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Ideal [de] "Crestside 2 Fillmoe"

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(Mac Mall)

Uh, we in the Village! We in the Village nigga!

(JT)

Figgaro-Messy Marv production

(Mac Mall)

It's Mac Mall, Baby Capone in the Crestside of the Valley-Jo, hooked up wit my dogs from the Filthy-Mo!

(San Quinn)

An if you don't know about it, then ask yo hoe about it. Cuz it's goin down nigga!

One time.

Two times.

Verse 1 *(JT Tha Bigga Figga)*

I slap some twinkies on my two-door Camaro mucho dinero

traded a fuel injected carborator for a hottie 4-barrel ship kits fo' Cam

break down the grams on the dash

put the 4, 15's wit the Floor Masters hangin out the ass an we love to smash

back to back in Vett's and Jags

from the west coast California where them ol skools act

wit the rest of the fam strikin in hot Vogues an shit quick to scratch up a playas pocket an keep on poundin this shit.

Verse 2 *(Mac Mall)*

Appear quiet, bust in my grill young titan wit the toys concealed big nuts an nerves of steel got money to make I'm bout to serve Francis Drake pullin hundreds an toss the keys to LA boss ballin in Green Bay as the hood take brothas under we be countin crispy federal notes cuz I ain't tryin to sell dope in 2-triple-0 white folks knock my hustle like I'm the mayor of the City Of Dope me an my thugs hit the lobbies looking like we'll smuther everybody kamakazi bout this money don't try me my cuddie my cromies in this, we the titans to meet juss a day in the life of the elite so don't hate me, hate the game you hate it cuz you workin wit small change Sucka who's to blame? Matter fact don't answer that you'll probably say some square shit an Mackin' Ass gon' have to put you on your back you can't touch me you way to pussy you besta come wit mo than some choppas to try an rush me it's Mac Mall, Baby Capone I hooked Vallejo wit the 'Mo an now we paper chasin outta control! (Whoo! Whoo!)

Chorus *(JT Tha Bigga Figga)*

By now you know the name (know the name) done brought ya that "Game Recognize Game" ain't a thang changed from the Crest 2 Fillmoe (Fillmoe) we Mobb slow in 3-C down bitch you know the rules hoe.

Verse 3 *(San Quinn)*

By know them niggas know don't lose focus tryin to scope us watch us like the rollas

get in closer wanna blow us I'm the playa that don't play no games keepin suckas out my range you crooked to the game feel the fire as I flame every verse aimed at yo brain the pencils in yo house ain't you need to watch yo spouse mayne she all in my mouth mayne starring at my gold she creep like a mouse mayne juss thought I'd let you know the falsified on dime real G's kill 'em all if you Mac'in keep it crackin like my nigga Jamal if I fall I bounce back like elastic on bastards through the "Total Recall" on phony stars as we mash in for hoes, it's hard to get at ya we down cash advancements so fresh you'll figure fashion crashin the cars an dismatling marks fake niggas wit no heart they get they ass ripped apart we sharper than a needle, an I bust it wit my people get leathal if I hit ya wit this sleeper ain't too hard to reach ya like a teacher seat ya in a corner like a dunce cuz ya known as a clone and performer of them stunts and I'm tired of givin warnings to punks thinkin cuz we rappin, we about to front you be the first to see a hearst chump I know you don't want no funk I see you niggas shakin all up, up in this game

(San Quinn talking)

but you suckas fakin.

Yeah. I'm doing this for my homie Kareem. It's ya nigga San Quinn, JT an Mac Ass Mall. (Fa sho)
Fa all ya'll.
Bouncin in yo trunk it's this Yay Area bump. Yeah you know what I'm talking about.
For all you niggas and you bitches.
Feel the dope to this realness.
For the 9-8 to the 9-9 to the year 2000.

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*(JT talking)*
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What, what?

We finna put it down. We put it down.

9-8, 9-9

Uh

9-8, 9-9

The year 2

2-triple-0.

A Figgaro-Messy Marv production.

Late night in the Laboratory.

Whippin it.

Puttin it down as usual.

Campaingin an maintainin.

Oh, it's goin down.

Uh, it's goin down.

Uh, an we out.

An we out.

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