

# Mafia

Shy Glizzy

Yeah  
Young Jefe, holmes  
Bitch, this is the mafia

I don't play no games, I let that scope aim  
Cartier frames, smokin' propane  
Bitch, I'm ballin', ballin', just like King James  
Yeah, your bitch keep on callin' (Yeah, yeah), I let the phone ring  
Bitch get on my nerves, but damn, I like it when she twerk  
I know she really want me (Yeah), but I don't like to hurt  
Keep that 40 on me 'cause niggas like to lurk  
Bitch, this is the mafia, you know we got that work (Mafia, oh)

I'm in L.A. with a quarter mil' on me (Yeah)  
My niggas from fake money, they can't wait to kill somethin'  
It's been some time since I've been stuntin' on you dummies  
Bitch, quit all that lyin', know how a real nigga comin'  
Gucci flip flops, I'm posted in the jungle  
Draco make you hopscotch, boy, don't act funny  
I play with big blocks, this ain't rap money (This ain't rap money)  
The Rollie, it ain't tick-tock, that's word to my mommy (Word to my mommy)  
They killed my brother, that shit turned me to a demon (Dirty, dirty)  
I put that choppa to my gut and I don't see shit  
You ever seen some brains splatter, you can't believe that shit  
Your own right hand man ratted, you can't believe that shit  
I bought a mansion, now my mans feel like I'm leavin' them (Goddamn)  
We all came from the same ship, but I had leadership (Goddamn, goddamn)  
If he ain't tryna row the boat then he gon' sink the ship (Uh huh)  
Whole hundred come off the boat, I really seen that shit

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)  
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I've been gettin' all this paper doin' stupid shit (Goddamn)  
All up in Louis with my bitch, we goin' ludicrous (Goddamn, goddamn)  
Yeah, I've done done a lot of shit that I won't do again (Won't do it)  
They thought I would grow up to be a fuckin' hooligan (Oh, oh)  
Stackin' it, flip it (Stackin' it, stackin' it)  
Run up them digits (Run up them digits)  
Them niggas rap about it, we really live it (No cap)  
I was really poor, ain't know I was gon' get it (Really poor)  
Now we at the Clear Port, me and my hitters  
Truckload, woah, woah, money don't fold (Oh, oh)  
All this rose gold froze, your bitch chose (Wrist on froze)  
Kick that door, niggas told, I stay low (Oh, oh)  
I fuck your ho, tip-toe, I gotta go (Young Jefe, holmes)

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Bitch, I'm ballin', ballin' (Swish), just like King James (Swish)

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