

## Unlv "Mac Melph Calio"

Visit "[Mac Melph Calio](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(yella):

Now everybody's talkin' about they run it and that war  
shit,  
But they never seen a playa tellin' to y'all the real hit,  
Brace yourself, protect y'allself,  
'cause i'ma take a journey to that three and i'ma start  
in the melph

Chorus (unlv):

From the mac to the melph to the calio....  
I carry six guns, three eighties and k's, glock forty-  
fives,  
From the mac to the melph to the calio...  
I'ma shoot'cha 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 I'm 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 ain't 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 ain't gone bullshit at all bro,  
The real story about the mac, melph, and calio

Chorus

Second verse (lil' ya):

Now I'm 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 ho's,  
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, I'm 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,  
'cause 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,  
I'm 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,  
I'm 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 k's, ready to carry all my  
gangsta hits,  
People are sayin' this, and people are sayin' that,  
But I'm the nigga that's out the third and best believe I  
bring my gat,  
I got psycho, up, lead and you heard I'm bout to pluck,  
Broad, came to here and all in the studio they got  
pumped,  
Don't try to trap me nigga 'cause you know my heart is  
bigger,  
I'm 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 'cause you've made your  
major play,  
Now why you causin' gangsta shit? if you know you ain't  
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,  
I'm 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 I'm 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 I'm 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 touch'em I'm 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 I'm hearin' \$lu somebody's at the  
door,  
And it's that nigga who's 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 I'm down I got a mac",  
As a matter of fact let's 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, I'm 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 bangin'killed 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

Visit [Unlv](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.