

Mac 10

"Let It Be Known"

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[Talking]

Mack dime, Scarface (demand the respect)

X to tha Z Xzibit

[Scarface}

I got trouble rhymes to a death the troubled times

A double nine incase niggas get out of line

And heaven knows that I tried to change

But in the mist of trying to be a better man

Trouble is all I can seem to see

And the fact I know tomorrow isn't promised to me

So from this day forth I'll be all I can be

My brother turned his back on me

Got to be my own man

Regardless of what the stakes is I'ma play my own hand

And I'm tired of being let down by my so-called friends

Regardless to the blood shed Â– no tears in the end

Father please forgive for I have sinned Â– forgive us all

But I ain't to blame Â– the lunatics wearing my heart

And I think I gotta build another wall

Cause I don't want the world to see me

Cause maybe these demons will try to end me

I'm exhausted and my body's sleepy

Never the less it's hard to rest Â– I'm a nervous wreck

I walk with the stress

I use to walk around with a vest

But now a days I be like "fuck it dog

You fuck with me I gots to fuck with ya'll"

And "make ends" is just another word for "pay back"

Paying you back today for this grudge that I had way back

You niggas I grew up with wouldn't play with that

I send you bitches to the morgue with holes in your head

No remorse Â– why you think my niggas taught me to ball?

Cause I be walking around in designer suits?

In fact these niggas know that I'm the truth

Always scandalous Â– eye before I shoot

For disrespect there is no excuse

Calling the choices

[Xzibit talking]

No respect, respect is respect

[Xzibit (chorus)]

X!

Want a war? Die on

Walk the line get it on

Here to today, then your gone - fucking with us

If you talk it up back it up

Paper start stacking up

Niggas start acting up

Let it be known

X!

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Walk the line get it on

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[Mack 10]

I play with psychotic, lunatic, gang da rang shit

You know that walk up dome nigga close range shit

Mack 10 - probably licked out so deep I dream on it

Locate my pray and (?) and put my red dot beam on it

Put the hammer lot squeeze on it with the dope kick in

Fuck a rage - feel the 44 shot deep with in

Bitch niggas can't fuck with true niggas by nature

And believe me dog you got a problem on your hands

if I hate ya

I'll make (?) spit flames like a K nigga

Now close your eyes, pray nigga - I swear it's your day

nigga

Got so much dope off its like a crack storm to me

And your heart is so gone but your ass belongs to me

Using my colors against me but this time stay true

Ain't no body to blame shoot, for you now being

through

Plus and make one move to the game

When your scandalous living trife

That's when you fuck with a real nigga gotta pay with

your life

[Xzibit (chorus)]

X!

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[Mack 10]

You say I can't hustle Â– well hell if I can't
I keep my nose to the grind
And go hard to the paint
With a ki of that white or a pound of that dank
And if it's dank it gotta be sticky and stank
It's the dope dealer 1-0 the powder pusher
You's a pussy so you's a dusher and blood gusher
I'ma Inglewood swangin'
I'ma rep Hoo-Bangin'
I'ma let my nuts hangin'
I'ma do tha damn thangin'
I fuck all bitch niggas and slap up hoes
And shatter windows with K's and chemicals
So when the funk kick is on
We don't need a show stopper
Get the rangin' east poppers
Squeeze and waving east choppers
Fuck around with this shit and get your wig split
Either do it myself or just pay for your hit
It's the chicken hard passion
And I'm never letting up
Anything in my way best believe I'm wetting up

[Xzibit (chorus)]

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