

## **Mack 10**

### **"Get Yo Ride On"**

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Do some shit with my niggas from the CPT, ha ha  
You ready Eiht?  
Yeah, c'mon

I was born to ride, bangin', pack heat  
Got turned out early by them scandliss freaks  
Addicted to crime so I stay in the mix  
With a love for hoochie chicks and pullin' jewelry licks

Moms said, Mack, baby watch for danger  
I said, momma don't you know I'm a real gangbanger?  
I can't switch over night and be good  
And I'll be damned if a nigga turned his back on the  
hood

So I walked out the door, hopped in the regal  
Twistin' tripple gold with the all black eagle  
Got a deuce fired at scoob's, I need a gat  
So I stopped and got the tech from my G homie Wreck

He said, Mack, don't slip dog, you gotta stay heated  
And here's the extra clip incase you might need it  
Get the eighty eight skate, ang get your slide on  
Throw the hoo bang plack in the back and your ride on

Ride for me, I'ma ride for you  
You hoo bang, I hoo bang, so we all a crew  
Get yo ride on, get yo slide on, who the best  
Nobody rides like these killas from the west

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1, 2, 3, and to the 4  
Eazy muthafuckin' E with a chrome to your dome  
Cruisin', in my 6, 4 rag top  
I got a lot of juice, a lot of fuckin' block

Now when I hit that switch I'm bouncin'  
More bounce to the ounce and I'm clownin'

Keep the gat in my lap 'cuz I'm fully strapped  
For the car jackers, but no haps 'cuz I pack a

Tech 9, plus a A-K 47  
Send a one way ticket to my hell or maybe heaven  
Peep, nigga I don't sleep  
Bury muthafuckas in the concrete

You try to creep kinda slow in a Astro  
But I'm peepin' niggas out in my left window  
So I blast, and I blast, so I blast no more  
Yo, they call me motherfuckin' John Doe

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Real thugs roll 'cuz the Westside's sick  
Which enemy depicts to catch the 9 clip  
Slick, but not like Rick, the gang story  
G's kill and ain't shit funny like Joe Corry

Don't make me laugh 'cuz I'm on the wrong the path  
Catch the blood bath, it's the aftermath  
Slang strike to make money, now ain't that simple?  
That silly nigga's wearin' vest's but we aim for the temple

Watch my nigga's back, who sacked the yayo  
Keep the calico with extra ammo  
So and so gets blasted, to the casket  
Never seen these westside G's face, we masked it

Ya'll best be defeat and be discreet  
Catch the hot heat from across the street  
Take me in the dump schools that, wanna push me  
Retaliation, straight better than hitten' pussy

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Ugh, MC Eiht in the muthafuckin' house  
(Yeah, hoo bang one time)  
Yeah, ha  
(Hoo bang two times)

Rest in peace Eazy E  
(The hip hop thugsta)  
(Yeah)

Fa sho  
(Mack Dime)  
Come on, ugh  
(All day baby, all day baby)  
Westside riders, ugh

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