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Mack 10 "Here Comes The G"

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Hey, hey, hey, baby, check it out

I'm K-Dee an' that's my nigga, Mack 10 over there Now he gotta be cooler than the nigga that you sittin' with

So pump yo' brakes 'cause here comes the G, Foe Life That's right, uh, what the fuck you smilin' at? Right

It's that nigga, Westside swingin' Heat, I'm bringin' like I'm bangin', slangin', khakis hangin' Took the script an' I'm flippin' it, got bustas straight trippin' it Never thought Mack 10'll be the new nigga rippin' shit

Real G style on a funky freestyle Solo flow, show with my bitch an' my lolo Gettin' my floss on as I slide my locs on Hit the corna', bitch, hold on, Danas is what I roll on

So watch yo' step, quiet, it's kept on the leak I blast, I don't stick the different nigga in the click As I kick rhymes, niggas pick mines from the stack Threw the roof on the sack, then cut the 'lac front an' back

On all gold, hundred spoke D's when I skis Nigga, please, wannabe G's don't wanna see these Straight from killa Cali, it's like the Valley of Death Of who's left, I'll be a G 'til my very last breath

Alli alli, all come free, here comes the G Fresh as a new pack, I'll be doper than my cavi sack Alli alli, all come free, here comes the G Checkin' loot like it's crazy, in painter pants an' Stacy's

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Now as I roll through the turf with that true G pride Feelin' high as I ride from the West to the Eastside On them switches, went from rags to riches All snitches must die, I can't lie, I like them hoochie bitches

Though I know that a hoe is a gamble Scandal hard to handle them dookie braids an' sandals That's how I like it, hike it, touchdown, then spike it Then pipe it so tough, they can't gripe it, right

So if it's on from uh, dusk 'til dawn Keep it crackin', stay packin' as long as niggas jackin' Mackin' like Goldie, bumpin' nothin' but oldies Reminiscin', tilt the 40's when I vibe the dead homies

Yeah, I wanna say what's up to all my deceased homeboys From the West an' Eastside, didn't make it to see this rap Oh yeah, it's still Mack 10, Foe Life Puttin' it down like this here

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Down for the dirt, I sport khakis and a white t-shirt Slangin' work, got the big birdies that don't chirp I came up from a crawler, now my stack is taller Big baller, shot caller, movin' shit like a U Hauler

So now it's on like that an' I'm rollin' Controllin' the 'hood, guns about a boat swollen Back arms tatted, so tweed can get gatted Cavi, water, weed or speed, what you need? 'Cause I have it

So come through, run through an' uhh, smell the vapors Won't be no set trip if it's all about paper Down with the Lynch Mob, I can't go wrong Well known an' it's on bankin' corners in my Brougham

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Mack 10, Westside, Foe Life an' we out

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