

# Mac Mall "Crestside"

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Chorus Do Thangs)

Crestside It's tha Triple C  
Crestside It's poppin' in tha Crestside  
Crestside Livin' that pimp life  
Tryin' to get a pimp ride

(Mac Mall)

Shit I'll take ya way back  
Spittin' game longer than the gateway track  
It must have been a blessin' raised as an adolescent  
And mack 11 testin' in tha glass house  
Straight twamped out cuz hang gotta Caddy on them  
thangs  
Wit a phat ass TV so at age 9 I wanted that to be me  
And now big A.C. can make in million on the Vegas strip  
Since 1976 we been influenced by pimps  
And y'all suckas, is lucky that Smooth can't walk  
Cuz a lot of y'all fools would be outlined in chalk  
And I'd like to say what's up, to my nigga Ronny Wenn  
He's a G when it comes to strugglin' hustlin'  
To the top, Rest in Peace to Pop and Chris Macabee  
He put the Mac in me, that's why I ride a brome today  
Straight game, the crestsides way, we goin' pop all day  
Whether weed or Yay, I'm still stressin' cuz it seems  
like last night  
we lost  
Mike,  
S double, and damn God needs to let the real nigga's  
live,  
But Nokey is gone and Freddy is dead  
In the Crestside

(Chorus)

Now 95 is the day and soldiers shootin' for the game,  
Big Buggy's a straight killa servin' rocks on the way  
The Double R hit them banks wit' glocks in the Pelican  
Bay  
You disrespect the Country Club and fool prepare for  
the shank,

This ain't no overnight shit  
We been at this for years  
Back when Finch rolled a Benz and Baby Frank was  
gettin' his  
So if you ask me, why my fondest memories is bout'  
shootouts  
And high speeds with the police  
Spill Hennessey for D-Boy and house Dubee,  
It's us against them so I stay true to the triple C  
6' in the morn choppin' quit low on the St's set up shop  
Throughout the "V" to move the next key  
Rivals be snitchin' but cook em' all in a crock pot  
Floss old schools on gold shoes and let the hoes jock  
Crestside shit, Aliens wanna copy-cat  
All in a city full of squares, playa's, and dirty mack's  
Wanna-be gangsta's, and small tymer's tryin' to act  
hard  
Well real-ass soldiers, a chosen few rollin' like hard  
North of Vallejo, cuddies puttin' in the major work  
Open your eyes and take a look at my crazy turf.  
It's called the...

(Chorus)

Back when that Piggy P was a crooked cop  
Back when that K St. mob ruled the Kemper block  
Back when we said fuck the world, because we loved  
Benz  
Do you remeber Figgaro and tryin' to hustle for ends  
Hopin' that I stick to my grind and stay real to the street  
One day I'll talk on Mobile phones and have a Chevy  
Caprice  
Wit a couple of mounts and some slam in my trunk  
And a spliff of that zesty cuz we don't fuck wit' them  
blunts  
But in this day and age cuddy, this done got I'll  
Youngsta's that won't a mill and ain't afraid to kill  
What the crooked game deals baby bloods gettin'  
spilled  
Now it's blunt packin' chumps that try to set up shop  
where we chill  
So it's all to the hood cuz when we mob I'm stayin' hip  
to the time,  
Got my mind on my money keep one hand on my nine  
On the same street corner where I was brought up and  
raised  
The only chance I get for peace is when I'm drunk or  
I'm blazed  
If this shit soundin' far-fetched and you think that I lied  
Grab your nuts nigga , we goin' for a ride through the  
Crestside

(Do Thangs)

This game don't stop from the Crestside  
O.G.'s young pimps, playa's that's right

(Chorus 3X)

(Do Thangs)

This game don't stop from the Crestside  
Tec nines, mack joints nigga that's right  
This game don't stop from the Crestside  
O.G.'s young pimps, playa's that's right

One Luv,  
Dolomite

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