

Nothin' But The Cavi Hit

Mack 10

[Mack 10, Kurupt & Dat Nigga Daz]

(Blaze up)

(Oh yeah)

World wide, west side

Yo

Mack 10 with The Dogg Pound

Yeah, and the hits don't stop (Sucker)

(Nothing but the cavi)

Hey, Daz (Sup)

Check this out, dog

[Mack 10]

Now when I come to y'all hood, y'all watch my back
And when ya come to Inglewood I'm a front you a sack
So we can grind and get away with the cash like a caper
Cause it ain't about the set-trip, it's all about the paper
Made the poverty cease, on the rise like yeast
A parvay lex piece, and I keep my khaki's creased
Mack 10 is the lick, and ya know what my set be
Connect gang from the west, nigga, where the best be

[Dat Nigga Daz]

It ain't no questions asked

You down to blast for me?

Down to ride for me?

Down to die for me?

I come through for these sucker-ass niggas who rep
Come creeping up on shorty slowly, show him death

Pull out the Mack 90 automatic for static

Blast a couple of niggas, leave em all panicked

We swerve and hit the curb, smoke some herb

We came up too much, and too tough, and too grub

[Kurupt]

We in the war zone,

Where the war's on

Where ya gun, nigga?

Show em where you're from, nigga

Riding-ass young nigga

Arsenal equipped, hot enough to scorch
With the double fours on the hip rolling with the force
He's out to catch a body
Talking, but I thought this was a gangsta party
Now he's walking around smarter
Now he's about to see, talking about who's jumping
I'm about to get the pump to pumping and start dumping on something

[Chorus: Mack 10 (Dat Nigga Daz) {Kurupt}]
Fuck you over there
(Party over here)
{And if you want to trip, we got the straps near}

Cause niggas like us do platinum every year
(And if I ruled this sphere)
{Your shit'd disappear}

Now everybody in the house, throw your dubs in the air
And wave em all around like ya just don't care
We're riding dope, so, nigga, act like ya savvy
Mack 10 and the Pound, dog, cooking nothing but the cavi

[Mack 10]
I'm serving niggas like a host with the pound so take a toast
Dog, this west coast and our shit bump the most
Cause vine to vine I swing through the woods of Ingle
And everything I make, fuck around and be a single
From the who banging hit, to the yes, yes, y'all
Now all down my halls, got plaques on my walls
We might slow the roll, sit back and still kick it
But the shit don't stop till we hit a meal ticked

[Dat Nigga Daz]
I'll be god damned
I'm in it for a meal ticket
And the goal's successful
I don't know who to prove a show
Usual swerve a corner and hit a block back-to-back
Y'all don't know us like that,
Where the gang-banger's hang at
They "Daz, are you a rider?"
I reply "Boy, hell yeah, I'm a rider!"
From the east side of Long Beach to the west side of Inglewood
On a cash mission bailing hood to hood

[Kurupt]

Once upon a time in the early stages of my life, sacrifice,
I feel like loose-shaking niggas like dice
Forever in the day
Say what you say
On the mic I display, Philly to L.A.
I've been all over from Crenshaw and Impearl
To 108th, I'm sure Mack got my back,
It's all about mashing, cashing heat in the stash
When you're in the neighborhood of assassins
What you say?

[Chorus]

[Dat Nigga Daz (Mack 10)]
What do you consider fun? (Pass the bomb, pass the bomb)
All day night, and all night long
When you wake up in the morning
And you start to yawn
All day night, and all night long
See'mon, see'mon

(Yeah, dub S.C.G.
D.P.G.C.
Ha ha ha,
Take a picture, trick
Take a picture, trick
Take a picture, trick
It might make ya rich
Bitch)
Death Row

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written by ARNAUD, DELMER DREW / BROWN, RICARDO / BROOKS, PRIEST (AKA SOOPAFLY) /
ROLISON, DEDRICK

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