

Unlord

"Mac Melph Calio"

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(yella):

Now everybodys talkin about they run it and that war
shit,
But they never seen a playa tellin to yall the real hit,
Brace yourself, protect yallself,
Cuz ima take a journey to that three and ima start in the
melph

Chorus (unlv):

From the mac to the melph to the calio....
I carry six guns, three eighties and ks, glock forty-
fives,
From the mac to the melph to the calio...
Ima shootcha in your head, makin sure your dead

First verse (tec-9):

Now as I raise up, it is a must I put my chrome k up,
Straight playa from uptown, where everything goes
down,
From up in the skinny smokin puff, you feel Im bustin,
Twelve years strong in the melphanine,
Nothin but a juvey growin up around dopefiends,
I remember when we all used to just play ball,
But as time when by, my ball partners they started to
fall,
But I was taught by the g from that old school,
As I got older, the old school seemed cool,
But back then you didn't need to pack no grip,
If you aint got no strap, then you just got that ass
whipped,
And it was cool with the mac and the calliope,
They came together and controlled nothin but the
dope,
This shit is real, I aint gone bullshit at all bro,
The real story about the mac, melph, and calio

Chorus

Second verse (lil ya):

Now Im headed to the muthafuckin mac,
Stop at the black gate so I could get a fat sack,
Roll up a swisher now it's time to get blowed,
Creepin round the mac peepin out them dog hos,
Saw my nigga slim, in a torry bumpin ivan,
Got them tinted windows so them hoes don't see who
drivin,
With a loaded uzi, tec-9, ak, Im packin down more,
Drivin down real low, tryin to get to circle,
Picked up my dope out the mac,
That's when I headed down to the fiend,
Tryin to get to the melphenine,
Cuz in the melph there's a hoe that I gotta see,
Shout real fine, and plus I heard she likes a g,
Met her creeped back there, and you know I fucked the
hoe,
I fucked her so good, she gave me more to score,
Now my pockets are full, I got my gat,
Im headed to the calliope where the fuckin dope at,
Saw my nigga levi, with a nitro wearin levis,
We chillin in a coke, smokin blunts, gettin high,
Five-oh pulled up, and at once I started to stash,
I had to break because I had the automatic,
I had to break to my shop, so I could sell all my dope,
Im at the end of my journey, from the mac, melph,
calio

Chorus

Third verse (? ? ? ? + ? ? ? ?):

(? ? ? ?)

Alright, they got a lot of my fuckin homies, best believe
they bout that
Drama,
Shit, packin them lugers and ks, ready to carry all my
gangsta hits,
People are sayin this, and people are sayin that,
But Im the nigga that's out the third and best believe I
bring my gat,
I got psycho, up, lead and you heard Im bout to pluck,
Broad, came to here and all in the studio they got
pumped,
Don't try to trap me nigga cuz you know my heart is
bigger,
Im bound to pop em up, and you know we bring them
triggers,
Rock and roll em up and best believe we pullin shit,

Say you hard but I just don't feel because that third we
never quit,
Just bounce em back and feel em, saw em go down
and now they pay,
Just bring back your head cuz youve made your major
play,
Now why you causin gangsta shit? if you know you aint
bout no drama,
Your daddy probably a coward, bitch go bow to your
fuckin mama

(? ? ? ?)

Now I done came up, and become a true soldier,
Kickin it with this new bitch in the wild magnolia,
Soon to be a soldier, soon as I get straight,
Im sowin nickel bags from out there, right by the black
gate,
And it's the fire provider til I get back to mac,
Dub sack after the dub sack, my lungs is turnin black,
Gettin it with my nigga, soon as night fall we all got,
Money to make,
So we makin it shake,
Movin all night flights just to keep everythang,
But Im short on the game in the funny style,
Start fuckin around, with a juvenile,
You see the bitch was tryin to sink a nigga, g,
Talkin all my business in the muthafuckin streets,
She said, what more do I got,
That bitch be naggin a lot,
And what she failed to realize, is it's your own house,
And you don't have to tell a nigga what to do,
Gimme my shit, because you know that Im leavin you,
I got myself another connection in the calliope,
These bitches strung out here, I gotta sell my dope,
And they are good and watch my back,
Because they see me ballin,
But rather see a nigga fallin,
And I got raps like that, from the snaps of the gat,
And if you touchem Im gone have to buck you down,
You stupid clown,
Momma should have told ya,
Never fuck around with a uptown soldier

Chorus

Fourth verse (yella):

Deep in the nineties and you know we gotta play it raw,
Jump in the ride, and voodoo tense you know we rep it
so,

Say why you walkin you too cute I know you got a car,
She say I wish and you too cute now where you goin,
They call me yella and what's your name, she say they
call me twin,
She started to grin I said get in and started a sharp
spin,
Went to my house before I knew it I was fuckin this hoe,
The skin is loose Im hearin \$lu somebodys at the door,
And it's that nigga whos pussy whipped and kinda out
of control,
I didn't have my shit, I hit the floor I ran and drove this
hoe,
He with his friend, shout throughout my house say twin,
I left my car, stretched out the back and now you
caught slippin,
About a mile from the rip of the calliope,
I say that now, buck em down,
Say up now yo!
I kick it to him, he say what Im down I got a mac,
As a matter of fact lets hit the mac now where the
braids at?
I said I need to help the girl,
He said what's up, what's happenin? ,
I say you strapped? , he said fa sho, Im always bout
that action,
And he went because he's juvey yes just like myself,
Talkin bout lil yo-yo cruise the scene because he's out
the melph,
Back to the scene, open the ridge, yeah he cost a
broad,
He leaves the scene reppin it down reppin for his ward,
We hit the light and started banginkilled the hoe,
Just for two mills,
One they killed, yo I think it was a set-up

(unlv)

From the mac to the melph to the calio

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