

Mack 10

"You Ain't Seen Nothin"

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Did y'all expect us? No, uh
Bitches, can y'all get naked?
That's right

Uh, y'all know me, and the dough I see
Fa so la ti, it's chi chi
Ladies wanna hold me, get to know me
Talks to eat shit, wanna sleep with it

Simplisticness keeps me hot, while y'all stress
Tryin' to see the top stop, everything drop so
Everything drop platinum or gold
And the whole world know

I'm that playboy J, doin' it my way like Usher
And I don't feel bad when I crush ya
Like blush ya, style big ball, I'ma hit y'all
With shit that's gon' make niggas forget y'all

You feel me dog? I'm a C H I, multi
And I live and die for the whole pie
You can call it what you want
I'm a motherfuckin' vet

And ain't none a y'all seen nothin' yet
And ain't none a y'all seen nothin' yet
It's that platinum shit, that's all we get
So let it be known that it's all for real
And all we about is them dollar dollar bills

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You know that Na Na got the heater shit
That uh, everybody wanna eat her shit
Niggas talkin' about they six wanna see this shit
Knowin' half a y'all broads wanna be this bitch

From NY to the west side

Motherfuckers keep me in the best ride
38 chest size, ain't fuckin' less, I come off
With like 30 G's easy once the nigga dead off

Shit, never trust shit, I gives a fuck
I'm a ring finger rock chick, straight lock bitch
And everything I rocks with
Either pops shit or fuck a nigga topless, y'all hoes finky

Got to bank this to even see me half naked
Like the black Susan Lucci, stiletto pumps, Gucci
Ridiculous ice, tag me, million dollar price
Stay frontin', y'all cats ain't seen nothin'

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I push a six feet drop, red and pallamino
And keep the semi glock, where ever me go
I stay ruger ready, or either Smith and Wesson
And burn hearts, like they indigested it if I'm tested

So where you wanna meet at playa, over here?
I'll be the one with all the ice on in the surplus gear
Plus I'll tell you what's real, so uh, baby listen
Put your shades on when you peep the Lex 'cuz the
baguettes glisten

I want the whole three dozen and with that drama, biz
Well, it all depends on how ill your na na is
Can you go O-T with a few and a gun?
But can you cook it with the whoop and make two outta
one?

Now you can be up in the west and do it my way
Or hit the homie JD in Atlanta, GA
Wanna ball, well, let's bounce, get the heat and the
scale
Now Mack and Fox Boogie got dope to sell

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Turn it up
The Hoo Banger, Mack 10
The Ill Na Na, Foxy Brown
And the homie JD, the don chi chi
We got the Recipe, break it down

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