

# Maabin

## Guerilla Maab

[Hook - 2x]

Maabin, in the streets, until we die  
No more dope selling or robbing  
We platinum and gold  
That to make them diamonds shine

[Z-Ro]

I bleed the block not with the rocks, I bleed with the candy paint  
Sipping promethazine codeine, with a jolly rancher with a danded drank  
Telling all foes, got my eyes closed and a fifth done got me numb  
On the cool feeling dumb but I'm still on no, come ready to watch you get do  
ne

I'm thinking thoed about to unload, on anything that don't mind  
Trying to slap patches up out your hair, better say a prayer to somebody to  
find

But you can't because you the demon, Frankincense got you on the run  
Forever living in fear your life, that's why your coward ass keep a gun  
You can run but I'm gon walk you down, where the f\*\*k you think you gon go  
I got connect in every state, city and town, from here to Akapoko  
You choose to play put on your game face, it's bout to be a grudge match  
I guarantee if I bust first, there ain't gon be no busting back  
I shoot to kill I don't shoot to hurt, I wear the pants I don't wear the ski  
rt

Do you really must know to use a gun, and if so did you ever put in work  
Hell nah, y'all niggaz be gangbangin out of the garage faking it  
Dodging shots everyday from real niggaz, y'all barely making it

[Hook - 2x]

[Dougie D]

Finally ain't no mo' jacking and robbing, or selling dope out on the corners  
We can live how we wanna live, and blow big marijuana  
Maabin' till I die, all of the streets bitch can you feel me  
Yeah I'ma do the damn thang, trunk knocking hole can you hear me  
I'm a Southside G, steady flipping and flossing the L-T-B  
D-O to the U to the G-I-E, nothing but a G baby that's all that I can be  
I can only be me, if it ain't platinum it must be gold, dallas gon shine  
Twinkle and glow, so shit we must expose  
Chopping the game up on you hoes, that is the way for toll  
And I'ma keep shining and grinding, always on you hoes  
Motherf\*\*kers be loving how cool I be, boy don't get it twisted  
Cause a nigga won't hesitate to pull the infrared beam out his ?pentos scene  
?

This is on all my G's, we gon continue to mash  
Stacking our cash forever, because we

[Hook - 2x]

[Trae]

Still in to win I'ma hold it down, I got a AK that'll make em move around  
Like a track star ducking low, hopping high rolling on the flo'  
You bumping gums steady talking down, on nigga what you know about us  
And what you know about the 17 shot, cocked back that I'm fin to bust  
I'm a Southsider screen shiner, with a remote in the seat recliner  
Blue over gray in a Pathfinder, tinted up on the block grinder  
Block bleeder, trunk waver, DVD and a PC playa  
Pimping the pin and a mic breaker, cross skater hollin' at you later  
Slab shaking out the renegader, body rocking on the equator  
Like Al Kapone I'm living thoed, in a dream home with a elevator  
Guerilla nigga fin to come and get you, take you out the picture like a X fr  
iend  
For the divedends you f\*\*ked up, cause Guerilla Maab clicked up again

Like the Wu-Tang, you better respect our name we all real  
And if you wasn't killed on another page, we still be wrecking your grill  
Feel that and get back, on my block we kill the chit-chat  
Doing out thang then go to sit back, I know they toll y'all we could do that  
[Hook - 2x]