

T-ara

"A Few Good Men"

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Verse 1

Strap up the boots, I'm ready to shoot, load the ammo,
Bone Soprano wit glocks and green camo, I play
rappers like they grand pianos, a general, call shots
like I'm Joe Bonanno, what, The West is back, sep this
dude aint black, he Latino dogg and rock Gringos,
Black, Indians, Palestinians, and Phillipinos, and cash
money like Vegas casinos, I'm armed and ready,
palms is sweaty, kinda like Em, sep I got a sharp
machete, and I'm quick to toss wack rappers of a levy,
words is heavy, kinda like a 6-4 Chevy, uh, Hip-Hop will
never be the same, It's time for change, I'm bout to
rearrange the game, ready to fight back, so when they
say who's that, tell em It's just the king of the
conscious rap.

Hook:

See all we need is just a few good men,
'cause aint to many left like Bone and Mack 10,
We know nobody's perfect, so repent for ya sins,
So ya better get it straight, 'cause he's coming again,
(Whisper) He's watching

Verse 2 - Mack 10:

I got the hood on smash homey
And though I'm ballin full throttle
I'll never run outta gas homey
I'm so fly as the days go by I'm better
So I dump re-up and keep getting more cheddar
You know what it do
Mack 10 a savage
Got hustle in my veins so I fiend for the cabbage
Fresh baller to the end
Tell a friend and a neighbor
Aint that I got so much flavor
It's that I got so much favor
I'm like Pac I get's down, against all odds
And you don't wanna go to war with a child of God
So if you see me in a six four
Tuck ya pistol
Plus it's on if ya miss

So be careful what ya wish for
A rhyme sayer wit respect like the mayor
Plus your arms is to short to box wit God playa
See I'm all for Jesus but I'm nuthing like Mase
I'm to ghetto and gutter
But I'm covered in his grace, yea!

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