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# "Wasted Talent"

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Intro: [Mac Mall]

Yeah though, it's the M-A-C y'all  
Young M-A-C Mall yaknow what I'm sayin'?  
From the Five-Tre-Five crew  
Str8 Crestsider, (fa sure)  
but I'm in the house wid my niggaaa,  
Big Syke from Thug Lige bitch,  
Ya know what I'm sayin'?  
And it's going down like this...

Verse 1: Mac Mall

Wasted talent, wasted time, wasted minds  
Suckas givin' up wid out trying  
Satisfied wid ya grind  
Farakhan lacin' soldiers everyday but you blind,  
Ya best to beware, of this shit called minimum  
maximum  
Cause all the hustlas is catching 'em,  
From Crestside to L.A.  
Cutty niggas can't dodge no case  
Should dodge the bullet, when it's your face,  
And I really don't know wid the mell on the glow  
But I fits to get it all before the two triple O  
Like Freddie and Big Row,  
Hennessy so let's toast for my peo-ples  
And all the playas and pard-ners that ain't here  
For my factors and my folks wid a million years  
Wid no chance to appeal,  
I know ya thinkin' that it's to real  
But playboy this the shit when ya lust for skreel  
But if ya get it... huh ya won't look back  
Be a certified star wid ya own dope track  
No tapes and CDs, just zips and Os  
And a faulty fan club known as the po-pos  
You won't last long,  
So for ya, grand finale  
They ship ya ass off to the, fedaralies,  
Ya know....

Hook: Big Syke

You got to use what you got,  
And do ya best, no time to waste  
Don't waste your talent life is full of stress

Verse 2:

A one track mind on the street still sellin' yay  
Advance and dance to romance the game everyday  
Some niggas do sixteen trife bringin' wifes back  
My homie caught four kis, body bags, fat sacks  
How many 'vances can you get from the fools that you  
work wid?  
How many chances you gon' get, from niggas in yo  
click?  
By any means for the greens is necessary  
A stack off obituaries, and listen to cemeteries  
Wid a name in the street fame, mo' game  
Wid out the dope game, cocaine, insane  
How many lives can I live in this shit  
Money spent for ya blueprint laid by the government,  
Ghetto superstars yard rims made hard  
Pullin' hoe cards from the block to the boulevard  
Checkin' my traps gettin' right wid my paper work  
Been in the corner on Daytonas do a little dirt,  
I lost locs through the City of Angels  
At the burial no star spangled  
I got a new angle....

Hook(2x)

Verse 3: Big Syke

Every corner I turn, brothers holdin' on  
What you waitin' on?, don't postpone, you gotta roll  
along  
Sometimes if ya crew ain't true,  
Who's catchin' up on things already passed due,  
Look at Jack big ten quarterback,  
Now he's on crack he said he can't turn back  
How you gonna act when the future slaps you in yo  
face?  
Wish you was in another place, steady pace,  
Is how I'm going you ain't knowin' how it really is,  
Givin' drugs to the thugs and the little kids  
Smokin' sticks spendin' time barely gettin' by,  
Didn't even try, to busy gettin' high,  
World don't owe you, me or nobody else  
It's cold for sure, so do for self  
Let somebody else wonder and disbelieve

What you could achieve,  
Don't waste your talent, like Joe  
A basketball pro,  
He'll only be a pro in the ghetto,  
Cause he prolong, still wrong procrastinated,  
So many waited, they wasted they talent

Hook(2x)

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