

## Journey

### "Here Comes The G"

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K-Dee talking:

Hey hey hey baby check it out. I'm K-Dee, &  
that's my nigga Mack 10 over there. Now he gotta be  
cooler  
than the nigga that you sittin' with, so pump yo' brakes  
'cause here comes the G. Foe Liiife!!

Uhh that's right uhh yeah ha ha ha ha  
what the fuck you smilin' at  
right

Verse 1

It's that nigga west side swangin'  
heat I'm bringin' like I'm bangin'  
slangin' khakis hangin'  
took the script & I'm flippin' it  
got bustas straight trippin' it  
never thought Mack 10'll  
be the new nigga rippin' shit  
Real G style on a funky freestyle  
solo flo show with my bitch & my lo lo  
gettin' my floss on as I slide my locs on  
hit the corna' bitch hold on  
Danas is what I roll on  
So watch yo' step quiet it's kept on the leak  
I blast I don't stick the different nigga in the click  
as I kick rhymes niggas pick mines from the stack  
threw the roof on the sack then cut the 'lac front & back  
on all gold hundred spoke D's when I skiis  
nigga please wanna be G's don't wanna see these  
straight from killa Cali it's like the Valley of Death  
of who's left I'll be a G 'til my very last breath

Chorus

Alli alli all come free here comes the G  
Fresh as a new pack I'll be dooper than my cavi sack  
Alli alli all come free here comes the G  
Checkin' loot like it's crazy in painter pants & Stacys  
(Repeat)

Verse 2

Now as I roll through the turf with that true G pride  
feeling high as I ride from the west to the eastside  
On them switches went from rags to riches  
all snitches must die I can't lie  
I like them hoochie bitches  
though I know that a hoe is a gamble  
scandle hard to handle them dookey braids & sandals  
That's how I like it hike it touchdown then spike it  
then pipe it so tough they can't gripe it  
So if it's on from uh dusk 'til dawn  
keep it crackin' stay packin' as long as niggas jackin'  
Mackin' like Goldie bumpin' nothin' but oldies  
reminiscin' tilt the 40's when I vibe the dead homies.

Talking:

Yeah I wanna say what's up to all my deceased  
homeboys  
from the west & eastside didn't make it to see this rap.  
Oh yeah it's still Mack 10 foe life puttin' it down like this  
here.

Chorus

Verse 3

Down for the dirt I sport khakis and a white t-shirt  
slangin' work got the big birdies that don't chirp  
I came up from a crawler now my stack is taller  
big baller shot caller movin' shit like a U-Hauler  
So now it's on like that & I'm rollin'  
controllin' the 'hood guns about a boat swollen  
back arms tatted (Inglewood) so tweed can get gatted  
cavi water weed or speed what you need 'cause I have  
it  
So come through run through & uhh smell the vapors  
won't be no set trip if it's all about paper  
Down with the Lench Mob I can't go wrong  
well known & it's on bankin corners in my Brougham

Chorus

Mack 10, westside, foe life, and we out

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