

## Mack 10

### "Nothin' But The Cavi Hit"

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Blaze up  
Oh yeah  
World wide, west side  
Yo  
Mack Ten with Tha Dogg Pound  
Yeah, and the hits don't stop Sucka  
Nothin' but the cavi  
Hey, Daz - Sup  
Check this out, dog

Now when I come to ya'll hood, ya'll watch my back  
And when ya come to Inglewood I'm a front you a sack  
So we can grind and get away with the cash like a  
caper  
Cause it ain't about the set-trip, it's all about the paper  
Made the poverty cease, on the rise like yeast  
A parvay lex piece, and I keep my khaki's creased  
Mack Ten is the lick, and ya know what my set be  
Connect gang from the west, nigga, where the best be

It ain't no questions asked  
You down to blast for me?  
Down to ride for me?  
Down to die for me?  
I come through for these sucka-ass niggas who rep  
Come creepin' up on shorty slowly, show him death  
Pull out the Mack ninety automatic for static  
Blast a coupla niggas, leave em all panicked  
We swerve and hit the curb, smoke some herb  
We came up too much, and too tough, and too grub

We in the war zone  
Where the war's on  
Where ya gun, nigga?  
Show em where you're from, nigga  
Ridin'-ass young nigga  
Arsenal equipped, hot enough to scorch  
With the double fours on the hip rollin' with the force  
He's out to catch a body  
Talking, but I thought this was a gangsta party  
Now he's walking around smarter

Now he's about to see, talking about who's jumpin'  
I'm about to get the pump to pumpin' and start dumpin'  
on somethin'

Fuck you over there  
Party over here  
And if you wanna trip, we got the straps near  
Cause niggas like us do platinum every year  
And if I ruled this sphere  
Your shit'd disappear  
Now everybody in the house, throw your dubs in the air  
And wave em all around like ya just don't care  
We're ridin' dope, so, nigga, act like ya savvy  
Mack Ten and the Pound, dog, cookin' nothin' but the  
cavi

I'm servin' niggas like a host with the pound so take a  
toast  
Dog, this west coast and our shit bump the most  
Cause vine to vine I swing through the woods of Ingle  
And everything I make, fuck around and be a single  
From the who bangin' hit, to the yes, yes, y'all  
Now all down my halls, got plaques on my walls  
We might slow the roll, sit back and still kick it  
But the shit don't stop till we hit a meal ticked

I'll be goddamned  
I'm in it for a meal ticket  
And the goal's successful  
I don't know who to prove a show  
Usual swerve a corner and hit a block back-to-back  
Ya'll don't know us like that  
Where the gang-banger's hang at  
They 'Daz, are you a rider?'  
I reply 'Boy, hell yeah, I'm a rider!'  
From the east side of Long Beach to the west side of  
Inglewood  
On a cash mission bailin' hood to hood

Once upon a time in the early stages of my life,  
sacrifice  
I feel like loose-shakin' niggas like dice  
Forever in the day  
Say what you say  
On the mic I display, Philly to L.A  
I've been all over from Crenshaw and Impearl  
To 108th, I'm sure Mack got my back  
It's all about mashing, cashin' heat in the stash  
When you're in the neighborhood of assassins  
What you say?

Fuck you over there  
Party over here  
And if you wanna trip, we got the straps near  
Cause niggas like us do platinum every year  
And if I ruled this sphere  
Your shit'd disappear  
Now everybody in the house, throw your dubs in the air  
And wave em all around like ya just don't care  
We're ridin' dope, so, nigga, act like ya savvy  
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cavi

What do you consider fun?  
Pass the bomb, pass the bomb  
All day night, and all night long  
Pass the bomb, pass the bomb  
When you wake up in the morning  
And you start to yawn  
Pass the bomb, pass the bomb  
All day night, and all night long  
Pass the bomb, pass the bomb  
C'mon, C'mon  
Yeah, dub S.C.G  
D.P.G.C  
Ha ha ha  
Take a picture, trick  
Take a picture, trick  
Take a picture, trick  
It might make ya rich  
Wesssydeee  
Biatch  
Death Row

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