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Mac

"Work"

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[Talking] Nigga wanna hustle Nigga wanna sell dope where we grow up nigga Ride with me and learn something nigga If not - stay away my playground nigga Yeah! - this shit right here is for real hustle niggas Real street niggas - y'all follow me Squared niggas - kick back and listen how is shit really go Uh!

[Verse One]

Cabbage work hoes goes spoke and pistols Last in getting away hearin whistles Scopin down map gestural back full of chips A hot ass scraps ski mask and two in the clips Scoop on 'em motophone let 'em know it's on I pack use 'em draws homeboy - nigga we goners Beep on 'em Mexican though - we won't work No Baking Soda slides twenty on 'em for the dirt Got 'em - strap on 'em my shell with ducktapes See nervous - while the Greyhouse escpae across Interstate

Jumpin up in the friendly scotia down chicken weight For the work show up - and really do - be straight They pull up bread all the lookin flawless us a show dog Twenty bird and rally car like she a mother law Damn! - she'll need no duck the law Bitch got us switch walkin with the work like motherfuck the law

[Hook]

That's the shit nigga ball fo' How they dope that they wall fo' Jumpin on ' em hoes They floss the hoes We carry choppers stole us on homies with calicos With the funk kick - wishin y'all holy copy with those Banged out, thanged out - everybody hangin' out Whole crews anybody sayin we bust used Go back - blast the gas about to shootin' us For cabbage work hoes and hundred fo's

[Verse Two]

Now in the N and N.Y. talkin' to why dies with the bitch And some load ki's me insider It's now and never - turn back why should we Let's turn this bitch upside down (how could we) First to be unnoticed - I don't trust that bitch She fine - but she mixed with rat the lil snitch I don't feel right I know crass bustin bust pipe And the fed I had up on punk ass snitch all night Where we better do - is send that bitch to the ? Take the ki's to the rally car and get that bitch the cap She go be mad about it cause she getting cut out But just let it know her job is done (bitch butt out) Why we here for? - (nigga we here paper chasin') Okay then - well let's made this put reservatoins Bust - train or even train station If you got motophone we can start this operation

[Hook]

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[Verse Three]

Now I'm the KING OF ROCK - for my work One time shoot the block I did my sack about the dirt Like a dream team - both feams tryin' around me like impressed Takin' fifth G horse and spork the dope 'port Like a hell is seen hot for shit - I ain't trippin' Got folks in the bushes with the chop chop - so I ain't 'niggila None of these out of town C's and Beems Niggas playin 'em gueens street they never seen the pontrees Hobbed on the plane - I'm back on stinky greens And Inglewood floss and faded the whole scene 1-0 back Ol' T - dope grindin' Fresh gear, big wheels, jewels shinnin' So I hit Shall Sunday - watchin' with low-low's hot Me and my N.O. partners - on the strippin' new drops Bentleys, Warreys, Benzes, Hummers

With none full of fall for the next twenty Summers

[Hook] That's the shit nigga ball fo' How they dope that they wall fo' Jumpin on 'em hoes They floss the hoes We carry choppers stole us on homies with calicos With the funk kick wishin' y'all holy copy with those Banged out, thanged out - everybody hangin' out Whole crews anybody sayin' we bust used Go back - blast the gas about to shootin' us For cabbage work hoes and hundred fo's

[Mack 10 {talking}] And there you have it - that's how it go From top to bottom - half heart, half money nigga Oh - don't get it fucked up I still got money for my first trip out of town Haha!... you dig!

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