

## **Mack 10**

### **"From Tha Streetz"**

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Yo, this one goin' out to everybody in every ghetto  
Turn it up and just so we accusin' make sure it bumpin'

This is for the straight thugged-out, the low ride pro's  
Triple O.G.'s with the hot six fo's  
Go fast ballers, bangin' six gears  
Three time felons with the tattooed tears

For all the homies out there that cook it up good  
Distributin' so up they project a neighborhood  
Whether it's Peruvian or Ghetto D  
Won't you bust down a kid and sell a ounce for me?

I'm from the ghetto so the hood rats gettin' propers  
Real criminals, robbers and the pit bulls squabblers  
Puttin' down thousands till there ain't nothin' left  
'Cause real street riders, let 'em roll to the death

I like fly shit, so I scramble for the pay  
Rather hustle homeboy, then gangbang any day  
Was down with the truce in nine-deuce though I looted  
It's the Y2K and I'm still khacki-suited, what you  
thought?

From the streetz, from the streetz, from the streetz  
Tell 'em where I'm from  
From the streetz  
I represent, where I'm from and I'm nutty as they come

I'm like them Hot Boys, got Cash Money and hot toys  
Plus them automatic things to make the pop noise  
For haters that resent me, they jealous evidently  
'Cause I flow through the city in a drop top Bentley

But hustlas like me, just stay to the grind  
Pay you no mind and keep the safety off my nine  
I ain't worried about you busters, we ain't scared to kill  
I was beastin' before rap, I'm a street nia for real

So check my resume and tell me what it say  
I'm the same Mack from the block known for pushing  
yay

I claim the turf and bang the hood from a B G  
Now I'm eight figures up, and when you see me it's TV

Mack ain't getting caught up in charged with murder  
one  
When you got loose you don't do it, you simply get it  
done  
Now who wanna test and try push around Mack  
Get this rap shit twisted and get your dome pushed  
back, huh?

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Back to them O.G. gangsta for life critic piss  
See I'm insane bangin' Inglewood city kids  
If rap fail today I'm back to cuttin' chunks  
Pushin' work through the hood from down South to the  
Bronx

Nan they trip if they want to and get cheap thrills  
Only MC with skills but not an MC with kills  
And when the four kick I smash the letter pay the note  
Everybody say hoe if ya love mack one-oh

Killas on my payroll's a chain of command  
But my neighbors don't know, think I'm a family man,  
ha  
I know sometime they wonder when the six four  
draggin'  
Hair braided, tatted up and I wear my pants saggin'

Every room in my house stay flooded with heat  
Livin' in the hills but I still got tied to the street  
Ain't shit about me change worldwide, I'm respected  
I'm hoo-bangin' now but I'm still well connected, you  
know?

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