Let The Games Begin

Mack 10

Yeah, Terror Squad motherfucker and the Hoo Bangin' affiliates
I know you ain't think you was gon' see this niggas, nope
East coast, west coast, it's all the same
Joey Crack, Big Pun, Mack 10, speak on it, Joe, niggas what
At times I feel like blastin' myself, endin' it all
Niggas on my same team be prayin' I fall
Tellin' the feds, that I'm still cappin' the raw
Know all about the stash box on the floor of my Porshe
Boy George-in it, livin' the life of the fortunate
Show you how warm my fuckin' coffee get
My crew often get the blame for hideous crimes
Why do niggas stay platinum with the shitiest rhymes?
Can't call it, all these niggas claim that they ballin'
But it appears your empire's fallen
Fuckin' with Joe and Pun, real niggas since day one
The same cats you get terroria from
East coast, west coast, man it's all the same
Niggas won't know shit till they feel the flame
It's still insane, since the flow track
Blowin' your whole back, with the Mack, we'll let ya know black
It's all about weight, work, guns, yay
Real motherfuckers chase dough and don't play
Y'all motherfuckers don't move, we don't spray
Big Pun, Fat Joe, Mack 10 baby
It's all about weight, work, guns, yay
Real motherfuckers chase dough and don't play
Y'all motherfuckers don't move, we don't spray
Big Pun, Fat Joe, Mack 10 baby
Check what you never thought, Pun and Joe, the kings of Nueva York
Spittin' thoughts with twin, Mack 10 the chicken hawk
We the truest 'cuz killers walk in muddy boots
Once my dogs cut me lose, that's a bullet in your bubblygoose
Fuck is you talkin' like you crazy, barkin' like you eighty
Or have you crawlin', walkin' like a baby
Don't try to play me 'cuz I'm not a playa
Hey yo I shot the place up and pass the heat off like a hot potatoe
I'm out to make a million dollies but still I'm rowdy
So I hope it happen rappin' before I have to kill somebody
That's how it is in the stone jungle

If you known to own a bundle guaranteed nigga gon' mug you
And no one love you when you broke as shit, focus kid
Commercials don't lie, thirsty to die? Coke is in
Blow your life away, that's a big price to pay
You coulda been teachin' your kid, how to ride his bike today
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I hit the la la, and grab the ya ya
And if y'all don't get him, I promise I'll try
Hoo Bangin' affiliates is the williest so the silliest
Really get to see just how fast the nine milly spit
Mack 10, Big Pun and Joey Crack
Real niggas push big weight and big sacks
Y'all said it was cool, I got to okay this
I usually want paytons, y'all bring the scale so we can weight this
It better be pure, hope you ain't got a birdie mix
Hey yo, put it up there, and make sure it's all 36
I hope you can count nigga, better be precise
If it ain't all there that's your dope and your life
From the school of hard knocks, Inglewood to the Bronx
We hit the blocks and cook the rocks in forty blocks
Hit Doja like we supposed to, sippin' on Hen
TS and Mack 10, so let the games begin
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