

[Mia X (1)]

What, what, what, what, what, what, what  
Huh nigga, huh nigga what, huh nigga what what what what  
Huh nigga what, what huh nigga what

The crime started off, bloody  
It's about pistol whippins and kickins  
Mama dishin' and blitzin' (Mama Mia)  
Cause you hoes gon' listen  
Taught to issue the pain  
And distribute some cocaine  
Can you fuck man, nah nah  
I'm known for loosen' brains  
Bitch you think that I'm playin'  
Go to war by myself, grab that gat off the shelf  
Gon' say goodbye to your health  
Got heroin in the mail but bet my dollars don't fumble  
Stackin' tall like Mutombo, cause a bitch moving bundles, rumble  
It ain't no thang bitch I'm straight off the tank  
Niggas second in motion, I'm a fool with that shank  
No, I ain't 2 be trusted  
When I sneak I'm straight bustin' ya mouth  
And ya nose and your eyes gon' close, swole  
My kid sister Sherry puttin' big holes, in ya  
Po-po's trying to find the next nigga ya kin to  
Red dot center, bullets enter ya playa haters  
My lace tip split ya fuckin' decision maker  
Think you can take the biggest mama, bring the drama, go on  
But make it known, official it's on

[Chorus]

I ain't to be played wit', so fuck around and see what ya get  
Toasting fingers to clips, playa haters get split  
I'm running, humping your shit now rock-a-bye you look tired  
So don't fight it baby close your eyes  
I ain't to be played wit', so fuck around and see what ya get  
Toasting fingers to clips, playa haters get split  
I'm running, humping your shit now rock-a-bye you look tired  
So don't fight it baby close your eyes

When I hoo-ride (Tank Dogs) I only ride T-R-U  
Niggas out that booty or mister Corey Jalooty  
Shoot now, fuck the convo nigga ain't no stoppin'  
When it's on we poppin', street sweeper straight knockin'  
What, what cocaine and trains leavin' niggas in gutters  
Bringing pain to loved ones, burning up motherfuckers  
Plus if ya touch one of mine this is how it's gonna be  
I'm choppin' down your whole family tree  
Forget me not, it's too hot  
Up in that south, bitch you know how dirty  
Better act in a hurry or I'ma load it with thirty

Dirty, serve me nigga by the pounds and kilos  
And watch the gumbo pot, we breed the fattest rocks  
Bag em' after the chop, push em' out the back door  
Have the prepiest hoes runnin' buku dough  
Yet the game is cold, raw dog to the bone  
Gotta love Jones, for whackin' chrome upside niggas domes  
If it's on then it's on ain't no need to delay it  
Bout it bout it motherfuckers no I ain't to be played wit'

[Chorus (x2)]

[Mia X 1] to fade