, aim, heat, rain, sleet, snow, sunshine  
Livin the mafia life, duckin from one-time  
(Livin the mafia life, duckin from one-time  
Livin the mafia life, duckin from one-time)

[MessCalen]

I'm a soldier niga, four-five in my pocket  
I put that motherfucker in ya face, nigga cock it  
Second generation, do it fo' the niggaz befo' me  
I'm bangin this block, we ridin for the dead homies  
I'm a gangsta lil daddy, I don't love no rap  
I just love the way she let me fuck her ass from the  
back  
Nigga I'm a known shooter, I pepper your face  
One shot, one kill, I walk with a case

I'm a young black gangsta, with the mind of Matula  
King of the underground, your boy black ruler  
Have ya feelin like you comin from the Heron spot  
These hot shells 'll start givin you them Heron knocks  
And it ain't no squashin the drama, it's on for life  
And them killas ridin with me, whether I'm wrong or  
right  
And ain't one nigga comin, man, we all gon creep  
Ain't one nigga leavin, y'all all gon sleep nigga

[Hook - Killa Tay & (MessCalen)] - 2x

[Killa Tay]

My mindstate sicker than most, It's hardball  
We coast to coast gettin lit with my folks, fuck y'all  
Tryin to hate on my team, ain't no way you could stop it  
I stay surrounded by bosses no lossos it's all profit  
I, eat good, creep through your hood and knock hoes  
It's magic when I step in the booth, I got flows  
I murder type beats like the mancy plan  
You might, catch me at the club showin love to my fans  
But understand this, I'm scandalous when it come to  
my chips  
I rip tracks like receipts, I, never came weak  
I, aim ,heat, rain, sleet, snow, sunshine  
Livin the mafia live, duckin from one-time  
Crime pays every seven to nine days  
I put, minds in a maze, recline it with rage  
Blind filthy, shinin jewelry in ya face for fun  
My bomb lyrics detonate and educate your sons  
I'ma show you how the west was won  
California to Seattle, we the ones ain't no protection  
from  
Second to none, record label makin it crack  
Breakin in racks, full press blatin the tactics

[Hook - Killa Tay & (MessCalen)] - 4x

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