

# You Delinquent

## Mack 10

Voice: what the fuck?

Mack: I'm tired of playin' with yo' ass nigga today you gone die.

Voice: aaaagh agh

[mack]I went from ingewood to h-town tryin' to put the hustle down

But I could already tell these bitch niggas wanna clown

Like I'm the new jack of the city but I ride like nina roll

& I can see now one eighty seven got to be the penal code

I'm fed up that's it that's all fuck that get it get it

& since he bullshitted & ran with it

A murder must be committed

Now the kidnap got to go down

In other words I got to steal him

Then put the pistol to his grill &

Cock the hammer back & kill him

[face]We finna (get him) & once we (get him)

Gotta make a statement

He fucked the family

Man to respect 'em we gotta waste him

No hesitatin' heat him up & leave him on the pavement

Then find his momma so she can help us find her baby

Nigga are you crazy?

We don't bullshit when it comes to payday

They fuck with face they

Don't let me catch you on the highway

Or in public places we dumpin' on ya like that

Nigga you delinquent we on yo' ass like that

Chorus

You delinquent muthafucka give up the pink slip

We got to kill who you drink with

We got to blast who you think with

A money murder

A money murder

We got to hurt ya

We got to hurt ya

[face]Caught his ass slippin' at a parkin' lot

Red dot marks the spot

I'm trippin' on how hard he got

He got some bitches in the front seat smilin'

When asked about the paper he owe he kept drivin'

Paid us no mind & hit the corner in the 5.0  
Dippin' disrespected pimpin' mack 10 trippin'  
Loadin' up the stainless .44 grip &  
The trigger off his finger finna start clickin'  
[mack]Aww fuckain't that a bitch  
This nigga actin' like I'm some type of sucka

I'll tell you what face you drive  
When I blast this muthafucka  
Done took my last weed crop money  
So you know we through g  
Dog I been around too many hogs  
To let a punk nigga do me  
I give a fuck what you claim  
Where you from & who you know  
Nigga touch my dough fa sho  
Ya get a blow from the .44  
So let his neck go brad  
It ain't no need to choke the nigga  
Just close ya ears & get back homeboy  
I'm finna choke the trigga

[face] aiight there he go  
There that bitch go  
Come on come on let'sgo  
Heyniggalet'sgoniggalet'sgoniggalet'sgo

Chorus

[mack]If a rider need his heat 'cause it's cold outside  
We gets money worldwide & we stay down to ride  
So I stuff the clip of the .45 cause I gotta survive  
& the niggas that's jive they end up dead on the rise  
All pissy & shitty victims of the hoo bang committee  
When mack & face get down it's like a polinity  
Straight rulers of the city hit the stick & now we bent  
& blowin holes in what you think with  
Of niggas that's delinquent

[face]Hey so when a nigga shoot you nine man,  
A nigga gon need to get that money, whati'msayin'?  
When a nigga shoot you half a bird,  
A nigga gon need to get that money.  
Nigga wadn't bullshittin' when he fronted it to you.  
So don't bullshit when it come to payin a muthafucka.  
Aiight? you delinquent.

Can I get my muthafuckin' ends nigga?

Chorus

We got to get you for that dollar bill (2x)

We got to get you for this dollar bill

We got to get yo' ass dollar bill

A money murder

A money murder

We are going to hurt you nigga.

A money murder

A money murder (give it up)

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