# Journey "From the Streets"

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# [Mack 10]

Yo, this one goin out to everybody in every ghetto Turn it up and just so we accusin make sure it bumpin

This is for the straight thugged-out, the low ride pro's Triple O.G.'s with the hot six fo's Go fast ballers, bangin six gears Three time felons with the tattooed tears For all the homies out there that cook it up good Distributin so up they project a neighborhood Whether it's Peruvian or Ghetto D Won't you bust down a kid and sell a ounce for me I'm from the ghetto so the hoodrats gettin propers Real criminals, robbers and the pit bulls squabblers Puttin down thousands till there ain't nothin left cause real street riders, let em roll to the death I like fly shit so I scramble for the pay Rather hustle homeboy, then gangbang anyday Was down with the truce in nine-deuce though I looted It's the Y2K and i'm still khacki-suited, what you thought?

Chorus: Mack 10
From the streets, from the streets
Tell em where I'm from!
From the streets
I represent where I'm from and I'm nutty as they come

# [Mack 10]

I'm like them Hot Boys, got Cash Money and hot toys
Plus them automatic things to make the pop noise
for haters that resent me, they jealous evidently
cause I flow through the city in a drop top Bentley
But hustlas like me, just stay to the grind
Pay you no mind and keep the safety off my nine
I ain't worried about you busters, we ain't scared to kill
I was beastin before rap, I'm a street nia for real
So check my resume and tell me what it say
I'm the same Mack from the block known for pushing
yay

I claim the turf and bang the hood from a b.g.

Now I'm eight figures up, and when you see me it's TV Mack ain't getting caught up in charged with murder one

When you got loose you don't do it, you simply get it done

Now who wanna test and try push around Mack Get this rap shit twisted and get your dome pushed back, huh??

### Chorus 2X

## [Mack 10]

Back to them O.G. gangsta for life critic piss
See I'm insane bangin Inglewood city kids
If rap fail today I'm back to cuttin chunks
Pushin work through the hood from down South to the
Bronx

Nan they trip if they want to and get cheap thrills
Only MC with skills but not an MC with kills
And when the four kick I smash the letter pay the note
Everybody say hoe if ya love mack one-oh
Killas on my payroll's a chain of command
but my neighbors don't know; think I'm a family man,
ha

I know sometime they wonder when the six four draggin

Hair braided, tatted up and I wear my pants saggin Every room in my house stay flooded with heat Livin in the hills but I still got tied to the street Ain't shit about me change worldwide, I'm respected I'm Hoo-Bangin now but i'm still well connected, you know??

# Chorus 2X

[vocoder outro]

From the

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