

From Tha Streetz

Mack 10

Yo, this one goin' out to everybody in every ghetto
Turn it up and just so we accusin' make sure it bumpin'
This is for the straight thugged-out, the low ride pro's
Triple O.G.'s with the hot six fo's
Go fast ballers, bangin' six gears
Three time felons with the tattooed tears
For all the homies out there that cook it up good
Distributin' so up they project a neighborhood
Whether it's Peruvian or Ghetto D
Won't you bust down a kid and sell a ounce for me?
I'm from the ghetto so the hood rats gettin' proper
Real criminals, robbers and the pit bulls squabblers
Puttin' down thousands till there ain't nothin' left
'Cause real street riders, let 'em roll to the death
I like fly shit, so I scramble for the pay
Rather hustle homeboy, then gangbang any day
Was down with the truce in nine-deuce though I looted
It's the Y2K and I'm still khacki-suited, what you thought?
From the streetz, from the streetz, from the streetz
Tell 'em where I'm from
From the streetz
I represent, where I'm from and I'm nutty as they come
I'm like them Hot Boys, got Cash Money and hot toys
Plus them automatic things to make the pop noise
For haters that resent me, they jealous evidently
'Cause I flow through the city in a drop top Bentley
But hustlas like me, just stay to the grind
Pay you no mind and keep the safety off my nine
I ain't worried about you busters, we ain't scared to kill
I was beastin' before rap, I'm a street nia for real
So check my resume and tell me what it say
I'm the same Mack from the block known for pushing yay
I claim the turf and bang the hood from a B G
Now I'm eight figures up, and when you see me it's TV
Mack ain't getting caught up in charged with murder one
When you got loose you don't do it, you simply get it done
Now who wanna test and try push around Mack
Get this rap shit twisted and get your dome pushed back, huh?
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Back to them O.G. gangsta for life critic piss
See I'm insane bangin' Inglewood city kids
If rap fail today I'm back to cuttin' chunks
Pushin' work through the hood from down South to the Bronx
Nan they trip if they want to and get cheap thrills
Only MC with skills but not an MC with kills

And when the four kick I smash the letter pay the note
Everybody say hoe if ya love mack one-oh Killas on my payroll's a chain of command
But my neighbors don't know, think I'm a family man, ha
I know sometime they wonder when the six four draggin'
Hair braided, tatted up and I wear my pants saggin' Every room in my house stay flooded with heat
Livin' in the hills but I still got tied to the street
Ain't shit about me change worldwide, I'm respected
I'm hoo-bangin' now but I'm still well connected, you know? From the streetz, from the streetz, from the streetz
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