

Mac

"Hate In Yo Eyes"

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You can hear it bumpin through the door
It's a party jumpin on the floor
And from the way it sound it ain't no doubt (whassup?)
That the West coast is in yo' mouth

[Mack 10]

Yea, yea
It's all gravy, petty cash never fades me
So po' me a shot of 'gnac and purple haze me
I'm a hustler, gettin cash like crazy
Hard grindin pays me, work ethic is never lazy
Block hugger, the hood raised me
And she, won't be happy 'til she lays me
No, you never seem to amaze me
So the cheap shot you took at me never even grazed
me
My name sparkin like a street king
Cause I mixed, the Hoo-Bang thing with the "Bling
Bling"
A whole lot of haters out there it seem
But I flip 'em all off and keep doin my thing
I'm a boss about, when I Inglewood swing
Rocked out from my ear down to my pinkie ring
Now ding ding - let the bell ring
And if it's drama you want, then it's drama I bring, sing

[Chorus]

Meanwhile I be indeed
and I can still see the hate in yo' eyes, hate in yo' eyes
Cause I'm livin like a G you intrigued
and I can still see the hate in yo' eyes, hate in yo' eyes
Never trippin cause it ain't nuttin to me
but I can still see the hate in yo' eyes, hate in yo' eyes
Hah, hah, hah - I can see the hate in yo' eyes, hate in
yo' eyes

[Mack 10]

Look - you local cats is just small potatoes
No names, cause this addressed to ALL the haters
From the 'Wood, there is NONE greater
Mack the headliner and y'all are spectators

Remember "Foe Life?" I put the 'Wood in it
And looked out for you when your own hood didn't
And plus you forgot who was payin your bills
Introduced you to the game and gave you a deal
For me good livin, y'all independently rhymin
You got the hustle game backwards, you nickle and
dimin
Oh hip-hop classics? I make 'em AND got 'em
And yo' group, ain't been heard of past the Bottoms
I can't go to my turf, and mingle with my G's
I got one word to say about that one - what? Please
Chickenhawks, y'all ain't worth a feather in my wing
And all this hatin just let me know I'm doin my thing,
sing

[Chorus]

[Interlude: repeat 2X]
Hoo-Bang, Hoo-Ride
All day, all night
Throw dubs, up high
Westside, foe life

[Mack 10]
Now tell me, is it the deuce-ones on the Bentley?
The lowriders, the mansions, is that why you resent
me?
Smile in my face, and act so friendly
Walk away with hate and a heart full of envy
Say bruh, what part of the game is that?
You got ways like a dame and how LAME is that?
Actin like a groupie around famous cats
And it's strange, you don't have no shame in that
I got your card playboy, but I ain't trippin
You know me, I just roll with the punches and keep it
pimpin
Get dough by bunches, donatin and tippin
Let it ride on the Harley, and six-fo' dippin
Stay real about my scrill if you know what I mean
I'm like a leprechaun, I want nuttin BUT green
Avoid the haters, and for the party scene
Copped a rock from the D-R to make the head ring,
sing

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

[Mack 10]
Mack one-oh, Hoo-Bangin' foe life! And it don't quit
Take a picture trick; yeah, take a picture trick, yea
It might make ya RICH.. Wesssyde ri-ders, BAY-BAY!!
Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh

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