

## Evemaster "The Recipe"

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[Mack 10 talking]

Yo, Mack 10, with just a few of the Hoo Bangin affiliates.

CJ Mac, Binky Mac, Boo Kapone, and the homie Techniec.

[Mack 10]

Now here we go, it's the show stopper, noodle knocker  
Gung ho, 1-0 fo sho the door clocker  
I keep it rough with that red or blue shit  
Hoo Bang crew shit, Recipe new shit  
It's off the hinges, and my friends is  
Rollin, twelve cylinder Benz's with the chrome 20 inches  
So fuck all the haters and the non believers  
Punk niggas and bitches, hood rats and divas  
Now platinum's automatic gangsta rap fanatic  
No static shit with the radio and watch em add it  
Hoo Bang affiliates in that ass like a thorn  
What's your favorite song? Don't hate, sing along  
I'm blindin niggas slowly with the iced out roly  
Leave your shirt holy with the glock pistol-ly  
So, hang around for the go down  
Hip-hop classic bound as I clown, house to town  
And have it my way, jewlery parvay  
Mack 10 got your hottie hot as the Mojave  
Want the Recipe? Then you fellas best to be  
Down to push a key and chip a nigga for me

[Techniec]

No bustas, no peace  
Rock the black fleece, Techniec  
In the gray off Caprice, dogs stay off the leash  
Peep this, my click's nothing but heat bitch  
Kick flows, stay on your toes, stay away from hoes  
I know bitches that turn you on and turn on you  
Kiss the hook ass nigga, pull a burn on you  
That ain't the way I do thangs I Hoo Bang  
So more niggas, more bigger, more heat, ready to  
blow triggers  
Show niggas, Recipes, hoes, guns and funds  
Blowfish, big tits, dubs and hunds

With nothin but redrumin when the heat start hummin  
Empty the tech nina till these niggas stop comin  
Young innovative, Long Beach native  
This holocaust bust off and make it demonstrative  
You niggas don't want test me  
Dynamic on my right connect to the left of me  
Form the Recipe

[Hook:] X 2

If you ain't in this for the money what you in it for?  
We got the Recipe, best to be, in it for the dough!

[Binky Mac]

Ashes to ashes, dust to dust  
Gettin closer to God tryin to clutch what I can't touch  
Time to get paper in the wind like a caper  
Hoo Bangin affiliate, niggas it's gonna take ya  
Flossy ass Rolex that's iced to the sickle  
Bitches up on the pickle since the bank roll tripled  
Now nigga what? When you see Binky Mac, throw it up!  
Most underrated nigga that's hated, now give it up

[Boo Kapone]

I ride for connect gang, die for connect gang  
Throw up spot slang, watch and let my nuts hang  
Down with the 1-0, meet me in the jungle  
Fly, gettin high by the motherfuckin tunnel  
A sick ass nigga, that's how I gotta be  
Smack my Bitch Up, like my name was Prodigy  
Two glocks, four fifths and ak's  
Cut off khakis, house shoes and murder braids  
I stay flamed up, never been tamed up  
My little homie died last year, I hit his name up  
For the 99 I'm yellin redrum  
Quick to hit you up with two fingers and a thumb  
I smash fools cuz cash rules, like Castro  
You want these fuckin slugs fast or slow, hoe?  
Oh, I got the 44 for all y'all BJ been day hoes  
Get wet up with the dress oh fo sho

[Hook] X 4

[CJ Mac]

Motherfuckers better know, want LA, you must see me  
Fuck the niggas frontin on tv  
City locked, got the key to the streets baby  
Better know who to greet 'fore you creep baby  
Hear me talkin bout gangbang niggas sport red and  
blue  
Like a missile pierce stomach tissue  
Top 20 motherfucker you, make a nigga wanna muzzle

you  
We kidnap for snaps, big hitter big stacks  
Pool hall nigga made good  
Gangbang nigga got rich and stayed hood  
Dome shots, playa, you play about domein me  
Jumpin on the knee, it's too late, you're shot, plow!  
Fuck around and get your channel changed  
Handle thangs with the German  
Hit the sherm-an  
Leave em squirm-an  
C Mac, twista get rich  
Ain't nobody gon snitch, we's Hoo Bangas bitch  
Check this style playa, check this technique  
Check the way I ride or walk playa  
Check the way I ride or speak  
I stay suited and booted, bandannaed and tatted  
Cris don mowed up, Mac don blowed up, got em sewed  
up  
Nigga who bangin? Who's sangin?  
All this cheddar round me, niggas think I'm through  
bangin  
But nah, Hoo Ridas bust straps and love dough  
If you ain't in this for the cheddar what you in this for?  
You know?

[Hook] X 4

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