

## **T-Bone f/ Mack 10**

### **"A Few Good Men"**

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[Intro: Mack 10]

Ha, Talk about the best of both worlds  
Yeah, The king of the conscious rap  
Me, The king of the streets  
Ha ha, You know who it be  
I don't need no introduction  
Hey bone, Check this out  
Get it how you live, Homeboy

[Verse 1: T-Bone]

Yo, Strap up the boots, I'm ready to shoot, Load the  
ammo  
Bone soprano wit glocks in a green camos  
I play rappers like the grand piano  
General to call shots like I'm Joe Bonano  
What, The west is back  
Cept this dude ain't black  
He latino dawg, And he rock gringos  
Black, Indians, Palestinians, And phillipinos  
And I cash money like vegas casinos  
I'm armed and ready, Palms are sweaty  
Kinda like em, Cept I got a sharp machete  
And I'm quick to toss wack rappers off of levees  
Words is heavy, Kinda like a old school chevy  
Oh, Hip hop will never be the same  
It's time to change, I'm bout to rearrange the game  
Ready to fight back, So when they say who's that  
Tell 'em it's just the king of the conscious rap  
Oh

[Chorus 2X: T-Bone and Mack 10]

See, All we need is just a few good men  
Cause ain't too many left like bone and mack 10  
We know nobody's perfect, So repent for ya sins  
So ya betta get it straight cause he's comin again  
[He's watchin]

[Verse 2: Mack 10]

I got the hood on smash, Homie  
Although I'm ballin full throttle, I'll never run outta gas,  
Homie

I'm so fly as the days go by, I'm better  
So I dump, Re-up, And keep gettin mo cheddar  
You know what it do, Mack 10 a savage  
Got hustle in my veins, So I fiend for the cabbage  
Fresh balla till the end, Tell a friend and a neighbor  
Ain't that I got so much flavor, It's that I got so much  
favor  
I'm like pac, My mic styles against all odds  
And you don't wanna go to war wit a child of god  
So if ya see me in a six-fo, Tuck ya pistol  
It's on if ya miss so, Be careful what ya wish fo  
A rhyme sayer you respect like the mayor  
Plus ya arm is too short to box wit god, Playa  
See, I'm all for jesus, But I'm nothin like mase  
I'm too ghetto and gutter, But I'm covered wit his grace

Chorus 2X

[Verse 3: T-Bone]

Yo, Yo, Been through the boot camp and training  
grounds  
I've spent 12 years developing this conscious sound  
Patiently waitin, Seein women get degraded  
Hear my favorite rapper shot and get assassinated  
Whatever happened to hip hop?  
We used to pop lock and break dance, Now we just  
gang bang and crip walk  
I'm tired of hearin all the murders and the gunshots  
It's time for us to take a stand man and kick rocks  
We gotta make a change for the best  
The west, Only represents sex, Techs, And a vest  
And death rush on street crooks that ride hard for they  
sets  
It gets old man, I'm tryin to see my people be blessed  
Yes, I'm bout to change it all around for the best  
And help the convicts learn how to deal wit the stress  
Minus the drugs, Ak's, Gun, Knives, And bullets  
And try to save all of the thugs before there's none of  
them left  
Yes

Chorus 2X

[Outro: Mack 10]

T-Bone, Bone-A-Fide, King of the conscious rap  
Number 1 hustler, Mack 10  
Ha, Ha, God is powerful, Man  
Bone, He got me on here doin somethin positive, Man  
Can you believe that?  
Betta yet, How ya love that?  
Ha ha, Yeah, Westsiide

Another prayer where he right  
Ha ha ha

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